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1891.

# ORDINATION ADDRESSES

AND

# COUNSELS TO CLERGY.

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AND

# COUNSELS TO CLERGY

BY THE LATE

SEPH BARBER LIGHTFOOT, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D,
LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM

*PUBLISHED BY THE TRUSTEES OF THE LIGHTFOOT FUND*

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK
1890

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Cambridge:
PRINTED BY C. J. CLAY, M.A. AND SONS,
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

EXTRACT FROM THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE LATE JOSEPH BARBER LIGHTFOOT, LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.

"I bequeath all my personal Estate not herein-
"before otherwise disposed of unto [my Executors]
"upon trust to pay and transfer the same unto the
"Trustees appointed by me under and by virtue of a
"certain Indenture of Settlement creating a Trust to
"be known by the name of 'The Lightfoot Fund for
"the Diocese of Durham' and bearing even date
"herewith but executed by me immediately before
"this my Will to be administered and dealt with by
"them upon the trusts for the purposes and in the
"manner prescribed by such Indenture of Settle-
"ment."

EXTRACT FROM THE INDENTURE OF SETTLEMENT OF 'THE LIGHTFOOT FUND FOR THE DIOCESE OF DURHAM.'

"WHEREAS the Bishop is the Author of and is
"absolutely entitled to the Copyright in the several
"Works mentioned in the Schedule hereto, and for the

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"The Trustees shall from time to time, at such "discretion as aforesaid, pay and apply the income "of the Trust funds for or towards the erecting, "rebuilding, repairing, purchasing, endowing, sup-"porting, or providing for any Churches, Chapels, "Schools, Parsonages, and Stipends for Clergy, and

"other Spiritual Agents in connection with the "Church of England and within the Diocese of "Durham, and also for or towards such other pur- "poses in connection with the said Church of "England, and within the said Diocese, as the "Trustees may in their absolute discretion think fit, "provided always that any payment for erecting any "building, or in relation to any other works in con- "nection with real estate, shall be exercised with due "regard to the Law of Mortmain; it being declared "that nothing herein shall be construed as intended "to authorise any act contrary to any Statute or "other Law....

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"The Bishop of Durham and the Archdeacons of "Durham and Auckland for the time being shall be "*ex-officio* Trustees, and accordingly the Bishop and "Archdeacons, parties hereto, and the succeeding "Bishops and Archdeacons, shall cease to be Trus- "tees on ceasing to hold their respective offices, and "the number of the other Trustees may be increased, "and the power of appointing Trustees in the place "of Trustees other than Official Trustees, and of "appointing extra Trustees, shall be exercised by "Deed by the Trustees for the time being, provided "always that the number shall not at any time be "less than five.

"The Trust premises shall be known by the name "of 'The Lightfoot Fund for the Diocese of Durham.'"

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# CHARGES

TO

# ORDINATION CANDIDATES.

*DELIVERED IN S. PETER'S CHAPEL,*
*AUCKLAND CASTLE.*

## I.

*Then said I, Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child. But the* LORD *said unto me, Say not, I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the* LORD. *Then the* LORD *put forth His hand, and touched my mouth. And the* LORD *said unto me, Behold, I have put My words in thy mouth.*

JEREMIAH i. 6—9.

[*Trinity*, 1880; *Advent*, 1883; *Advent*, 1887.]

THE words which I have just read to you will form a fit starting-point for our meditation this evening. You are on the threshold of a new career, on the eve of a new life—a new career, a new life, fraught with issues of infinite moment to yourselves—not only to yourselves (that is only a small thing), but (it may be) to hundreds and thousands of

others besides—a new career, a new life, full of hope, full of fear, charged with a tremendous alternative of good or of evil. With what thoughts do you approach the solemn moment? The crisis is confessedly a unique crisis for you. Does awe, does joy, does hope, does misgiving, does the dread of the responsibility, does the glory of the privilege, does the apprehension of the issues, prevail in your minds at this crisis? Are you overwhelmed with some bitter memory of the past, or overawed by some solemn forecast of the future? Is God, or is self, predominant at this moment in your hearts? Yes; this is the question. Has God, or has self, the chief place with you at this, the turning point in your lives?

You are entering upon a ministerial career. The passage which I have read describes the feelings of one situated—so far at least—just as you are situated this day. His words will speak to your hearts—have spoken, I doubt not, as they were read, to your hearts. His thoughts may serve to mould your thoughts. His life may help to guide your lives.

Certainly no ministerial career was more remarkable than his in its inauguration, and in its issues. In its inauguration; for incapacity, hopeless incapacity, is its opening confession. In its issues; for failure, signal failure, was its characteristic feature. His life is a book written within and without with

lamentations and mourning and woe. His name is a byword and a proverb for despondency and grief in its most aggravated forms.

What then is the feeling uppermost in your minds to-day—the feeling which led you to seek this tremendous responsibility, the feeling which, having guided you hitherto, will give a colour to your lives?

Is it the alternative of success or failure, which sways your heart and dominates your motives? Are you elated by the anticipation of triumph? Are you disheartened by chill of misgiving or of disappointment?

If it be so, I entreat you to put away such thoughts from your hearts. Thrust them resolutely, sternly, aside. By a determined effort resolve by God's help from this day forward to regard, not the issues of the work, but the work itself. Pursue the work for the work's sake, that is, for God's sake. Pursue the work, and leave the issues of the work in God's hands.

If you will resolve thus, then your way is plain. Here is a definite thing to be done, and you will do it—do it with heart and soul, do it with all your might, do it through evil report and good report, do it in season and out of season, do it in success and in failure, do it as bravely in the moment of a crushing defeat as in the crisis of a splendid victory, do it knowing

that, though you may fail, God cannot fail, do it, because it is not your doing but God's doing. Resolve this once for all. Resolve this now, this day, and be steadfast in your resolution. This evening in the silent hours of self-examination—tomorrow morning at the solemn moment of ordination itself—during the serious meditations which must follow, let this be your one vow, your one prayer, 'God helping me, I will do His work, because it is His work. God helping me, I will preach His truth, because it is His truth. I will not be discouraged by failure; I will not be elated by success. The success and the failure are not my concern, but His. God helping me, I will help my brothers and sisters in Christ, because they are my brothers and sisters. Do they spurn my advances? Or do they welcome my message? What then? It shall make no difference in me and my work. They and I alike are in God's hands.'

Again and again I say, do this. Thus, and thus alone, you will ensure true peace of mind, the peace of God, the peace which passeth all understanding. Then, and then only, you will go on your way rejoicing, always cheerful, always bright and happy, because always feeling that you are in God's hands. In the career of a minister of Christ the surest way to success is to think nothing at all about success.

I suppose that with some who are entering upon

the lower office of the ministry the predominant feeling is likely to be hope. Their eyes are dazzled by bright visions of ministerial success, of a church filled, of a neighbourhood reclaimed, of a spiritual wilderness turned into a garden of the Lord, of a devoted people hanging on their lips. If this be so, I entreat you, stamp out this feeling. It is egotism, sheer egotism, however much it may assume the guise of zeal for Christ. It is putting self in place of God.

Those, on the other hand, who have had a year's experience of the ministry and are now seeking the higher office of the priesthood, are more likely to look on the work with different eyes. Theirs is the opposite temptation. They will be assailed by disappointment, by despondency, sometimes almost by despair. Not success, but failure, is the idea which dominates and threatens to crush their hearts. A year's experience has wrought a great change in their feelings. It has shattered many a proud hope; it has stultified many a high ambition; it has belied many a sanguine project. What have they found? A mass of sin, a density of ignorance, of which they could only touch the skirts. There was indifference here, there was malice and antagonism there. Nowhere, or almost nowhere, was there the ready appreciation of their work, the glad welcoming of the truth, which they expected, which they almost

claimed as a right. How much did they not hope to do, and how little have they done! Ah! this is egotism, as the other was egotism, the egotism of wounded self-love, the egotism of baffled self-complacency.

So then put away, relentlessly away, all thought of the results. You cannot control them. The operations are in your hands; the issues are far beyond your reach. And, if you cannot control them, so neither can you estimate them. You see only a little way; but God's purposes are far. You regard only the surface; but God works underground, works out of sight. Nothing can be more false than human estimates of success and failure. Could any failure, as men count failure, be greater than the failure of Elijah: 'I, even I only, am left, and they seek my life to take it away'? Or the failure of S. Paul: 'No man stood with me, but all men forsook me'? Yes; there was a failure more terrible even than the failure of Elijah, or the failure of S. Paul—the failure of Him Who, abandoned, despised, buffeted, scorned and hated of all men, died a malefactor's death on the Cross—the failure of all failures, but the success of all successes, the victory over sin, the triumph over death, the one signal achievement in the drama of this world's history, before which the angels veil their faces and bow their heads in awe.

So it was with him, whose words I read to you at the outset. I have spoken of the sorrows, the unredeemed sorrows, of his career. He failed in every purpose of his heart. And yet he achieved after death, what he failed to achieve in life. No prophet held a larger place in the hearts of the Jews in later times. His words live, his deeds live—live and speak to untold generations yet unborn. No one can crush *them*. They are founded on righteousness and truth. And righteousness and truth must triumph. Where these are, immediate failure is only triumph deferred.

So then be not disheartened. 'We have toiled all the night.' Yes; but the morning will break, perhaps in this life, possibly beyond the grave. 'We have taken nothing.' Yes; but at length your nets shall be full. Fishers of men, persevere. With the break of day His voice will be heard; His presence will be felt. There will be no complaining then that your labour has been in vain.

Success and failure—your success or my failure, the success of an hour or the failure of an hour—what are these confronted with the eternal purpose? Specks in boundless space, moments in limitless time. Ah! yes, it is just this. We do not realise that we are children of eternity. If we did, then success would be no success, and failure would be no failure to us. Eternal truth, eternal righteousness, eternal

love; these only can triumph, for these only can endure. If you hold fast to these, then your victory is certain, whatever may come meanwhile.

I have spoken of the errors of regarding the immediate issues of your work instead of the work itself, of putting success in the place of God. But there is another danger besetting your path. I mean the error of regarding your own capacities instead of your work, of putting self-consciousness in place of God. This error is more amiable than the former, but it is a serious hindrance to your work. It is against this danger that we are warned in the history of Jeremiah's call. 'Then said I, Ah Lord God! behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child. But the LORD said unto me, Say not, I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak.'

'I cannot speak, I am a child.' Is not this your feeling now, when the responsibilities of your office are beginning to dawn upon you? Must not this be still more your feeling when you find yourselves fairly launched into your work? 'Here am I, so young, so inexperienced, so helpless. Who and what am I, alone, or almost alone, amidst so many thousands? How can I pierce this mass of ignorance and vice and unbelief, which confronts me? As well dash my head against a fortress of stone, as attempt

so hopeless a task. What can I do to heal this wounded spirit, to melt this hardened conscience, to soothe these dying agonies? Who am I, that I should act as Christ's ambassador, should bear God's message to these? I am tongue-tied. I can only stammer, can only lisp out half-formed words like a child.'

And the reproof comes to you as it came to Jeremiah of old, 'Say not, I am a child. Be not afraid of their faces.' And the promise is vouchsafed to you now, as it was vouchsafed to him then, 'I am with thee to deliver thee.' 'Behold I have put My words in thy mouth.'

This sense of weakness, of incapacity, of helplessness, may take many forms. But, whatever guise it may bear, it must be remembered only to be forgotten. The sense of your weakness must be merged, must be absorbed, must be lost, in the sense of God's strength.

Is it with you, as it was with Moses? The call, the command, the imperious necessity of obeying the command, is there. And yet you shrink; and yet you are reluctant. It is a work which seems especially to demand a ready tongue or a facile pen. It is just here that you feel your deficiency. You have no gift of speech; you have no literary aptitude. 'O my LORD, I am not eloquent.' 'I am slow of speech.'

'O my LORD, send I pray Thee by the hand of him whom Thou wilt send.' If so, remember it only that you may be humbled, but then forget it lest you should be paralysed. To remember it beyond this point is to distrust God. 'I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say.'

Or again, is it with you, as it was with Isaiah? You are overwhelmed (how can you help at such a moment being overwhelmed?) with the sense of moral unworthiness. 'Woe is me for I am undone. I am a man of unclean lips.' Yes, you have been transported into the Holy of Holies. You have seen the Lord sitting upon His throne high and lifted up. Your ears have been pierced with the seraph voices. And in the awe of the crisis, the past and the present alike flash upon your memory with a painful vividness. There is the old sin, long since renounced, but leaving still an indelible scar behind on your hearts. There is the recent temptation, successfully (by God's grace) but painfully encountered and kept at bay. Remember them, yes, remember them, only that your iniquity may be taken away, and your sin purged with the live coal from the seraph's hand. But forget them if they gather about you as a snare, if they assail you that they may tempt you to disobey the Divine call and to renounce the Divine mission.

Or again, is your case the case of Jeremiah? Is it your inexperience, your crudeness, your inadequacy, your feebleness, which overawes you? 'I am a child.' They, to whom you are sent, are older, wiser, abler, riper in experience, than yourself. You are one only; they have the strength of numbers. There is a disproportion—a disheartening, crushing, killing disproportion—between the agency and the end. Remember it, that it may teach you modesty; the young clergyman must be before all things modest. Remember it, that you may be taught to seek your strength elsewhere. But forget it forthwith in the presence of an imperious, paramount, irresistible call.

Or lastly; do you find a type of your case in S. Paul? Has it by any chance happened that words which you have spoken, or acts which you have done in times past, have given occasion to men to blaspheme; that in some way or other, directly or indirectly, you have reviled the name of Christ, you have persecuted the Church of God? And now the past rises up as a horrible spectre before you. 'Lord, they know that I imprisoned and beat in every synagogue them that believed on Thee.' Remember it to your shame. Remember it with thanksgiving for your escape. Remember it that you may deal tenderly with others in like case. But forget it, if it should stop your ears, or clog your steps, when the

command comes to go forth, and bear witness of the things which you have seen.

Yes, forget your weakness, whatever that weakness may be. It is egotism, it is selfishness after all, for it is a dwelling on self. Forget your weakness; and remember your strength.

It is a great privilege, that you are called to be ministers of a national church. The Church in England is the Church of England. Your duties as ministers of Christ thus coincide with your duties as citizens. You have a recognised territory marked out for you, in which your ministry is to be exercised. It is a great advantage to you to have the direct support of the laws and institutions of your country.

But this is not your true strength. This is only an adventitious circumstance of your position. If you are apostles at all, you are apostles, not of men, nor by man. Your sufficiency is of God. And so your strength is threefold.

1. You will bear a commission from God, for you have received a call from God. Yes, to you the voice has gone forth, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' And you, despite all shrinking, despite all indolence, despite all reluctance of self, you have answered promptly, 'Here am I; send me.' Is it not so? If not, then even at this eleventh hour withdraw. Would you meet with a mocking answer that solemn

question, 'Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministration?' Nay, do not enter the holy precincts with a lie upon your lips.

And so you will receive His commission. Through His appointed minister, He will meet you with it. You will go forth as His ambassadors. It is this assurance which will make you strong. You are the representatives, the vicegerents, of the Great King. Your feebleness is backed by His power.

2. And secondly, you will remember not only the source of your commission, but the potency of your message. The power of Christ's Cross can never fail. The power of Christ's Resurrection is ever living. This is the lesson of all history. The weapon which you wield is a weapon of the keenest temper. 'The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword.' The hand that wields it may be feeble, but the sword itself cannot lose its edge.

3. Thirdly and lastly; remember that you have the promise of the indwelling, the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Here is a perennial inspiration, a never-failing supply of force, which shall enable you to wield your weapon effectively. Very solemn words will be addressed to you to-morrow—to the priests especially. Whatever else they mean, they must mean this much at least, that we—that you and I—believe

in a very special gift of God's Holy Spirit, vouchsafed in and through Ordination to those who are truly called and duly commissioned as ministers of His Church. Were it not so, it would be mockery for me to say, or for you to hear, these words. Forget not that from that moment forward you will be in a very special sense the temples of the Holy Ghost.

This then is the threefold cord of your assurance—the authority of your commission, the potency of your message, the reality of your inspiration. Here is the triple breastplate, with which you will gird yourself for the fight, the call of God the Father, the message of God the Son, the guidance of God the Holy Spirit.

Remember these things. Meditate upon these things. Pray over these things. Much, very much, may be done still in the time which remains before the solemn vows are made and the high investiture is received. Wrestle with the Angel this night and compel him to bless you. God grant that you all may come forth from the conflict Princes of God; and that the dawning of day may bring to you the dawning of a truer, higher, holier life—a life in God, and for God.

## II.

*Replenish them with the truth of Thy doctrine, and endue them with innocency of life.*

EMBER COLLECT.

[*September*, 1880, 1884, *and* 1888.]

DEACONS ONLY.

YOU are standing on the brink of a new career. An unknown sea lies before you, a boundless expanse to which you will commit yourselves with no other guidance than the stars of heaven. In a few hours the choice will be made, the crisis will be past. A wide gulf will separate the new life from the old. A wide and impassable gulf; for though the law now allows a return, you will feel that for you no such return is possible. Fidelity to your most solemn vows, the honour of God, even the sense of self-respect, all will combine to exclude the thought of such a renunciation. You resolve, God helping you, to serve in the

sacred ministry of His Church to the end—through honour and dishonour, through evil report and good report, in life and in death. You will not dare to look back, lest the longing backward gaze should stiffen and petrify your spiritual being, and the history of your life become fixed as a pillar of warning to all passers by. To you at this turning point of your lives the words will come home with a double force, 'No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God.'

At such a time it will be a consolation and support to you to remember that day after day during the week past the prayers of the whole Church have risen and gathered round the throne of God, calling down His grace and heavenly benediction upon you. In every language, under every sky, in every climate and season, under all external conditions of human life, this one prayer has gone forth, the chorus of the Universal Church. Lay this thought to your hearts this evening in the silent hours of prayer and self-examination, when you are preparing yourselves for the pledges and the benediction of to-morrow. What strength, what sense of companionship, what inspiration may you not draw from it! 'For me, for my weakness, for my inexperience, for my ignorance, for my inability, all these voices have ascended as one voice to the mercy-seat of God.'

From these Ember prayers I take the sentence which I desire to make the subject of our meditations on this eve of your ordination:—

'Replenish them with the truth of Thy doctrine, and endue them with innocency of life.'

Here are the two points, the doctrine and the life, the teaching and the example, the terms of the message and the conduct of the messenger, not only 'What will you say?' but 'What will you be?' These are the two questions which you must ask yourselves to-night.

1. First of all then, what shall be your message? May we not say that it is summed up in two propositions, 'God the righteous,' 'God our Father'?

On these two propositions hang all theology and all ethics.

'God the righteous.' To make your people understand what righteousness is, this must be the basis of all your teaching. To understand what righteousness, absolute righteousness, is—does this seem a very easy lesson, a very common acquisition? To talk about it, to think about it, this no doubt is easy; but to stand face to face with it, to scan all its lines, to view all its proportions, to feel the beauty, the power, the majesty, the dread of it—yes, the dread of it, for there is in true goodness an overpowering something before which we guilty creatures are constrained to veil our

faces and bow our heads and adore in silent awe—to understand what righteousness is in this way; to know God as the absolute righteousness, the faultless holiness, the spotless purity, the unfailing truth, the perfect goodness—to understand and to know all this is the most difficult of all lessons. He who knows this however partially, he who sees this however faintly, will start back with a shudder from the untruthful word and the dishonest act and the impure thought, as from red-hot iron or from scalding water. Do you understand it? Do you know it? It is vain to speak of the consolations of the Gospel, vain to insist on the privileges of Church-membership, so long as these things are forgotten or only faintly remembered. Here is the initial test for your parishioners and for yourself; 'What shrinking, what pain, what abhorrence, do these cause me—these temptations, these sins?' Until you, and they, have satisfied this initial test, the Gospel has no consolations and Church-membership has no privileges for you.

This then is the first thesis of theology, 'God the righteous;' and the second is like unto it, 'God our Father.'

'God our Father.' To recognise love, fatherly love, as the beginning and the end of all God's dealings with man—this is the completion, as the other was the foundation, of theology. To go to

God as a Father; to take counsel with Him as a Father; to open our hearts to him as a Father; to lay before Him our joys, our sorrows, our perplexities, our temptations, our shortcomings; to seek comfort, to seek strength, to seek inspiration, from this close community with Him as with a Father—this is the goal, as the other was the starting point, of the Gospel message.

Teach this lesson to your people; but learn it yourselves first. For their sakes, for your own sakes, learn it. When you are downcast and saddened by disappointment, when all seems to be going wrong with you, when your sermons gain no hearing and your parochial visits are spurned, when the mourner refuses your consolations and the sinner hardens himself against your warnings, and you return home (it may be) at evening after a hard day of fruitless labour fatigued, downcast, self-accusing, desponding, almost heart-broken, then, oh! then, remember that your heavenly Father is very near to you, throw yourself into His arms, and sob your childish heart to rest in His embrace, that you may rise fresh and cheerful for the morrow's work.

But these, it will be said, are such very old and very simple elementary truths that it was hardly worth while dwelling upon them. Yes, they are very old; older than man, older than the first traces of life

upon this earth, older than the oldest of the stars; but fresh and fertile still, as the earth is fresh and fertile, fresh and glorious still, as the stars are fresh with undiminished glory.

They are simple, simple as a law of nature is simple. But like a law of nature—the law of gravitation for instance—in their very simplicity they hold the potency of infinitely varied applications.

But, you may say again, this is not S. Paul's way of looking at the matter. When S. Paul sums up the Gospel message, he says nothing of these two propositions. His definition is quite apart from them. 'I determined,' he says, 'to know nothing, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.' My answer is that Christ, more especially Christ crucified, is the interpretation, is the embodiment, is the manifestation of these two truths, the righteousness of God, the fatherly goodness of God; that in the Incarnation of Christ, in the Life of Christ, above all in the Death and Passion of Christ, these truths were seen and handled, as it were, were pressed upon the attention of mankind.

'God the righteous.' Does not S. Paul again and again speak of the Gospel as a manifestation of the righteousness of God? Is not Christ Himself specially designated the Just or the Righteous One? Christ is the manifestation of God's righteousness first of all, as setting forth the one only exemplar of

a perfectly righteous human life. But He is still more the manifestation of this righteousness in the stupendous sacrifice of the Incarnation and the Cross. The sacrifice of the Incarnation, I say, as well as the sacrifice of the Cross; for could any sacrifice, any condescension, any self-abasement be conceived greater than that the Eternal Son of God should deign to be born as a man, to live as a man—to say nothing of His dying as a man? Preach this sacrifice in all its length and breadth, in all its height and depth; not with any hard dry treatment, not under any stiff technical forms: and you will indeed preach the righteousness of God. What vindication of righteousness could be conceived more complete, what condemnation of sin can imagination compass more thorough—condemnation of man's sin, of your sin, of my sin—than this?

The heathen knew something of the meaning of sin; the Jew knew much more. But sin has become a thousand times more sinful when seen in the light of Christ's sacrifice.

And so again with the other thesis, 'God our Father.' Where was God's fatherly goodness so manifested as in the Incarnation and Passion of Christ? Love, unspeakable love, fatherly love, is the glory which encircles the cradle of Bethlehem and the Cross of Calvary. Herein was love, not that we

loved God, but that He loved us. What else is the meaning of the saying, 'He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father'—hath seen, not the Omnipotent, not the Avenger, not the King of Kings, but the Father, 'My Father and your Father.'

Once realise this manifestation of God's fatherly love, and all difficulties vanish away—all the anomalies of this present world, the terrible physical catastrophes, the cruel social grievances, the injustice, the want, the suffering, the sorrow, the pain, everything which seems to speak to us of a stern and pitiless ruler of the universe—all these are only as dust in the balance when weighed against this one transcendent act of redeeming love. As we contemplate it, all our questionings are silenced. How can we doubt His love now? We have seen the Father, have seen *our* Father; for we have seen Christ—seen Him in Bethlehem, seen Him at Gethsemane, seen Him on Calvary.

2. But I pass on to the second point. Not only must the message be correctly delivered, but the messenger himself must be such as to recommend it to acceptance. If there must be 'truth of doctrine,' there must also be 'innocency of life.'

You will be commissioned to-morrow, if it please God, as ambassadors of Christ. But an ambassador must not only be loyal to his King, must not only

adhere strictly to his instructions; he must also be persuasive. The persuasiveness of the Christian ambassador is the consistent tenour of his life, is the innocency of his life. A large number of your people will be incapable of abstract truths; they can only apprehend them when exhibited in concrete forms. The Incarnation and Life of Christ was such an embodiment in the highest sense; your life must be such an embodiment in a lower degree. They will interpret, will judge, your teaching by your actions. There is no logic so convincing as the logic of an upright and truthful life. There is no rhetoric so persuasive as the rhetoric of a sympathetic and innocent heart.

There are two points more especially in the clergyman's character on which I desire to dwell this evening, as being essential to his efficiency as an ambassador of Christ.

1. The first of these is *uprightness*. By uprightness I mean that straightforward, honorable dealing, that honesty in word and deed, which is looked for between man and man in worldly affairs. Be not deceived. If this is wanting, all else will be vain. Your sermons may be fervid; your organisations may be admirable; your parochial visits may be assiduous. But if your word cannot be trusted, if you are loose in money matters, if you involve yourself in debt, all the rest

goes for nothing. Here is a standard, which the men of this world can appreciate. They look for this uprightness from one another; they look for more from you. Are they wrong in doing so? You tell them that their standard is a low standard; you undertake to lead them to higher things; you yourself are a light set upon an hill. And yet you fail, fail miserably, in the commonest virtues. It is futile, it is a mockery, to preach the heavenly life—the life of prayer, of holiness, of communion with God,—if we show ourselves ignorant of these first rudiments of social morality. If we have not proved ourselves faithful in these least things, who will commit to our trust the greatest?

2. The other point of which I would speak is *simplicity*—absolute and entire singleness in motive, in aim, in conduct. There is no persuasiveness more effectual than the transparency of a single heart, of a sincere life. I need not tell you what stress is laid on this quality in the Gospels and in the apostolic writings, how duplicity in all its forms is denounced —the double tongue, the double heart, the double dealing.

Simplicity is the characteristic of the little child; and it is the child-like spirit alone which storms the gates of the kingdom of heaven. To mean what you say, to be what you seem to be, to be transparent and

to be guileless—this will be your constant study. Your constant study, I say; for do not imagine that simplicity is a purely natural grace; that simplicity cannot be acquired by discipline and by habit. Check every underhand motive; check every unreal word; yes, every unreal word,—and how many unreal words are spoken from the pulpit, are spoken even in the pastoral visitation? In the despised stream of common every-day duties you, like the Syrian of old, may cleanse the leprosy of your soul, and it shall be once again as the soul of a little child. You are God's ambassadors; you are God's diplomatists. With the ambassadors of this world diplomacy has too often been a synonym for duplicity. Singleness, guilelessness, must be the very heart and soul of your diplomacy.

Ambassadors of God. Do not forget this. You will go forth with a commission from Christ. The sense of this commission will give you strength. You will feel that however feeble, helpless, isolated, you may be in your own self, you have the mighty hosts of the Great King Himself at your back, to sustain you against your spiritual foes.

Ambassadors of God. Yes; He lays upon you the burden of a special responsibility, but He grants you the support of a special grace. If He calls you to be His witnesses, as He called the Apostles of old, yet

He promises you, as He promised them, that the Holy Ghost shall come upon you and ye shall receive power, if only you will trust Him. The Pentecostal gifts have not ceased. To-morrow the earnest of the Spirit is yours. Therefore go forth on your mission, joyfully, hopefully, courageously.

Ambassadors of God. Remember this commission in yourselves, but do not parade it before others. Do not vulgarise it. An assertion of authority by a young clergyman provokes only opposition. Rather approve yourselves to your people as ambassadors of Christ by delivering the message of Christ, by doing the works of Christ, by living the life of Christ.

Ambassadors; yes, even you deacons: but still more ministers, as the very title of your office implies —ministers, servants. And is not this a nobler title after all? Was it not for this that Christ left the glories of the Eternal Throne, and became as one of us, 'not to be ministered unto, but to be a minister' —*οὐ διακονηθῆναι ἀλλὰ διακονῆσαι*—to be a minister, to be a *deacon*? Is it not this, to which the chiefest promise of the Gospel is attached? He who would be first must be last of all, must be minister of all, *deacon* of all. To work for others, to think for others, to feel for others, to be a deacon in the truest sense, this is your work. This also will be your crown, your joy and your glory.

Therefore in the silence of this night, and in the quiet of to-morrow's daybreak, pray to God, that He will grant you the spirit of ministration, the spirit of deaconship; the simplicity, the guilelessness, the humility, the mercy, the cheerfulness, the sympathy the helpfulness, the love. Pray, nothing doubting that He will vouchsafe a special gift of His Holy Spirit according to your faith and according to your need. Pray this for His blessed Name's sake, Who was Himself the chief of deacons.

## III.

*The heaven for height, and the earth for depth.*

PROVERBS xxv. 3.

[*Advent*, 1880; *Trinity*, 1884; *Trinity*, 1888.]

THESE words will serve as a fit starting point for our meditations. I desire to speak to you of the two elements as well in the dispensation of grace as in the ministerial office, the internal and the external, the spiritual and the temporal, the heavenly and the earthly.

A plant which has its fibres hidden deep in the soil but is fed with the dews and the sunshine of heaven, which takes root downward and bears fruit upward; this is the image of the Gospel, of the Church of Christ. It has its earthly relations as well as its heavenly. It is before and above all time, and yet it manifests itself in time. It is transcendental, and yet

it is historical. It is most divine, and yet it is most human.

This it is which constitutes its power. Other religions sacrifice the one element to the other. They are, so to speak, altogether heavenly; and thus they fail to take hold of man. Or they are altogether earthly; and thus they fail to lift up man from the earth. There is theism on the one hand with its offer of a God unrevealed, unknown, unknowable, a God whose face is veiled and whose tongue is mute, a God who has no response for human yearnings and no cure for human ailments, a God that cannot be realised. There is idolatry on the other hand, whose gods are sensuous, material things—gods easy enough to realise, but gods altogether of the earth earthly, gods which leave their worshippers where they found them, grovelling still. All false religions and all false forms of Christianity fail on the one side or on the other; the outward is sacrificed to the inward, or the inward is sacrificed to the outward; the spiritual to the material, or the material to the spiritual. They tend to become all body or all spirit, the one merged or half-merged in the other.

It is the main characteristic of the true religion that it is both body and spirit, each perfect in itself, neither marring the completeness of the other, yet the two bound together in one indissoluble whole. It is

so with the record of the Christian religion—the Bible; it is so with the substance of the Christian religion—the Incarnation of the Son of God; it is so with the appointed guardian and witness of the Christian religion—the Church of Christ.

1. Take first the written record, the Bible. Compare it with the sacred books of the other great religions of the world—with the Vedas, with the Zend-Avesta, with the Koran. What a contrast have we here! In these other bibles you have abstract moral precepts, abstract ceremonial rites, abstract theological doctrines—everything uniform and colourless, nothing, or almost nothing, which touches life and stirs the heart of man. As you lay down these sacred books, take up ours. What do you find here? *Quicquid agunt homines.* All the manifoldness and all the variety which characterises the lives and the activities of men—history, poetry, philosophy, legislation—all bound up in this one volume! The rise and fall of nations; the vicissitudes of individual lives, kings, nobles, priests, peasants; the aspirations, the yearnings, the passions, the temptations of human hearts; human joys and human sorrows in all their most characteristic and pathetic forms. In no book that ever was written is humanity so fully exhibited. This is the *body.* But withal there runs throughout, binding chapter to chapter and book to book, from

the opening words of Genesis to the closing words of the Apocalypse, the one golden thread, the one eternal purpose, the one divine idea, growing and broadening out unto the perfect day. The hands may be the hands of history, but the voice is the voice of God. Here is the *soul*. May we not say that in this case also God took of the dust of the earth, of the strivings of men and the turmoils of nations, and breathed into it the breath of life, thoughts that thrill and words that speak—speak to all time and through all time to eternity?

2. And, as we turn from the record to the subject of the revelation, this same characteristic forces itself on our notice. God entering into man, man taken up into God—this is the sum and substance of the whole. This indwelling of God in man, this assumption of man into God, is partial, is gradual, during the long periods which precede the Incarnation. At length the Word is made flesh. God, Who before had spoken through patriarchs and priests and prophets, now speaks in His Son. The union is complete. It is no longer God inspiring man, but God become man. It is no longer man moved by God, but man one with God. Here is the true response to all devout yearnings, the final goal of all religious instincts—this perfect, indissoluble, union of God and man at length realised in the Incarnation of our Lord. Heaven and earth

have kissed each other. Perfect God, perfect man—this is the one Catholic doctrine of the Person of Christ.

Has this doctrine of the Incarnation seemed to some to be a stumbling-block in the way of belief? Nay, it is the most powerful witness, the strongest recommendation, of Christianity. It marks off Christianity as the one true, absolute, final religion. If Christianity had stopped short of this, if Christianity had offered, as all other religions offer, some imperfect union between the human and the divine, it would have taken its place with other religions. It would have failed, like them, to find an adequate response to the yearnings of the human heart; it would have failed, like them, to supply a solution to the problem which consciously or unconsciously underlies all the religious aspirations of mankind. And yet the solution was a surprise. It could not have been foreseen. It was unlike anything else which had gone before.

Therefore this doctrine is not a stumbling-block, not an encumbrance, to the Gospel. It is the very essence of the Gospel. It alone gives meaning, gives force, gives cohesion, gives finality, to the teaching of the Bible. It is the crown of the religious edifice. And so all other views of the Person of Christ—Arian, Socinian, Gnostic—condemn themselves, on this ground alone. They dethrone Christianity. They

deprive it of its significance. They stultify its title to universal dominion.

3. We have traced these two elements first in the record, and then in the substance of revelation. Let us consider them lastly in the Church, the guardian of revelation. Here too there is an external element, as well as a spiritual. It is possible to exalt the external at the expense of the spiritual. But it is possible also to neglect the external to the detriment of the spiritual. The Church is something more than a fortuitous concourse of spiritual atoms, a voluntary aggregation of individual souls for religious purposes. There is nothing accidental, nothing arbitrary, in the Church. The Church is an external society, an external brotherhood, an external kingdom, constituted by a Divine order. It has its laws, it has its officers, it has its times and seasons. It is not therefore a matter of indifference, how loosely or how firmly we hold by the Church. We cannot regard ourselves as mere individual units, concerned only with the salvation of our own souls. We are members of a brotherhood; we are citizens of a kingdom. There may be times when the Christian conscience will be perplexed, when our duties towards the visible body may seem to clash with our duties towards the invisible Head. But whatever may be the perplexities, however great may be the difficulty of balancing

our duties, this idea of a brotherhood, of a kingdom, with all the responsibilities which it carries with it, must never be lost sight of. Loyalty to this idea is essential to the equipment of a true Christian.

And this train of thought—the unity in duality, the combination of the external with the spiritual, as manifested everywhere in God's dealings with mankind—may fitly occupy your minds on this eve of the day when you purpose dedicating yourselves by the most solemn dedication to the special service of Almighty God.

Is it your *call*? What is the question, which will be put to you to-morrow—a question addressed to deacons and priests alike in a slightly different form?

'Do you think'—'think in your heart'—'that you are truly called, according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the due order of this realm'—'the order of this Church of England'—'to the ministry of the Church'—'to the order and ministry of priesthood?'

Here again the external and the internal are combined. There is the inward call—'according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ;' and the outward call—'according to the due order of this realm,' 'the order of this Church of England.'

Do you indeed think from your heart that you are so called? This is the question which you will

answer to me to-morrow. This is the question which I want you to answer to yourselves this evening.

'According to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Has He spoken to you? Has He entreated you? Has He commanded you? This voice of His, how is it heard? This will of His, how is it expressed?

Is it the old demand repeated once more? 'Put me into one of the priests' offices, that I may eat a piece of bread?' This is no voice of His. This is the tempter's voice. The labourer indeed is worthy of his hire; but the hire is for the sake of the office, not the office for the sake of the hire. Better a thousand times that your tongue were cut out, than that you should answer the question in the affirmative, if you have no sounder reason for your answer than this. Is it again for the sake of the respectability, the position, which attaches to the clerical office? Cast this motive also behind your back. It is akin to the other. What then? The circumstances of your previous life point to it. You hardly recollect a time when you did not look forward to this step. Or, again; your friends desire it. You are willing to gratify their desire; for, wishing to serve Jesus Christ, you do not see why you should not serve Him in this way, as well as in any other. Or, again; there is in some particular place a work to be done; and, as no one else is forthcoming, you do not see why you should

not step forward. Good reasons these, but not adequate in themselves. A deeper underlying principle must be sought. For after all does not this question, 'Do you think that you are truly called, according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ', resolve itself into that previous question, 'Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost?'

'Inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost.' Do you hear a voice calling to you over the troubled waters of this life, 'Follow thou Me?' Are you conscious of an eager yearning not only to live Christ in yourself, but to declare Christ to others? Not indeed that this voice will be allowed to speak to your soul without interruption or dispute. Other sounds—piercing ones, tumultuous, clamorous—will be provoked into life by rivalry with it, and will well-nigh drown it with their noises. There will be the memory of past sins, so lightly committed (it may be) at the moment, so incongruous, so hideous now. These will shriek in your ears. There will be the sense, the crushing sense, of your weakness, your own inexperience. There will be the awe of embarking on an unknown future, a boundless ocean of possibilities which you can only vaguely forecast. This voice too will deafen you with its monotonous reiteration.

There will be the ideal of the clerical life, with its

heroic devotion, with its infinite sympathies, with its intense spirituality, so unspeakably beautiful and yet so appalling by its contrast with the dull, sluggish, apathetic, selfish motions, of which you are too painfully conscious in your own soul. This cry too will ring piercing and clear. Voices these, which are sent to be our monitors, but must not be our tyrants, must not be our tempters. Else moral paralysis must supervene. Stronger, clearer, more persistent than these, is the voice of the divine call, 'Follow Me.' And what shall be the response?

> 'Lead Thou me on.
> Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
> The distant scene; one step enough for me.'

But this is not sufficient. There must be an outward call, as well as an inward call. You must be invited, ordained, accredited in a legitimate way, according to an approved order. The body, as well as the spirit, must concur to make your ordination complete. The Church—the external, visible, Church—must be sponsor for your commission. Do you believe this also? 'Called not only according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, but according to the order of this Church of England.' Does this also enter into your conception of your call? Do you believe that you have this call? Do you believe that you are commissioned by a body, ordained through

a representative of that body—which body and which representative have authority from Christ Himself?

But, again, the 'order of this Church of England' is otherwise described as 'the order of this realm.' You cannot afford, when you are answering the question, to put this out of sight. It may be an accident of your position as English Churchmen, but it is a most valuable accident, that the order of the Church is also the order of the realm. Not the least advantage is that your duties as clergymen are coincident with your duties as citizens. Ask yourselves then—it is a pertinent question to ask, especially at this time—'Do I feel that as a clergyman I can be loyal to the laws of my country, as well as loyal to the claims of my Church?'

And not only is this twofold element present in your call. It must pervade your whole clerical life. It will manifest itself in your *ministrations*. This is the distinguishing character of the Christian ministry, as contrasted with other priesthoods, that it is charged with a direct care for the bodies as well as the souls of men. It is human, most human, as well as most divine. Hence humanity is its leading characteristic. Sympathy with poverty, with sickness, with pain, with all the bodily miseries and all the mundane struggles of your flock—this will be the fulcrum on

which you will rest the spiritual lever that shall raise earth to heaven. It will manifest itself in your *studies*. There is no bar to your reading (if you have the time) books of history, books of science, books of travel, books of philosophy. You may read the same books which the worldling reads—it is well to some extent that you should read them—but you will not read them in the spirit of the worldling. You will 'draw all your cares and studies this way.' You will see God's Face everywhere piercing every disguise. Yes; 'O Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth'—earth as well as heaven, if we could but see it—'heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.' It will manifest itself more especially in your direct teaching, in your sermons. Why is it that so many sermons fail to hit the mark, are mere beating of the air? Is it not this, that either body is wanting, or spirit is wanting? Either they are mere abstract doctrine, mere abstract reflexion, with nothing that touches the immediate, individual wants of this or that person, of this or that class of persons. So they fail to lay hold of the man. Or they are mere social talk, mere literary disquisition; and so, though they may get hold of the man, they cannot lift him; they leave him clutching the dust, as they found him. 'The heaven for height, and the earth for depth.' Is not this the true description of the effective preacher?

Yes, and the true ideal of the clerical life also. This is the inestimable privilege, the peculiar bliss, of the clergyman's profession, that there is nothing too human, and nothing too divine, for his cognizance. Happy he who strives to realise this! Happy he who keeps this ideal ever in view—eager ever to probe the lowest depths of human sympathy and to scale the loftiest heights of divine grace! Happy now, despite opposition, despite misgivings, despite weakness, despite failure, despite the fears within, and the fightings without—cruel antagonists both! Happy now in this life beyond the happiness of all other professions; but happy, unspeakably happy, then when he shall receive the crown of righteousness, laid up by the Lord the Righteous Judge.

Claim this happiness for yourselves. Follow the example of your Master Christ. Descend with Him to the lowest parts of the earth, that you may rescue souls in prison. Ascend with Him far above all heavens, that you may present souls to God.

And to this end retire to your chambers this evening; enter into the Holy of Holies; fall on your faces before the glory of the Eternal Presence; give yourselves wholly to God this night that He may give Himself wholly to you. So when to-morrow comes, and the question is put to you, 'Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost?'

'Do you think that you are truly called?' you will answer promptly and cheerfully, will answer with thanksgiving, but will answer also in no self-confident spirit, will answer with awe and trembling of soul, 'I trust so,' 'I think it.'

## IV.

*Ambassadors for Christ.*

2 CORINTHIANS v. 20.

*Your servants for Jesus' sake.*

2 CORINTHIANS iv. 5.

[*Trinity*, 1881 ; *Advent*, 1885.]

A NEW office, a new work, a new life; not less momentous than this is the crisis for all of you—for the deacons more especially.

To-morrow the change will come. To-morrow the commission will be issued. To-morrow the irrevocable step will be taken.

Yes, the irrevocable step. Remember this. Whatever latitude the existing law of the land may give, there must be no latitude for you; there must be no looking back, when the hand is once put to the plough; there must be no paltering with your ordination vows—vows made not to man but to God.

What thoughts then should occupy your minds in

the few hours that remain? What note shall I strike now, as the key note to those thoughts?

Let me direct your attention to some titles which are assigned to the Christian ministry in the New Testament. The designations are manifold. The Christian minister is a steward. The Church is a household, a family. The gifts and graces, promised under the Gospel, are the household stuff, the food and the wages of the members; and he—the minister—is the dispenser, is the distributor, of these good things of God. Again he is a watchman, a sentinel. He stands on his lofty tower; he patrols the battlements, ever wakeful, ever alert with eye and ear, the guardian of the citadel of religion, truth, and morality, against a sudden surprise of the foe. Again he is a pastor, a shepherd. The congregation is a flock of sheep. He tends them. He protects them from the assaults of wild beasts by night. He finds shelter for them from the burning sun at noonday. He leads them to the green pastures and the cooling streams. He carries the young, the weary, the footsore, on his shoulders. And there are other designations also on which I might dwell. But I prefer to-day asking you to fix your attention on two titles more especially, which we find given to the Christian minister, startling in themselves and still more startling by their contrast—ambassador and slave.

Yes, you aspire to become to-morrow ambassadors of God. You claim all the dignity, the pomp, the circumstance, which appertains to the delegates, the commissioners, the representatives, of the King of Kings. And yet at the same time you submit to be slaves, not ministers only (*διάκονοι*), not underlings only (*ὑπηρέται*), but slaves (*δοῦλοι*); slaves not of God, not of Christ (this were a small thing), but slaves of your congregation, slaves of your people, slaves of men. You sign away your liberty; you rivet your fetters; you place yourselves at the beck and call of all men. Is not this the true ideal of Christ's minister—an ambassador and a slave? So at least it was with S. Paul. 'Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us.' 'For which I am an ambassador in bonds.' 'I have made myself a servant,' literally, 'I have enslaved myself unto all.' 'Ourselves your servants, your slaves, for Christ's sake.' 'Ambassador' and 'slave'—the highest and the lowest. Herein is fulfilled the saying, 'Everyone that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.'

'Ambassador' and 'slave.' Yes; most true slave, because most faithful ambassador; most successful ambassador, when most abject slave. And why so? Because then you will be most like Him, Whose representative you are; most like Him, Who was

at once the highest and the lowest; most like Him, Who became Slave of Slaves, and yet ceased not to be King of Kings.

This then is the lesson which I desire to impress upon you on the eve of the day which shall witness your dedication of yourselves to a new office in the Church of Christ. Remember that you are ambassadors, but remember also that you are slaves. Do not merge the ambassador in the slave, and do not lose the slave in the ambassador. If you forget that you are ambassadors, your work will be feeble, flaccid, listless and inefficient, because nerveless and sinewless. If you forget that you are slaves, it will be arrogant and harsh and repulsive; it will win no sympathy, because it will show no sympathy; it will gain no adherents, because it will make no sacrifices.

Let us therefore ask first, what ideas are involved in this image of an ambassador. We may sum up the conception, I think, in three words, *commission*, *representation*, *diplomacy*. The ambassador, before acting, receives a commission from the power for whom he acts. The ambassador, while acting, acts not only as an agent but as a representative of his sovereign. Lastly, the ambassador's duty is not merely to deliver a definite message, to carry out a definite policy; but he is obliged to watch opportunities, to study characters, to cast about for ex-

pedients, so that he may place it before his hearers in its most attractive form. He is a diplomatist.

Apply these three elements in the conception of an ambassador to the Christian ministry.

1. First of all, there is the *commission*. Yes, this must be the foundation of all your work. This is the question which you will ask yourselves, and answer to yourselves, before all things; 'Do I believe that God calls *me*, commissions *me*, authorises *me*, to be His appointed messenger, delegate, ambassador, to offer terms of peace, to negociate a treaty with men?' How can you know this? It is necessary indeed that you should receive your commission through some authoritative visible channel; but this is a very small and a very worthless thing, if it stands alone. No external summons, no outward investiture, no voice or authority of man, is sufficient in itself to assure you of this commission. How then shall you receive the assurance? See what shape the question takes in the ordination vows which you will take to-morrow. 'Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost?' 'Do you think that you are truly called according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ?' 'Moved by the Holy Ghost,' 'called according to the will of Jesus Christ'—you will answer these questions not without awe and trembling; you will answer them with much misgiving and distrust of

self; but, if your ordination to-morrow is to have any spiritual power, if your work in the ministry from that day forth is to bear any real fruit, you must be able to give a genuine and a truthful answer. A genuine and a truthful answer? What is involved in this? Why, you must be conscious of a voice within you. Not a sharp piercing cry perhaps, not a deafening thunderclap, not the sound of a mighty rushing wind as on that first day of Pentecost. The Holy Ghost does not always manifest Himself thus. God does not commonly speak so to the soul of man. The Spirit's manifestation may be as the soft breath of eventide; God's voice may be the still small voice, the low but distinct whisper of a gradually growing and ripening conviction. But in some way or other the prompting must be felt, the voice must be heard. 'Here is a work, God's work, to be done. And God wants *me*, God summons *me*, to do it. I know my weakness; I know my inability; I know my ignorance, my inadequacy, my unworthiness in all respects. But notwithstanding this sense of feebleness, I will obey the summons. Notwithstanding it? Nay, by reason of it; for is not strength, God's strength, made perfect in weakness? I cannot bear to think of so many souls perishing for lack of food. I cannot bear to see so many sons of God estranged from their Father in Heaven. A ministry of reconciliation. Of

reconciliation,—why, the very name draws me with an attractive power which I cannot resist. Dost Thou ask, Lord, "Whom shall I send? and who will go for us?" There is only one answer, there can be only one answer, "Here am I, send me."'

This sense, this yearning, this inwrought conviction, will be your strength. It may be that here and there a man has taken upon himself the clerical office without any such conviction, and yet has been found in the end a faithful ambassador of Christ. Brought face to face with stern spiritual exigencies in the agonies of the penitent, or in the sorrow of the bereaved, or in the solemnities of the death-bed, he has learnt at length the terrible responsibilities of that office which he so lightly assumed; and the very revulsion from his former carelessness has by God's grace purified and transformed and exalted him. But it is a perilous thing to build on this sandy foundation of vague possibility. It is a perilous thing, when seeking an office which will tax all your strength, to despise this which is the only true fountain of strength—the belief that God calls you and therefore will be with you, that this is God's work and therefore it will be done in God's strength.

2. And this brings me to the second point. Not only is the ambassador the commissioned agent or officer of his sovereign; he is also his *representative.*

I tremble to apply the image. It is so easy to overstep the limits and to run into extravagance, even into blasphemy. But this very danger adds awe and solemnity to the lesson. A representative of God—the clergyman is not less than this. Is it not S. Paul's own application of the image? 'We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us?' This conception absorbed and burnt into your soul—will it not give intensity, power, illumination, to your ministry? Not yourselves, but God; God speaking in and through you! How shall you realise this ideal? How shall you make this a fact, which is now a potentiality? How else but by seeking God, by conferring with God, by standing face to face with God, by dwelling in His presence, thus reflecting the glory of the Lord with unveiled face and being 'transformed into the same image from glory to glory, as from the Lord the Spirit.'

For, be assured, whether you will or not, you will be taken by the mass of your people to represent God, to represent the Gospel of Christ, in another sense. They will judge the Gospel, not by its inherent character, not by its natural tendencies, but by the lives of you its ministers. This is very unreasonable, but so it will be. You, its most prominent advocates, will furnish the measure, the standard, of its value to your parish. If you fail in your lives, if you are

worldly and self-seeking, are time-serving, are underhand in your dealings (I say nothing of worse sins, intemperance and the like, which alas! are not altogether unknown in the clergy), the Gospel will be degraded, and God will be blasphemed in you.

3. And this brings me to the third point—the *diplomacy* of the ambassador. The ambassador has to recommend his policy. Everything, or almost everything, depends on address in the ambassador. What corresponds to this in your case? What elements go to make up address in a clergyman? Why, the first element is character, and the second is character, and the third is character—the character and life of you the minister of Christ, of you the preacher of the Gospel—a life of earnestness, of self-forgetfulness, of truthfulness. of singleness of purpose, of simplicity.

Of simplicity—yes, of childlike simplicity in all your aims and all your actions. Diplomacy! What ideas do we not commonly connect with the word? Ambiguity, manœuvre, chicane, overreaching, fraud. Not such must be your diplomacy. Only let your people feel that you have a single heart and a single eye; only let them see that in all your words and all your acts you seek not theirs, but them; not yourself, but your work; not yourself, but Christ Jesus your Lord; and the battle is already half won. Duplicity,

untruthfulness, insincerity, self-assertion, self-seeking in any form—this it is which mars the clergyman's influence, this it is which nullifies the effect of a hundred sermons.

Self-assertion; I have mentioned this as one form of self-seeking, and so it is; one of the most mischievous, one of the most fatal, in a clergyman. It is so insidious too; for it disguises itself under the garb of zeal for the respect due to the office which he holds, or the Church which he represents. I have seen not a few instances in which much piety, much zeal, much laborious work has been nullified, and a whole parish has been estranged or thrown into confusion, by this form of self-seeking, a stiffness of self-assertion, a stubbornness which is easily provoked, which beareth nothing, hopeth nothing, endureth nothing.

Simplicity, and not simplicity only, but sympathy —these are the twin graces which will open the doors of your people's hearts and gain a lodging for your message there—twin graces, twin sisters, I say, for is not both the one and the other a negation of self?

And, when I have mentioned sympathy, have I not in this one word indicated, have I not exhausted, the second great division of my subject? You are constituted to-morrow the ambassadors of God, but you are branded at the same time the

bondslaves of men. Wherein does this servitude, this slavery consist? Is it not in sympathy, active, inexhaustible, boundless sympathy, Christ-like sympathy, in rejoicing with those that rejoice and weeping with those that weep, in living with those that live and dying with those that die? To enter into all the cares however trivial, to share all the sorrows however private, to study all the temptations however special, of those committed to your charge, to find a place for all these things in your heart—this is the servitude, to which to-morrow will bind you over. *Servus servorum*, 'slave of slaves'; such is the high title, which the proudest of Christian prelates arrogates to himself. Poor indeed when so arrogated; but blessed, unspeakably blessed, if it be not a title, but a fact; not a fashion of speech, but a rule of life.

Ambassador of God, slave of men. Here are the pillars which flank the gateway of ministerial efficiency. These two conceptions realised make up the ideal of the clerical office. Strive you to realise them. Realise them in your prayers and meditations in the few hours which remain before your consecration to-morrow; realise them in your lives throughout the long years which lie before you, the long years with all their hopes and fears, with all their tremendous responsibilities and all their glorious potentiality.

## V.

*God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.*

2 TIMOTHY i. 7.

[*Advent*, 1881; *Advent*, 1884.]

TO-DAY a deacon, to-morrow a priest; to-day a layman, to-morrow a deacon—for all a great change, for some *the* great change in the condition of your lives is imminent. How shall you best prepare to meet it? What at such a moment shall be the predominant feeling in your hearts? Shall it be exultation? God forbid. You know little of yourselves, if, confronted with the burden of responsibilities which awaits you, you can find place for exultation. A profound sense of awe will be yours; an abundant overflow of thanksgiving will be yours; that you—your unworthiness, your feebleness, your ignorance, your nothingness—you of all men should have been

chosen for so high a dignity and so weighty a task; but for exultation there is no room. Shall it be depression and despondency? Again, God forbid; a thousand times, God forbid. You do well to recall at such a crisis the sins of your past lives—your wayward youth, your wasted opportunities, your spurned blessings. You do well to pour out your heart in contrition before God for all these things. You do well to pause for a moment on your own weakness, your own incapacity. To pause there, but not to dwell there. This is before all things a time for faith, for hope, for a trustful reliance on God, for a thankful looking forward to the work of Christ which is in store for you, remembering always that you have not chosen Him, but He has chosen you. What then shall be the attitude of your souls on this the eve of your ordination? Not exultation, and not despondency; not pride in your strength, for this is your weakness; not dismay at your weakness, for this may be your strength; no dwelling on your capacities or incapacities, on your greatness or your littleness, but on God—on God's pledges, on God's gifts, of which you will receive the earnest to-morrow.

So then let us steady and concentrate our thoughts by fixing them on one text, which describes the hopes —nay, let us rather say, the assurances—of our consecration to the clerical office. Οὐκ ἔδωκεν ἡμῖν ὁ

*Θεὸς πνεῦμα δειλίας, ἀλλὰ δυνάμεως καὶ ἀγάπης καὶ σωφρονισμοῦ.*

'God gave us not a spirit of fearfulness, but of power and of love and of sobering discipline.'

These are directly ministerial gifts, you will observe. The context makes this quite clear. They are the gifts which Paul himself received, the gifts which Timothy received, the gifts which every duly ordained minister of Christ receives or may receive by virtue of the promise of the Holy Spirit, which Christ has left to His Church; a great potentiality which by prayer, by self-discipline, by zeal and devotion may be developed into an active, living, power; a magnificent earnest of a larger, fuller, richer endowment in the time to come; a germ of living fire, which, duly fanned and fed with fuel, will spread into a mighty flame, purifying, dissolving, illuminating; an ever intensifying centre of light and heat.

Yet, though a ministerial gift, not differing in its essential qualities from the gifts bestowed on the faithful, whosoever they may be. Is not power, is not love, is not the discipline of the heart and life, the attribute of the layman not less than of the ordained priest and deacon? Should you expect it otherwise? What is your diaconate but an intensification of the function of ministering which is incumbent on all believers alike? What is your priesthood but a

concentration of the priesthood of the whole people of Christ? Yes, you will do well to press upon your people in season and out of season that the Church of Christ is one great priesthood, one vast spiritual brotherhood, gathered together of all sorts and conditions of men, for the good of humanity, if you will, for the saving of individual souls, if you will, but beyond all and through all and before all for the offering of continual sacrifices to the praise and honour and glory of God; that God—not humanity, not this or that parish, not this or that man—may be all in all.

All in all. Yes, God is the end of your work, but He is the beginning also. God is the last link of the chain, but He is the first also. If there is to be hereafter any power, any vitality, in your ministrations; if you would rescue your clerical office from sinking into a listless, lifeless, thing—a dreary round of monotonous tasks without heart, without hope—why then you must feel and know that, along with the burden of responsibility which He lays upon you in your ordination, God endows you with the strength to bear that burden; He bestows upon you then and there the earnest of His Spirit. Looking back on the day of your ordination in the months and years to come, you must be able to say; 'God gave to me—gave to *me*—a potentiality of power and love, which (His

grace helping me) shall be manifested with an ever increasing energy in my life and my ministrations. He baptized me anew with the baptism of the Holy Ghost; He gave to me a spark of a divine fire, which shall be stirred up and fanned into a mighty flame.' This realisation of the gift that He gave to you—this and this only—will endow your ministry with living force. 'Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.'

And how is this spirit characterised? One thing it is not. It is not a spirit of fearfulness, not a spirit of cowardice. There will be no misgiving, no shrinking back, no calculation of overpowering odds, no terror of possible consequences, if you frankly accept the gift which God offers you to-morrow. What? You are overwhelmed, as you contemplate the step which you are about to take. You look into yourself and you scrutinise yourself. You are crushed by the sense of your feebleness. You review in detail your intellectual deficiencies, your practical incapacity, your spiritual inexperience. You think of your past sins and your present temptations. Be bold nevertheless. God did not give you the spirit of cowardice. You look out from yourself, and the magnitude of the work overawes and stuns you. These many hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of practical heathens; all this misery, all this vice, all this ignorance, massed

and welded together, these serried legions of Satan—who am I, that I should withstand singlehanded this invincible host? Again I say, be brave. The spirit which God gave you is no craven spirit. You watch the rising tide of atheism and unbelief. Slowly and surely it is advancing, or at least it seems to you to advance. There is a horrible fascination in the sight. Who are you, that you should stem its imperious torrent? It seems as though you must be riveted to the ground on which you stand, until you also are engulfed with the rest. Nay, be strong, and very courageous. God gave you not a spirit of faithlessness, not a spirit of despair. And once more. You compare your capacities and qualifications with those of others; and it seems to you that every one, whom you meet, is better equipped and armed for the work than yourself. One man has a flow of words and a power of expression of which you are utterly devoid. Another has a charm of presence or an attractiveness of address which is denied to you. A third has a capacity of business and a power of organisation which is wholly foreign to you. You are less than the very least. What then? God has called *you*. God wants *you*. God has work for you to do. 'Behold, the Lord thy God hath set the land before thee'—yes, before *thee*—'go up and possess it.' 'The Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee; He

will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.' 'Fear not, neither be dismayed.'

A spirit not of fearfulness, but of power. Realise this power. Ask yourself whence it comes, what it is, how it works.

You the ministers of the Gospel, you the priests of God, are called to wield an instrument of unrivalled capacity, an instrument of very subtle delicacy, it is true, but above all things an instrument of unique power. S. Paul had found it so; you may find it so likewise, if you will. He thus describes this instrument for you, 'Christ the Power of God.' The Incarnation, the humanity, the words and the works, above all the Cross of Christ—here is the true secret of your strength. You, like the Apostle, may go forth to-morrow, or the next day, on your errand in weakness and in fear and in much trembling; you, like him, may be painfully conscious of your many defects, the mean presence or the contemptible speech, the ill-furnished mind or the youthful inexperience; but you, like him, will go forth conquering and to conquer, if only you march forward in the strength of the Cross of Christ. For what manifestation of God's righteousness, what indication of God's justice, what denunciation of sin, what revelation of mercy and goodness is there in heaven and earth comparable to this Cross of Christ? This message at once of

infinite righteousness and of infinite love is placed in your hands; this truth of boundless range and inexhaustible application, overawing, rebuking, redeeming, purifying, regenerating the souls of men, touching all the best instincts and awakening all the truest affections, piercing the conscience and thrilling the heart; this attractive power, this lifting up of Christ, which shall draw all men to Him—drawing them indeed with the cords of a man, but drawing them by the hand of God.

This engine, most human, most divine, is entrusted to you, wherewith you may vanquish and lead captive the souls of men, chaining them to the car of Christ, having first been vanquished and led captive yourselves. Ah, yes: it must be with you, as it was with those first disciples of old. Through the bolted doors of convention and habit and circumstance, into the closed chamber of your inner life, the apparition of the Crucified Christ forces its way—the apparition, nay not the apparition, the Crucified Christ Himself. There are the wounded hands and feet; there is the pierced side. This vision, this realisation, of the Crucified Christ, become the Risen Christ, must be yours. Here is the one indispensable condition, the one absolute prerequisite, without which the spirit of power will not descend on you. Thus appropriating, absorbing, imaging in yourself, reflecting from yourself

the beauty, the potency, the glory, of the Cross of Christ, you, like the Apostles of old, will be endowed from on high. You, like them, will 'receive power, when the Holy Ghost is come upon you.' To you the message of peace, the peace which passeth all understanding, will come. To you the great commission will be given. 'As the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you.' Over you the breath of the Saviour will pass, while into your hands is delivered the power of binding and loosing through the instrumentality of the Eternal Gospel, and with the authority of Christ Himself, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained.' So you will go from strength to strength; you will advance from victory to victory. And what is the source of your strength? Simply this. The Holy Ghost has taken of Christ's, and has shown unto you.

The spirit of power, but yet of love—or shall we not say the spirit of power, because of love. Is it not so with our Lord Himself? What is the secret of His power over the hearts and lives of men? Is it not love—the amazing love of the only-begotten Son of God, Who condescended to take our flesh, and to live, and to labour, and to die for us; a love defying all parallel, and transcending all thought? Is it not love —the surpassing love of the Incarnate Son of God,

manifesting itself in all the fair humanities of life, unfathomable in its depth and unapproachable in its beauty? Is it not this which has arrested, attracted, impelled, successive generations of Christian men and women? And here again, whatever success may by God's grace attend your ministry will be due to the same cause. The Holy Ghost, the Comforter, will take of Christ's—take of Christ's love, as He took of Christ's power—and will give to you. Christ's love will constrain you. Christ's love will call forth your love. Christ's love will melt, will fuse, will remould your hearts, as of old the lightning flash melted and refashioned the heart of the fusile Apostle on the way to Damascus.

But the bounty of God's Spirit does not end here. Power and love are mighty engines; but they need a guiding, controlling hand. Power may be abused. Love may run into extravagance. So God adds yet another to these His gracious gifts. He bestows upon you a spirit σωφρονισμοῦ, 'of sobering, chastening, discipline,' which shall correct all excesses, shall regulate all the impulses of the heart and all the actions of the life, shall harmonize the functions and energies of your ministerial work. What common sense is in practical life, this σωφρονισμός is to the moral and spiritual life; without it the ideal of the ministerial gift would be imperfect. What else should

prevent your spiritual sympathies from degenerating into sickly sentimentalities? What else should guard your self-examination and contrition from becoming a mere morbid anatomy, paralysing all your best energies, and driving you to despair? What else should save you from the confusion of a fatal, self-complacency which persuades you that you are magnifying your office, when in fact you are only magnifying yourself? What else should guard your zeal for Christ's Church, and your championship of God's truth, from sinking into a mere accentuation of differences or a wayward exhibition of party spirit? What else should repress that spirit of irritability, of angularity, of sensitiveness to personal slight, the temper which ere now has neutralised many a clergyman's zeal and devotion, and shipwrecked many a ministerial career of the brightest promise and hope at the outset? What else, but this spirit of sobering discipline, which along with the spirit of power and the spirit of love God gives to you?

To-morrow you will be reconsecrated as the temples of the Holy Ghost. How shall you spend the few hours which remain? How, but in cleansing and purifying these temples? Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. Strive this night by one supreme effort to realise the change. Recall all the spiritual lessons and experiences of the

past. If ever you have known, as you must have known, the long agony of contrition for some reckless sin of a moment; if ever you have felt the blessed recompense which an act of genuine self-sacrifice has brought in its train; if ever in the scourge of sorrow or pain or sickness or bereavement you have recognised the chastening hand of a merciful and loving Father; if ever the dear sanctities of home and the ennobling communion of friendship have given strength or solace to your life; if ever by some sudden flash inexplicable to yourself God's righteousness or God's love has revealed itself in all its splendour to your soul, gather up this night all these gracious lessons and experiences, and lay them as a sweet incense on the altar of your self-devotion. One night only remains. But one night has done much ere now, and one night may do much again. One night crowned the treachery of all treacheries, and consummated the work of the son of perdition. Yes, but one night also—one night of wrestling and of prayer—won the blessing of all blessings, and changed a Jacob into an Israel, the supplanter of his brother into the Prince of God. God grant that this may be such a night for all of you, a night of Peniel, a night when God is seen face to face.

## VI.

*Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding.*

S. Luke xii. 35, 36.

[*Trinity*, 1882; *Trinity*, 1886.]

A GREAT change in your lives, a tremendous pledge given, a tremendous responsibility incurred, a magnificent blessing claimed, a glorious potentiality of good bestowed—how else shall I describe the crisis which to-morrow's sun will bring, or at least may bring, to all of you, to deacons and priests alike, to those who are entering on the first stage of the ministry most perceptibly, but to those whose ministry is crowned with the duties and the privileges of the higher order most really!

A great and momentous change—momentous beyond all human conception for good or for evil, to yourselves, to your flock, to every one who comes

in contact with you. For good or for evil. It must be so. This is the universal law in things spiritual. The same Christ, Who is for the rising of many, is for the falling of many likewise. The same gospel, which is to some the savour of life unto life, is to others the savour of death unto death. A potentiality of glory must likewise be a potentiality of shame. You cannot touch the ark of God with profane hands and live—just because it is the ark of God.

I know not, I never do know, what to say on such occasions as these. Where shall I begin and where shall I end? What shall I say, and what shall I leave unsaid? One short half-hour of exhortation, where the experience of a long lifetime were all too little for the subject! One short half-hour, where the issues involve an eternity of bliss or of woe to many immortal souls of your brothers and sisters for whom Christ died!

At such a moment we cannot do better than steady our thoughts by gathering them about some scriptural text. If all else should be forgotten, if all else should be scattered to the winds, it may be that the text itself will linger on the ears and will burn itself into the heart. I will therefore sum up these parting words of exhortation in the opening sentence of to-morrow's Gospel; 'Let your loins be girded

about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding.'

I know not how it may be with others; but no words in the Ordination Service—not even the tremendous and searching question, 'Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministration?' not even the solemn words of the higher commission itself, 'Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God'—no other words sank so deeply into my mind at the time, or affect me so profoundly when I hear them again, as these opening words of the Gospel.

For here is the twofold equipment of the man of God; the loins girded, and the lamps burning. The loins girded; the outward activities, the external accompaniments, the busy ministrations, on the one hand. The lamps burning; the inward illumination, the light of the Spirit fed with the oil of prayer and meditation and study of the scriptures, on the other.

And both alike are brought to the final searching test of the great, the terrible, the glorious day, when every secret of the heart shall be revealed and every deed of man shall be laid bare.

To such a test I desire you to put yourselves in

imagination this night in reference to your ordination vows. All is over. The life's probation is accomplished. The ministrations in the sanctuary have ceased. The voice of the preacher is silenced. The pastoral visits are ended. And now the scrutiny, the review, the trial begins. The great Heart-searcher puts His questions. 'How didst thou deal with the soul of this sinning brother, or this sorrowing sister, with this, and this, and this? What study, what thought, what pains didst thou bestow on this sermon, and on this, and on this? How hast thou conducted thyself in this Church ministration, and in this, and in this—with what reverence, with what concentration of heart and mind, so that the contagion of thy devotion spread through the assembled people, and their sympathetic responsive Amen said to thy praise and thanksgiving redounded to the glory of God the giver? Hast thou been faithful to thy Church? Hast thou been faithful to thy flock? Hast thou been faithful to thyself?'

'Hast thou been faithful to thyself?' Yes; after all, the many and various questions are gathered up and concentrated in this. If you have only proved true to yourself, you cannot have been found untrue to your office, to your work, to your brothers and sisters, to the Church of God. As are the equipments of the minister, so will be his ministrations.

Have you kept your loins ever girded, and your lamp ever burning? Then, whensoever and howsoever Christ has come, He has found you ready to meet Him. Has He presented Himself to you in the penitent, burdened with past sin and struggling with present temptation? Has He come to you in the bereavement of the mourner, or in the helplessness of the ignorant? Is His presence manifested in the bitter opposition of some reckless foe, or in the passive resistance of some stolid indifference, in the unreasonableness, or the worldliness, or the overbearingness, or the misunderstanding of those around you? How can you command at a moment's notice the sympathy, the patience, the forbearance, the courage, the resourcefulness, the tact, the wisdom, the power, which the occasion requires? How shall you escape the perplexity, the confusion, the shame, the failure, the desolation, the despair of those foolish five, who at the supreme crisis awoke from their slumber to find the lights quenched and the doors closed—closed for ever?

So then I desire to-day to call your attention more especially to those questions in the Ordinal which relate to your intended treatment of yourselves, as distinguished alike from those which test your beliefs and those which enquire after your purposed fulfilment of duties towards others.

These questions are two; the one addressed indeed to priests but hardly less applicable to deacons; the other put in substantially the same words to both orders alike; the one relating to the inner man, to the furniture of the soul; the other to the outward conduct and life.

First; 'Will you be diligent in prayers, and in reading of the Holy Scriptures, and in such studies as help to the knowledge of the same, laying aside the study of the world and the flesh?'

Secondly; 'Will you apply all your diligence to frame and fashion your own lives...according to the doctrine of Christ, and to make yourselves...wholesome examples of the flock of Christ?'

These two questions correspond roughly to the two clauses of the text. 'Your lamps burning;' here is the diligence in prayer and study; 'your loins girded;' here is the framing and fashioning of your lives.

Well then. Forget me, forget the service of to-morrow, forget the human questioner. Transport yourselves in thought from the initial to the final enquiry. The great day of inquisition, the supreme moment of revelation, is come. The Chief Shepherd, the Universal Bishop of souls, is the questioner. It is no longer a matter of the making of the promises, but of the fulfilment of the promises. The 'Wilt thou'

of the ordination day is exchanged for the 'Hast thou' of the judgment day. 'Hast thou been diligent in prayer? Hast thou framed and fashioned thy life?'

1. First then; as to the inner furniture and equipment of the soul, intellectual as well as spiritual. Has the lamp been kept burning? Has it been constantly trimmed, constantly replenished with oil?

This equipment is set forth in the one question. It is threefold; first, prayer; secondly, the reading of the Holy Scriptures; thirdly, such studies as help to the knowledge of the same.

But it will be pleaded, prayer is good, meditation is good, study is good; but how am I to find the time for all these things? Work presses upon me from all sides—work incomplete and work unbegun. I cannot rest satisfied while the schools are so inefficient; I cannot give myself leisure, so long as whole families, perhaps whole districts, in my parish are untouched, or barely touched, by my ministrations. There are a thousand projects which I have had in my mind, and which, for mere lack of time, I have never been able to carry out. Is it not selfish, is it not unpardonable, to retire into myself, to think of myself, when so many others are uncared for? No, not selfish, for unless in this matter of the inner life you are true to yourself, you cannot be true to others; not selfish, for where there is no fire, there

can be no light and no warmth; not selfish, for you cannot draw for others out of an empty fountain. You want recreation, you want relief, you want change, amidst this ceaseless worry, these anxious cares, this turmoil of never-ending business. And what refreshment, what medicine, what recreating of the soul so effective as to take your troubles to God, to tell them one by one to Him, to pour out your heart to your Father, and so to lay down your burden at His foot-stool? Try to realise the strength of the expression in S. Peter—far stronger in the original Greek than in our translation, *πᾶσαν τὴν μέριμναν ὑμῶν ἐπιρρίψαντες ἐπ' αὐτόν*, 'casting, tossing off, all your anxiety on Him.' What completeness, what energy, what promptness, what eagerness and (if I might say so without irreverence) what familiarity in the action! And after all there is time enough for prayer, if only prayer is sought—time enough for the lifting up of the heart to God. All places and all hours are convenient for this. No spare interval is so short but that one unspoken ejaculation of the soul is possible. Do not mistake me. I do not desire to encourage dreaminess, sentimentalism, vagueness, unsubstantiality. Prayer—true prayer—is essentially firm and strong and real. And this firmness, this strength, this reality, it and it only will communicate to your ministerial work.

But side by side with prayer is the reading of the Holy Scriptures. These are the two pillars of the pastoral edifice. This reading of the Holy Scriptures—what does it imply? The devotional study? This certainly; but clearly it involves very much more than this. What place else were there for 'such studies as help to the knowledge of the same?' Plainly the exegetical, the theological, the historical study of the book is included. Every ray of knowledge, from whatever source it comes, which throws light on this book, will be welcomed by the faithful priest of God. We know the proverbial strength which attaches to the *homo unius libri.* The man of this one book—this book of books—will be strong indeed. But then he must know it; know it within and without, know it in all its bearings, find food for his intellect, his imagination, his reason, as well as for his soul, for his heart, for his affections; find nourishment for his whole man. If Christianity had been a dry code of ethics, then he might have neglected the theology; but now its morality flows from its theological principles. If the Gospel had been an abstract system of metaphysics, then he might have ignored the history; but now the Gospel dispensation is embodied in a history. The Incarnation, the Cross, the Resurrection, are a history.

I wish I could impress upon you, as strongly

as I feel myself, the necessity of this faithful, concentrated, diligent study of the Bible. I wish I could make you realise the greatness of the opportunity which lies before you. The greatness of the opportunity. Aye, that is it. There never was a time when men on all sides were more eager after Biblical knowledge. Your people are standing open-mouthed, hungering and thirsting for meat and drink. Will you deny it to them—you the appointed stewards and dispensers of God's mysteries, of God's revelations? The appetite, of which I speak, may not always be very spiritual, very exalted. I do not say it is. It may be an undefined craving, it may be a mere vague curiosity, in many cases; though I believe it is more often a deeper feeling. But there it is. And it is your opportunity. But it is knowledge which is required. Mere empty talk, mere repetition of stereotyped phrases, mere purposeless rambling about the pages of the Bible, will not satisfy it. The teaching, which it demands, can only be acquired by earnest, assiduous, concentrated study on the part of the teacher. But then what a speedy and abundant harvest it yields to the teacher and the taught alike! Do not say you have no time. Time can always be made, where there is the earnest desire to make it. The fact is, we want more back-bone in our teaching. Instruction is craved; and instruction, as a rule, is just

what our people do not get in our sermons. We want more systematic teaching on the great doctrines of the faith; we want more continuous elucidation of particular books of Holy Scripture; we want more detailed exposition of the duties and responsibilities of Churchmen as members of a body—of the meaning of the Church as the spouse of Christ, of its ordinances and its seasons. The Incarnation, the Incarnation itself, is the type, the pattern, of the best form of teaching. God is immanent in man. God speaks through man. So too the Bible is the most human of all books, as it is also the most divine. Use its humanity, if I may so speak, that you may enforce its divinity.

And so it is that you are encouraged in the question of the Ordinal to range outside the sacred volume itself. You pledge yourself to be diligent in such studies as help to the knowledge of the same. This is a large subject, and I cannot venture to go into it. Only I would apply to this intellectual food the words which S. Paul uses of the material food. 'Nothing is to be refused;' but, observe, on this condition that 'it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer.' It must be studied in the light of God's word; it must be employed for the elucidation of God's word; it must be hallowed by the uplifting of the soul to Him. Biography furnishes illustrations;

poetry supplies images; science and history are the expression of God's laws and God's dealings with man. Have you eyes to see? Then for you heaven and earth are full of His Glory.

2. But the great Judge, the Searcher of hearts, passes on to that second and not less momentous question. 'Hast thou framed and fashioned thy life —thy life and the lives of those about thee—according to the doctrine of Christ? Hast thou, and have they, been wholesome examples and patterns to the flock? Answer this, thou teacher in Israel; answer this, thou priest of the Most High God. Hast thou never brought scandal on the Church of Christ? Hast thou never by the evil deed of a moment, neutralised, discredited, held up to scorn and blasphemy, the teaching of months and years?' What! Do I wrong you, if only for a moment I entertain in my mind the possibility of such an issue to your ministry? Indeed I hope so, I believe so. Otherwise it were better for me—better far—that my right hand were cut off, than that I should lay it on the head of such a one. It were better for him—a thousand times better—that he should skulk home this night under cover of darkness, unordained, disgraced, cast helpless and hopeless on the sea of life, to shape his course afresh, than that he should thus betray the Son of Man with a kiss. And yet such

things have happened. Already in the few short years of my episcopate, I have seen the fall of one and another and another. This incumbent or that curate has brought blasphemy on the name of God, has scandalized the Church of Christ by intemperance or even worse than intemperance. Therefore I say, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' Check the first risings of the evil passion in you. You, the ministers of Christ, are beset with many and great perils by virtue of your very office. You enjoy confidences, you excite sympathies, you stir sensibilities, which may be most pure, most holy, most heavenly. But beware, beware. The opportunity of boundless good is the opportunity of incalculable evil. There is no fall so shocking, so terrible, as the fall of a minister of Christ.

But I desire rather to warn you against lesser faults of character—trifling unimportant faults they might be regarded in laymen, but with you nothing is unimportant, nothing is trifling. There is the fault of temper, the impatience of opposition, the stiffness of self-assertion, a magnifying of self which veils itself from itself under the guise of magnifying of your office. It is not in vain that at the outset of your ministry the prayer is offered for you that you may be modest and humble, as well as constant, in your ministrations. There is again the reckless-

ness of an unbridled tongue, there is the indulgence in idle gossip, there is the absence of self-restraint in the character and the limits of your recreations. All these things, and far more than these, are involved in the pledge of to-morrow to frame and fashion your lives, that you may be a wholesome example and pattern to the flock of Christ.

The pledge of to-morrow! The hour is fast approaching, the hour which binds you to a lifelong devotion, to a lifelong labour. Answer to the 'Wilt thou,' as remembering the great day when you must answer to the 'Hast thou;' answer to it, as purposing henceforward by God's grace to ask and to answer to yourselves continually 'Am I?' 'Am I diligent in prayers and in reading of the Holy Scriptures? Am I framing and fashioning my life according to the doctrine of Christ?'

The hour is fast approaching. What satisfaction, what joy, what thanksgiving should be yours! On you the highest of all honours is conferred. To you the noblest of all endowments is pledged—the earnest of God's spirit, the gift of God's grace, the germ and the potentiality of untold blessings to many, many souls of men. What joy and thanksgiving; and yet what awe and trembling! This priceless treasure, and these earthen vessels! This high commission, and my utter feebleness! This Holy Spirit—the All-

pure and All-righteous—and my sullied heart, my sinful life! O God, my God, what a contrast, what a contradiction, what an impossibility is here! Help me, strengthen me, cleanse me with the blood of Thy dear Son, purge me with the fire of Thy blessed Spirit. Take me to Thyself this day, and make me wholly Thine.

## VII.

*In the world.*

S. JOHN xvii. 11.

*Not of the world.*

S. JOHN xvii. 14.

[*September* 1882, 1885, *and* 1889.]

DEACONS ONLY.

ONE sunset and one sunrise. Then the great change for you. A new work opens out for you. A new life dawns upon you. Old things are past away, past for ever, past beyond recall—the old ambitions, the old passions, the old frivolities, the old temptations. And all things become new—new aims, new studies, new aspirations, new energies. A new spirit with the new office. Shall it be so with you?

One sunset and one sunrise more. Then the irrevocable step is taken. The stream is crossed. The frontier line is traversed. The door is closed upon

the past. You have all doubtless thought seriously over the momentous nature of the change. I should do you a cruel wrong, if I supposed that you—any one of you—could face this crisis lightly or carelessly. It will be to you an occasion of anxious misgiving, of deep self-abasement, of silent heart-searching, of awe and trembling; and yet withal of profound, overflowing thankfulness.

Is it not in some sense with you as it was with Abraham? God summons you to leave the land of your fathers, to give up home and kindred. He beckons you forward into an unknown country. Aye, but with this demand He couples a promise. A fairer land, a brighter home, a nobler kindred, a more numerous race, in the region of the unvisited and unknown. And you believe Him; you go forth in faith, go forth you know not whither, not having as yet ground whereon to set the sole of your foot. Abraham's faith is the type of your faith. Such faith alone will enable you to turn your backs at once and for ever on Ur of the Chaldees. Such faith alone will win for you the land of promise.

How then shall we describe the life which must be henceforth yours? Shall we not say that you henceforth will be 'in the world' and yet 'not of the world?' This is the ideal of the ministerial office. It is true of every faithful Christian; it is especially

true of every faithful clergyman. 'Not of the world.' This conception is not difficult to grasp, though infinitely difficult to realise. But 'in the world' also? How is this idea to be harmonized with the other? And yet the minister of Christ, if his work is to be truly effective, must never lose sight of it. A moment's reflexion will show that in one sense he is, or ought to be, much more in the world than other men. The recluse life is forbidden to him. He cannot shut himself up within himself. His interests, his sympathies, are wider than other men's. The affairs of his parishioners are his affairs. Their troubles, their anxieties, their sorrows, their dangers and their temptations—in all these he claims a companionship, for all these he has a responsibility. What distraction, what worldliness, is involved in all this! And yet he is 'not of the world.'

Does not the very question which will be put to you to-morrow remind you eloquently of this twofold aspect of your office? 'Do you think that you are truly called according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ and the due order of this realm?' 'The will of our Lord Jesus;' here is the one aspect of your office, 'not of the world.' 'The due order of this realm;' here is the other, 'in the world.'

And just for this very reason, just because more than other men he is 'in the world,' while less than

other men he is 'of the world,' the perils and the safeguards, the blessings and the curses alike, of the clergyman's life are heightened and intensified. Nothing for him is trivial or insignificant. Everything is on a larger scale. Everything that he does or says has an influence on others and reacts upon himself to an extent wholly disproportionate to its intrinsic importance.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed. Let us ask ourselves what are the special perils which beset a clergyman, more especially a young clergyman, at the outset of his career.

1. There is first of all *desultoriness*. No peril to a clergyman is greater than this. There is no walk in life so exposed to this temptation as his. Other men, whether engaged in trade or commerce, or labouring with their hands, or exercising some profession, have for the most part definite times of work and of rest. A definite task is set before them to do. Their employer, or their client, or their pupil, or their customer, is their taskmaster. There is always someone at hand to see that the work is done, and done in time. The clergyman is his own overseer. He sets his task for himself; he alone sees that it is done. He makes his own work for himself; and therefore he may do much or little, he may do it now or then, as it pleases him. This is a glorious liberty for those

who know how to use it, but it involves a tremendous responsibility also. Moreover the character of the work itself increases the temptation. It is so various, so distracting; so many people have to be seen, so many places have to be visited, so many trifling details have to be handled, that desultoriness seems almost inevitable. And yet the clergyman, least of all men, can afford to fritter away his life. The clergyman, more than any other man, needs concentration,—concentration of spirit, concentration of purpose, concentration of energy. Fight against this temptation, fight against it with all your might. This first year, the year of your diaconate, will probably fix your habit of life, and thus it will make or mar your efficiency as a clergyman. Resolve stedfastly, and act unflinchingly. Exercise a rigorous control over yourself. Map out your time carefully, so far as circumstances permit. Some hours of the day at all events—the earliest and the latest probably—you can call your own. Let nothing interfere with these. Begin at once. Let there be no vagueness, no delay. To lose time is to lose all.

2. And a second danger of the clerical office is *worldliness*. It may seem strange to single out this as a special temptation of the clergyman. The ministry is a spiritual office. Its work is a spiritual work. How then can this be?

And yet is it not so? Is it not so, just because, as I said before, the clergyman lives more than most men '*in* the world?' He has such a multiplicity of interests, only too prone to degenerate into mundane interests, unless he is ever on his guard. Then again his visits are necessarily frequent and wide; and here the attractions of society, as it is called, may be his lure, and may prove his ruin as a minister of Christ. Then again he can choose his own time for his recreations and amusements; and, this being so, there is infinite peril lest these recreations should exceed their proper bounds, and encroach upon his work. The ill-prepared sermon and the unpaid visit to the sick is the consequence. And lastly, his office secures him a deference and a consideration, which neither his age, nor his experience, nor perhaps his character, could otherwise claim; and only a little self-complacency is needed to set this down to his own merits, and to fill him with a sense of his own importance. What abundance of fuel is there in all this for worldliness—more subtle, but certainly not less intense, than the worldliness of the layman—if the spark of worldliness smoulders in the heart.

How shall this danger be avoided? I know only one way. By recalling the presence of God. The retirement for continuous devotion indeed may not be possible in the hurried business hours of the day.

But the uplifting of the heart to God, the mental ejaculation, the breathed but unspoken prayer, enough to recall you and to adjust your soul; 'God's work, not my own,' 'Christ's honour, not mine,' 'This which I am doing, may I do it to the Lord,'—this is always possible, and this will cleanse, will exalt, will sanctify, will glorify, even the meanest details of your routine life.

3. And again there is the peril of *formalism*. The familiarity with sacred things begets not indeed a contempt of but an indifference to sacred things. They lose, or they tend to lose, their freshness, their awe, their glory, for our souls. Of this temptation I need say little. The corrective is obvious, as the danger is obvious. The letter killeth; the spirit alone giveth life. Only the constant communion of spirit with Spirit, of our mind with God's Mind, can quicken and sustain our inner being, can save us from the unreality, the deadness, the hypocrisy and self-deceit of a professional religion, of formal ministrations, which have no power for others because they have no meaning and no life for ourselves.

But is there not with many persons a directly opposite danger, a reaction and a rebound arising from the dread of hypocrisy, a Scylla of deterioration ready to engulf them as they shun this Charybdis of unreality? They will say nothing that they do not

mean. So far they act rightly. But they will preach nothing which they do not practise. They will hold out no ideal which is not an actuality to themselves, and to those around them. Thus they gradually lower the standard of their teaching to the level of their own lives, instead of gradually elevating their own lives to the level of God's commandment. They forget that the Christian standard is in its very nature unattained and unattainable, an ever-receding goal seeming most distant to those who have travelled farthest on the path; for it is nothing less than absolute sinlessness, infinite goodness, the faultlessness of God's own being. 'Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.' Who shall dare to acquit himself of unreality, when he tries his life and ministry by such a standard as this? Your message must always remain far above yourself. Try to lift up yourself to it, but do not—do not, at your peril—consent to lower it to yourself.

4. And this leads me to speak of a fourth danger, which especially besets the ministerial career. I mean *despondency*. Despondency begets weariness, and weariness begets indifference and sloth; and so the hands hang idly, the task is abandoned, and God's harvest is unreaped. God forbid that your ministry should so end. Distrust yourselves, if you will; but distrust yourselves only that you may trust God the

more. What is the meaning of those texts, 'My strength is made perfect in weakness,' 'When I am weak, then am I strong,' 'We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us,' 'I can do all things,'—yes, all things—'through Christ which strengtheneth me,' 'Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord'?

But I know the temptation. You look out, and you are appalled by the immensity of the work before you. These many thousands; and you are sent ill-equipped and single-handed to cope with them. Yes; but has not God before now delivered the giants, the children of the Anakim, into the hands of people that were as grasshoppers in their sight? And after all, God is not a cruel taskmaster. God does not demand of you more than you can compass. Get hold of the most promising of your people, one here and another there. Work upon them. Create out of them fresh centres of evangelistic activity. And so the message will spread.

And, after looking outward, you direct your gaze inward. And again the paralysis seizes you. All is inability, inexperience, helpless and hopeless inefficiency. There is the sluggishness of intellect, there is the deadness of spirit. The preparation of the sermon—what a struggle against incapacity! The

thoughts will not come; or, if the thoughts are there, the words will not wed themselves to the thoughts. The visit to the sick-bed—what a crushing humiliation is this! So earnest a desire to say the right word and to do the right thing, to speak as a dying man to dying men; and yet nothing after all but the feeble stammering prayer, the helplessly muttered sympathy. What shall I say to all this? How shall I restore the lost confidence and sustain the waning courage?

Is it the sense of youth and ignorance and inexperience which oppresses you? Listen to this. 'Then said I, Ah, Lord God, behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child. But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces; for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord.'

Is it the dread of some natural incapacity? Listen again to this. 'O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since Thou hast spoken unto Thy servant: but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue. And the Lord said unto him, Who hath made man's mouth? Or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? Have not I, the Lord? Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say.'

Once more, is it the burden of your own unworthiness which threatens to paralyse you? Here also I have a word—God's word—of comfort and encouragement for you. 'Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips. And he laid the live coal from the altar upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged.'

5. One danger more and I have done. I wish to warn you against *sentimentality* in your ministrations. This danger is akin to formalism, though it wears a very different aspect. Both alike are the substitution of an unreality, a counterfeit, for true religion which is spirituality. Sentiment, true sentiment, is a very noble and ennobling thing. True sentiment is the sympathy with all that is pure, and generous, and brave, and loving—in the best sense of loving. It is not of such that I speak. But there is a morbid sentimentality feeding on sickly fancies, which neither purifies the heart nor influences the life. It substitutes feeling—superficial feeling—for action; and it drugs the conscience by a false show of spirituality. Not seldom, alas! it sinks to lower depths than this. Beginning in sentiment, it ends in sensuality. Young men, be on your guard. As ministers of Christ, it is your duty to shun not only every evil, but every appearance of evil. Let your domestic arrangements be such as

to lend no handle to malice or slander. Be exceedingly careful too in your ministrations. As clergymen, you will be allowed a freedom of intercourse and an interchange of confidences which is denied to other men, above all to other young men. So guard yourselves that no breath of suspicion may sully your work or your office.

I have spoken of the perils, of the difficulties of the clerical office; but how shall I speak of its blessings? What profession, or what career in life, shall compare with it? Is it a small privilege, think you, that your earthly work, instead of being a hindrance, an interruption, a distraction to your spiritual life, is the truest education for heaven; that in your profession success is not only not purchased by the failure of others, but confers the highest happiness on others; that the thoughts and the works which to the layman are the exceptional refreshments and purifications of his daily life, are to you the continuous employment of your daily life; that, as you came from God and are going to God, so also the work of every day and every hour reminds you of God; that He has called you—you, the feeble, the ignorant, the faithless, the rebellious; you, as you must appear to yourself this day, the chief of sinners—to be His herald, His ambassador, the bearer of His message of righteous-

ness and peace and love; that before you, as the beacon-light of your journey and the crown of your hope, gleams the glory of the unfailing promise that 'they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever'? Think of God's astounding goodness to you; and, as you think, lay down this day at the foot of the Eternal Throne all your ambitions, all your energies, all your powers, all that you have and all that you hope for, as a thank-offering to Him for His unspeakable mercy and loving-kindness.

## VIII.

*Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine.*

1 TIMOTHY iv. 16.

[*Trinity*, 1883; *Advent*, 1886.]

A NEW mission, a new work, a new life awaits you. To-morrow's sun will not set, as it rose, for you. A great event will have taken place. The layman a deacon, the deacon a priest: the one change obvious enough; the other, though less patent, yet not less real, for it endows you with other functions, other responsibilities, other promises, than those which were yours before.

What shall I say to you then on the eve of this great crisis in your lives? What thoughts shall I suggest to you? What questions shall I bid you ask of yourselves?

What questions? This self-interrogation is the most efficient, because the most direct and personal, of all lessons.

The questions then which I desire you to put to yourselves on this eve of your ordination are three. What office and work am I undertaking? How shall I conduct myself in this office? How shall I find strength and capacity for this work?

1. First then; what is this office of the diaconate, this office of the priesthood, with which (if God so pleases) to-morrow will invest you? What is its end, its aim, its work?

Shall we say, that you will receive your diploma as physicians; that your patients are the souls of men; that their ailments will be your study; that their diet, their medicine, their surroundings, their exercise, will be your care? The degree of responsibility in the physician depends on two considerations, first on the difficulty of the diagnosis and treatment, and secondly on the value of the life committed to his care. As either or both of these are enhanced, so also will his responsibility be heightened. How then shall it be with you? Whichever way you look at it, you must be overwhelmed with the task that lies before you. The human soul presents the most difficult of all problems. It is complex beyond calculation. It defies analysis. It is swayed at every moment by countless impulses, passions, emotions. Its processes therefore are infinitely subtle and elusive. Look within yourself—yourself, with whom you are

living day and night; yourself, from whom you have no concealments. How little do you know of your own soul? Is it not after all an insoluble enigma to you? You cannot tabulate its processes; you cannot predict its course. And, if you are thus unable to read your own soul, what hope is there that you can understand and prescribe for another soul—another, of which you only catch passing glimpses now and then, which studiously disguises itself before you, at whose working you can only dimly guess? Yet the souls entrusted to you are counted not by units or by tens, but by hundreds and by thousands.

And again; how will your sense of the responsibility be intensified when you consider the value of a human soul! The soul is the life of the life; the soul is capable of an eternity of weal or woe. This it is in itself, but reflect also what it is in its influence on others. See what incalculable potentialities of good or evil it possesses—potentialities not limited to the length of the individual life, but stretching out into all time and beyond time into a boundless eternity. Thus on your treatment of this individual soul in this special crisis, on your care or neglect, on your devotion or on your indifference at this particular moment may depend—ah! you know not what, and you dare not think, lest the very thought should unnerve and paralyse you.

I have spoken of these souls in themselves and in their influence on others. But they have a higher value still. The value of a thing is measured by the price paid for it. The cost of human souls—of each individually and all collectively—was nothing less than the blood of the Eternal Son Himself. So then, if you would appraise the souls committed to you, you must consider not only what they are or may be, not only what they do or may do (these thoughts are appalling enough), but the value which God Himself has set upon them. This is no intrusive comment of my own. I am only following in the lines of the Ordination Service. 'Have always printed in your remembrance', so runs the exhortation, 'how great a treasure is committed to your charge: for they are the sheep of Christ', not 'which are destined to eternal life or eternal death', not 'which have capacities of boundless good or boundless harm'—though all this were true—but 'which He bought with His death, and for whom He shed His blood!' Here is the climax of the exhortation. Have you not then good reason to remember 'into how high a dignity, and to how weighty an office and charge you are called?'

But the charge committed to you is weightier, far weightier, even than the souls of men. What is stated in the Ordination Service to be the end and aim of

the institution of the Apostolic ministry to which you have succeeded? Is it not that by the labours of this ministry 'a great flock was gathered together in all the parts of the world'—not for the saving of the souls of men, though this might have been said, and is said in effect immediately afterwards—but 'to set forth the eternal praise of Thy Holy Name.' And so again in the same prayer it is declared to be the proper end of this ministry that 'Thy Holy Name may be for ever glorified, and Thy blessed Kingdom enlarged.' And again and again this same thought is dwelt upon. So then it is the glory of God which is entrusted to your hands, this and nothing less. 'The glory of Thy name, and the edification of Thy Church.' 'Thy glory, and the salvation of mankind.' This is the true order. God's glory first and foremost; all human considerations afterwards, even the highest. I cannot but think that we lose much by forgetting this order. Why are we bidden to let our light shine before men, but that they may glorify our Father which is in heaven? Why are we charged to sanctify ourselves as temples of the Holy Spirit, but that we may glorify God in our bodies? What is this saving of a soul from sin and winning it for Christ, but a glorifying of God in the restitution of the repentant sinner? So then this is the true and only end of your ministry —the only end, I say, for it includes all lower aims—

the praise and glory of God. Is not yours then an office of unapproachable dignity and honour?

2. We have answered the first question, and we turn now to the second. How shall I conduct myself in this office? St Paul's words shall supply the answer; ἔπεχε σεαυτῷ καὶ τῇ διδασκαλίᾳ. 'Give heed to thyself and to thy teaching.' A twofold exhortation, which reappears again and again in the Ember and Ordination prayers: 'Replenish them with the truth of Thy doctrine, and endue them with innocency of life.' 'Both by their life and doctrine they may set forth Thy glory.'

Ἔπεχε σεαυτῷ. 'Give heed to thyself.' The man himself first, and then the teaching. The man first, because this includes the teaching. Such as a man is in himself, such in the long run will be his teaching; for 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' The man first, because only through the man will you obtain a hearing for the message.

Ἔπεχε σεαυτῷ. This first, and this last. This when you rise up in the morning, and this when you close your eyes at night; this when you enter the reading-desk, and this when you stand by the sick-man's bed. Here is your phylactery. Bind it for a sign upon your hand, and write it upon the posts of your house.

Ἔπεχε σεαυτῷ. Need I tell you that it is before

all things necessary that you should set an example in those commoner virtues, which, as they are expected and assumed in laymen, can least of all be dispensed with in you—such as truthfulness, honesty, sobriety, and the like? It cannot but happen that some of you will have straitened incomes at one time or another. It will be necessary for you therefore—rigidly and at all sacrifices—so to regulate your expenditure that it falls within your income. To do otherwise is to practise dishonesty, however you may disguise or palliate the offence by specious pleading. How can you expect a tradesman to respect your teaching when you commend the higher graces of humility, self-sacrifice, and the like, if he finds that you do not pay your debts? And so with sobriety. And so with other things. You will be most scrupulously careful, for instance, about your domestic arrangements and your social relations with your flock, so that no breath of scandal shall touch you. It is required of the minister of Christ that he should not only be ἄμεμπτος, but likewise ἀνεπίλημπτος. He must not only keep himself free from just accusation, but (so far as may be) free from unjust accusation also; not only free from fault, but also free from blame. He must give no handle which anyone can take hold of. This strong word, ἀνεπίλημπτος, is three times repeated in the ministerial passages in S. Paul's

First Epistle to Timothy, where we might have expected a simpler expression. Things permitted to others are not permitted to you. Indulgences which are innocent for others become guilty excesses for you—excesses in physical recreation, and social amusements, and the like. Something has been said to you already about the small things which go to create the impression made by a clergyman, but too much cannot be said. How much for instance depends on temper. I do not use the word in its narrower sense. But I include all assertions of self which are inconsistent with humility, gentleness, forgiveness, patience, charity, loyalty to others, obedience to authority. I have seen many a ministerial career, which gave promise of the highest usefulness, wrecked upon this rock.

Ἔπεχε σεαυτῷ. 'Give heed to thyself.' Take care to feed the spiritual fire within. There can be no light or warmth for others, when the flame is dying down into its embers in your own soul. And this will be, unless there is a regular and constant replenishment of the fuel. You cannot show God to others, unless you live in God's presence yourself.

Ἔπεχε σεαυτῷ, καὶ τῇ διδασκαλίᾳ. 'Give heed' likewise, not, as in the Authorized Version, 'to the doctrine,' but with a wider meaning 'to thy teaching,' the manner as well as the matter of the instruction conveyed.

What shall we say of the matter? May we not briefly express the case thus? That the doctrine of S. Paul is the doctrine for our own time, because the doctrine for all times; that we need not less but more of the preaching of Christ and Him crucified; but that we want it preached as S. Paul preached it, in a larger, higher, more sympathetic way, not solely or not chiefly as a dogma apprehended by an intellectual faith, but as a moral and spiritual influence, taking captive the heart and regenerating the life. We want it preached as the signal manifestation of the Father's love imposing upon us a reciprocal obligation. We want it preached as S. Paul preached it, when he said, 'God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,' not 'which has saved me all trouble,' not 'which teaches me that God needs no effort of mine,' but 'whereby the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.' Yes, this Cross of Christ is a magnificent gift of God, but it is also a tremendous responsibility on man. Christ's crucifixion demands your crucifixion. Christ's death is available for you, only if you become conformable to Christ's death.

And what again shall I say about the manner and the accessories of your preaching? Throw as much human interest into your sermons as you can, by illustration, by forcible and epigrammatic expression,

by directness of reference, by every legitimate means of arresting attention, that this human interest may be the channel for the divine lesson. Have you not a precedent for this in the Incarnation itself? God was made Man, that all our human sympathies might be aroused, and all our human life be made divine. Above all, do not think preaching an easy matter. A sermon needs all the pains that you can give it, if only that it may be made simple for simple people. There is no more dangerous error than to apply to your public teaching the promise given to those first disciples; 'Take no thought,' or rather, 'be not anxious,' (*μὴ μεριμνήσητε*) 'how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak;' no more fatal delusion than to apply to your pastoral lessons language which, as spoken, referred only to Christians arraigned before heathen tribunals. On the contrary, think long and earnestly, think prayerfully, think beforehand, think with awe and trembling, what ye shall speak. If you have the gift of fluency, train and educate this gift. If you have it not, cultivate it. Preach unwritten sermons if you will; but *extempore* sermons, sermons unprepared or ill-prepared, sermons unwritten only because trouble is saved—never. To do this is not to trust God but to tempt God. Give your very best—intellect and heart, soul and spirit—to the preparation of your sermons.

3. The third and last question remains to be answered—the question of questions for you and for your flock. Whence shall come your sufficiency? How shall you find strength and capacity for so weighty and at the same time so difficult a charge?

The answer you know. One short monosyllable comprehends all—God. Trust in God, and the devotion of the heart and life, which as surely accompanies this trust, as the heat accompanies the fire—this is the secret of all ministerial success. But at this moment, on the eve of your dedication to the ministry, your faith will be directed especially to two points. Believe that you have a call from God; believe also that the promise of special gifts and graces is attached to your ordination.

You have a call from God. You will be asked to-morrow to declare before the congregation your belief that you are so called. You, the deacons, will be questioned likewise, whether you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministration. No more solemn questions have ever been put to you before. No more solemn questions will ever be put to you again. Examine yourselves therefore this night. Assure yourselves that this is indeed a divine prompting which leads you to seek the office—not a passing caprice or a superficial sentiment or a

worldly ambition or (worst of all) a desire to be put into the priests' office that you may eat priests' bread. You will satisfy yourselves—nay, you have satisfied yourselves already (have you not?)—of this. And so you will go forth to-morrow, endowed with that strength which the sense of a call, a mission, a commission from God alone can give.

And, secondly, you will believe that by God's good pleasure this rite of ordination is made the channel of very special gifts and graces—offered not absolutely, not without the active consent, the self-surrender, the earnest prayer, of the recipient, but conditional only on these. So you will prepare yourselves this night, that you may come before God to-morrow and claim His priceless gifts. You will pray long and pray earnestly, that He will endow you with the grace of sympathy, with the grace of self-sacrifice, with the spirit of wisdom and understanding, with the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength, with the spirit of His holy fear. And having thus prayed, you will present yourselves on bended knees with heads bowed lowly, with souls overawed by His Presence, and with hearts overflowing with thankfulness, to receive His commission and to claim His grace.

## IX.

*We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.*

2 CORINTHIANS iv. 5.

[*September* 1883 *and* 1887.]

### DEACONS ONLY.

'THIS office of the diaconate—what is it? What is its purpose, what is its character, what are its functions? What change will it make in my thoughts, in my habits, in my manner of life? What shall I be to-morrow which I am not to-day? What shall I do to-morrow which I am not required to do to-day?' These questions will press upon you at this moment.

To-morrow will close for you the door on the past. It will not be with you as with other men. If they make an unfortunate choice in their profession, they have power to retrieve it. The false step is not irreparable. If they find that they have mistaken their abilities, or that their heart is not in their work,

or that they can better themselves by looking elsewhere, or that they have little success in their business, it is still open to them to repair the false step. It cannot be so unto you. When you have put your hand to the plough, you may not look back—not even for a moment, not even in imagination. You will only enfeeble your soul, you will only dissipate your energies, by regretful longings after what might have been. You cannot undo what you have done, without such shame and self-condemnation as I am sure none of you would for a moment bear to contemplate. The step is irretrievable, is absolute, is final. You devote yourselves to a lifelong work. Failure, vexation, disappointment, opposition, all these things you must be prepared to face. I do not say that all or most of these things will befal you. I do not say that you will fail; nay, I am quite sure you will not fail, if you approach your life's work in the true spirit. But in your profession the absolute condition of success is indifference to success—as men count success. Work for the work's sake, work for others' sake, work for Christ's sake. But success or failure—do not give a second thought to this, except so far as the thought may suggest improvements in your methods. Leave this in God's hands. It is far better there than in your hearts.

This is the first point. It is an irrevocable step.

It must therefore be taken with no backward longings, with no half-heart, with no misgivings—with no misgivings at least of God's call, of God's purpose for you, of God's will and God's power to help you, though with a thousand misgivings of your own ignorance, your own incapacity, your own helplessness. You have thought of all this. So far as you can read your own hearts, so far as you know yourselves, you are prepared to give yourselves wholly, unreservedly, absolutely, to God and God's work—to bear unrepiningly any cross which He may lay on your shoulders, to trust and to follow Him.

But this is a tremendous resolution; tremendous, if we look only at the irrevocability of the pledge; still more tremendous, if we regard the infinite issues, to yourself and to others, which may be bound up in it.

On this eve of your ordination therefore, in these parting words which are now addressed to you, how can I do better than ask you to consider what this pledge means, what obligations this office imposes upon you, how you can hope to discharge it aright?

And let these words of S. Paul be our starting point, words which you have heard already this week in the Epistle for S. Matthew's day. I know no instructions which are a better outfit for you, as you set forth on your ministerial journey.

'We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.'

'For God, Who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.'

'But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.'

Try and review your ministerial life at intervals in the light of these words. It will be a wholesome discipline for you.

'We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.'

Here is the description of your office, of the diaconate, not less than the apostolate. The function is twofold; It is a *message*, and it is a *ministry*.

It is a message. 'We preach,' we herald, with no faltering voice, with no unsteady aim, without timidity and without reservation; we step forward into the lists, and proclaim with the voice of a trumpet the message which has been entrusted to us. And its subject! What?

It is strange that the Apostle should first describe the message by a negative, stranger still that the negative should take this form—'not ourselves.' What minister of Christ would think of preaching

himself? What herald heralds his own majesty or his own victory? And yet you have only to probe your own hearts a very little way, and you must confess that the precaution is not unneeded. Say this then to yourselves now at the outset; say it at every turn, at each fresh trial, each recurring temptation; 'Not myself, God helping me. Not myself, dear Lord, but Thee and Thee only. Not myself, a thousand times not myself.'

For remember this. You cannot preach yourself, and preach Christ likewise. Christ and self are mutually exclusive. The more you think of yourself, the more you lead others to think of you, the more completely is Christ shut out of view. Forget yourself, obliterate yourself; think only of Christ, and of the souls committed to you in Christ.

There are many ways in which men preach themselves without seeming to themselves to do so.

There is first of all the spirit of self-assertion, the manifestation of self-importance. This is a common failing in all walks of life; but it is a special temptation in the ministerial office. A special temptation here, I say, because it veils itself under a specious guise, and so eludes observation. We, the ministers of Christ, are invested with the most magnificent of all functions. No office can compare with ours for its far-reaching issues. No subject of human

speech is so lofty, so potent, so impressive, as our message. We feel constrained—at least we ought to feel constrained—to pitch our language in a far higher key than any human oratory. But it is the propensity of man to credit himself with his surroundings—his noble birth, his great wealth, his inherited name, his social advantages, his country's fame, to make these part of himself, to ascribe these (more than half unconsciously) to himself, to pride himself on these. Our danger is of the like kind, but infinitely greater. We take to ourselves the homage which is paid to our office and to our theme. Here is spiritual pride. We resent, as against ourselves, any resistance to our message. Here is personal sensitiveness. Nothing is more fatal to ministerial efficiency than this temper of self-consciousness and self-assertion, intruding itself at every turn. A truly hateful thing, this spiritual jealousy, and yet how common! Do not fail to test yourselves, if ever you are so tempted—and you will be so tempted. Ask yourselves whether you, like S. Paul, can rejoice that in every way Christ is preached, even though you may be slighted in the preaching. Ask yourselves, whether you, like the Baptist, can break out into thanksgiving, because another increases while you decrease. This is a sure test. Here is this layman for instance, who has gifts

which you have not, gifts which may be efficiently employed in Christ's service; will you hold him in check, will you deny him the opportunity, lest his capability should interfere with your influence? God forbid. You will put him forward, will you not? You will place him where his gifts will tell; you will rejoice, if he succeeds where you fail.

Yes, dear brothers, not unfitly in the special prayer for the deacons in the Ordination Service petition is made that they may be found 'modest and humble' in their ministrations. Whatever else it may be, let this year of your diaconate be to you a schooling in modesty, in humility.

But how shall this be? How shall you resist this tremendous temptation of confounding your office with yourself, and thus magnifying yourself while you imagine you are magnifying your office. Remember again the Apostle's words. 'We have this treasure in earthen vessels,' lest the sufficiency should be of ourselves. In earthen vessels, *ἐν ὀστρακίνοις σκεύεσιν*. Yes, a mere potsherd—a vile, broken worthless thing, which no one would care to pick up on the roadside—a mere potsherd may hold the living water which will revive the parched and dying lips in the last gasp.

But there is another way in which unconsciously you may be preaching yourselves when you ought

to be preaching Christ. There is a favourite doctrine of yours, which you found, or thought you found, neglected, which has taken possession of you, which you think it necessary to emphasize. It may be quite true in itself. But it becomes false by disproportionate emphasis. Other truths are kept out of sight. This absorbs the whole horizon of your preaching. It is possible to preach justification by faith in such a manner as to eclipse, or at least to obscure, Christ, the Christ of the Gospel, the Christ of the Incarnation. Or perhaps you belong to quite another school. There is the doctrine of the Church—its nature, its unity, its discipline. You may find yourself planted down among persons in whom the idea of a Church is a blank. It is a sore temptation to you to press the point in season and out of season. But such exaggeration defeats itself. It is right that this should have a place in your teaching. It is not right that it should have the principal place. You are preaching yourself, not Christ.

But the Apostle has no sooner declared that the true preacher of the Gospel preaches 'not himself,' than he is obliged to contradict himself. Yes, the Gospel is not only a message; it is also a ministration, a service. We do preach, we do proclaim ourselves. We do put ourselves forward. We cannot retire into the back-ground. We must in one sense preach

ourselves; but only as your servants, your slaves for Christ's sake. Your very name will speak to you of this function. You are called to be deacons, ministers, servants.

This service is the basis of the clerical office; the preaching is the superstructure. Every clergyman begins as a deacon. This is right. But he never ceases to be a deacon. The priest is a deacon still. The bishop is a deacon still. Christ came as a deacon, lived as a deacon, died as a deacon. Μὴ διακονηθῆναι ἀλλὰ διακονῆσαι, 'not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' 'not to receive service, but to render service.' Think with awe then of this diaconate to which you are called, Christ's own title, Christ's own office. Cherish it with reverence, for was it not glorified in its first institution by signal examples of zeal and devotion? Was not Stephen, the first martyr, a deacon? Was not Philip, the first foreign missionary, a deacon? What other office can boast such a history? The prerogatives of acting and of suffering alike belong to it, as typified by these two men. Will you tarnish your inheritance by sloth, by worldliness, by self-seeking? It is yours to be the servants of all, as Christ was the servant of all; yours to bear the burdens of all; yours to be at the beck and call of all. It was said by an earthly monarch of an earthly minister of state that he was always in the way and

yet never in the way. What higher commendation could be pronounced on you, the ministers, the deacons, of a heavenly King, than this—to be always in the way, when any service is to be rendered, when any sympathy can be shown, and yet never in the way by asserting yourselves, by obtruding yourselves, by arrogating to yourselves.

'When any service is to be rendered, when any sympathy can be shown.' It is this, this sympathy, manifesting itself in this service, which will be your best passport. Men may question your claims. Men may deny your authority. But this recommendation, this diploma—the recommendation of a Christlike service, the diploma of a Christlike sympathy—they cannot question or deny. The ministry will thus be the pathway to the message. Only exhibit your ministry, and men will welcome your message.

And the message itself. What is it? Let us turn again to S. Paul's words which I took as my starting point.

'God, Who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.'

Its characteristics are 'light' and 'glory.' Do not forget this. The Gospel is too often preached as if it were neither light nor glory.

Not light; for is it not presented as if it were a congeries of abstruse dogmas, which make no appeal to the understanding and have no affinities with the heart, but which demand a blind acceptance on peril of eternal death? Not light this, but darkness.

Again, not glory; for preachers have too often spoken, as if they had received, not a ministration of righteousness, but a ministration of condemnation; as if they would lead their hearers not to Sion, the city of the living God, but to Sinai, the mountain that burned with fire, to blackness and darkness and tempest. I do not say that it may not be right at times to present the sterner aspects of Christian doctrine before men. But of this I am sure that, where one man may be drawn to Christ by threats of vengeance, a hundred may be drawn to Him by manifestations of love. Preach then the message of mercy, of forgiveness, of reconciliation, in all its fulness; 'God loved the world,' 'God willeth all men to be saved.' Is not the progress of the Salvation Army, notwithstanding all its painful irreverence and all its sensational excesses, due largely to the fact that (wherever else it may be wrong) it does strive to present the Gospel as light and as glory?

And S. Paul tells us too, what this light and glory is, and where it is to be found. It is the glory of God's holiness and the light of God's love presented

to us, as in a mirror, in the face, the person, the life, the death, the resurrection of Christ. We cannot gaze directly at the unclouded mid-day sun. We must look at it through a medium or in a reflexion. 'No man hath seen God at any time.' But here we can read Him, here we can study Him,—the perfect righteousness which demanded such a gift, the perfect love which accorded such a gift, the gift of the Incarnation leading up to the gift of the Passion, the gift of the Eternal Son to live our life and die our death. A few very simple facts these, but infinite in their resources and boundless in their applications, not barren dogmas, but living, breathing lessons with hands and feet, as Luther said of S. Paul's words—hands that grasp and feet that move, lessons by which a child may live, but lessons which an archangel cannot exhaust.

But there is one preliminary condition of your teaching these lessons effectively; yes, one absolute, indispensable condition, however we may disguise it from ourselves. You cannot teach what you do not know. Again let S. Paul be our monitor. God shining in the hearts of the preachers—this is the first step; the illumination of others through the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ—this is the later stage in the sequence. 'I believed and therefore I spake.' I saw the light, I

drank in the glory. Therefore I drew others to the light; therefore I showed others the glory.

And you who to-morrow, if it please God, will enroll yourselves in the latest ranks of Christ's deacons—you will retire (will you not?) like Moses of old, retire from the turmoil and distractions of this lower world, retire in the quiet of this night and the calm of the early morning, retire again and again from time to time to the Mountain of God, and there stand face to face with the Eternal Presence; there contemplate the majesty of God's holiness and the glory of God's love, as mirrored in the Person and the Life of Christ; there behold transfixed, till the light is reflected on your own countenance; there gaze and gaze again, that you may be transformed into the same image from glory to glory.

And ever and again, as the season comes round, and the autumn Ember days return, and the festival of him, who rose from the receipt of custom and left all to follow Christ, is kept, these words of S. Paul, read in the Epistle for the day, will meet your eyes, reminding you of your ordination lessons, of your ordination vows, of your ordination hopes and fears. They will meet your eyes. May they sink into your hearts.

# COUNSELS TO CLERGY.

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

A. *ADDRESSES DELIVERED IN S. PETER'S CHAPEL, AUCKLAND CASTLE, AT THE ANNUAL GATHERINGS OF THE AUCKLAND COLLEGE.*

B. *ADDRESSES DELIVERED AT CUDDESDON COLLEGE TO RESIDENT OXFORD TUTORS, OCT.* 1885; *REPEATED IN ELY CATHEDRAL TO RESIDENT CAMBRIDGE TUTORS, JAN.* 1888.

# A. AUCKLAND ADDRESSES.

## I.

*And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.*

S. Luke xxii. 31, 32.

[*S. Peter's Day*, 1883.]

Of the novel readings in the Revised Version probably few will have caused more surprise than the change of the patronymic of S. Peter, as given in the Fourth Gospel, from Jona or Jonas to John. It will seem at first sight to have added another to the many discrepancies which modern criticism is thought to have discovered between S. John and the other Evangelists.

Further examination however will correct the first hasty impression. Out of a contradiction it will elicit harmony. This is not a solitary instance, where an

apparent discrepancy has yielded to patient investigation a subtle beauty or an unsuspected fulness of meaning, when the disguise is stripped aside. The name Johanan or John appears under manifold forms, more or less contracted, in the Greek Bible. Jonan or Jonas is one of these. Thus the name of the Apostle's father, though the same in form, is not the same in meaning, as the name of the prophet the son of Amittai. It signifies not 'the dove,' but 'the grace of Jehovah,' 'the grace of God.' So it was that the Baptist's father, having received a son out of due course and knowing the exceptional destiny which awaited him, declined to call him after himself. He would give the child a name which should proclaim how 'the Lord had showed great mercy' to the childless parents. The child should be called 'the grace of God.'

The words of the promise given to S. Peter, as a reward for his confession, when read in the light of this fact, assume a new significance. 'Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona.' Why this intrusive patronymic, which, as commonly understood, has no bearing on the context and was not wanted here for the purpose of identification? But, when once we have learned its true meaning, then it appears eminently appropriate, as introducing the words which follow, 'Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona—son of God's grace, I say—

for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven.' Thus the corrected reading in S. John throws a flood of light on the interpretation of S. Matthew, and the essential harmony of the two Evangelists is only the more strikingly brought out, when emphasized by the seeming contradiction.

The force of the patronymic is the same in another passage. The interpretational key, which has fitted the confession of S. Peter in S. Matthew's Gospel, may be applied to unlock the meaning of the words referring to the first call of S. Peter in S. John. 'Thou art Simon the son of John; thou shalt be called Cephas.' The operation of God's grace is the prior stage; the solidity, the stedfastness, the hard unyielding strength of character, is the outcome. He is Cephas, the rock or stone, last, because he is the child of Johanan first.

But is there not a significance also in his own individual name, as well as in his patronymic? Why otherwise should there be in both passages this emphatic stress on the name, 'Thou art Simon.' 'Blessed art thou, Simon.' So again in the threefold pastoral charge given to S. Peter after the Resurrection our Lord seems to dwell with special fondness on both personal name and patronymic, as if to the speaker and the hearer alike they would suggest

ideas beyond the identification of the person addressed. Why else should they have been repeated with each successive charge, 'Simon son of John, lovest thou Me?'

Is it altogether fanciful if we see in all these passages alike a reference to the meaning of the name Simon or Symeon, 'hearing'? God's grace is fruitless, if there is deafness in the person addressed. There must be a willing mind, a receptive ear, or the word is spoken in vain. Not Simon alone, nor Barjona alone, but the union of the two is needed, that Cephas may be the result.

This open ear Peter had—had pre-eminently. The character of Peter is marred by many faults. There is haste, there is impetuosity, there is lack of courage, there is altogether a want of balance in the man. And yet he towers head and shoulders above his companions, as a spiritual leader. May we not say that the secret of this pre-eminence was his spiritual receptivity? His ear was never closed to the voice of God.

Hence his repeated emergence from moral and spiritual failure or defeat. Of no character in the New Testament are so many errors recorded. Again and again he stumbles; but again and again he recovers himself. The word, the gesture, the look, is sufficient to recall him. There is no reluctance or

hanging back. The tones of God's voice go straight to his heart and conscience. The sensitiveness of his spiritual ear never fails him.

And hence also his moral failures leave no moral scars behind. There is no deterioration of the man, when he has stumbled. There is not only no deterioration, but he emerges the stronger and the better for the trial. On the stepping stones of his dead self he has risen to higher things.

Spiritual greatness is in this respect like all other greatness. The general whose campaign is commenced amidst a series of disasters, but who nevertheless by repairing his mistakes, by concentrating his forces, by watching his opportunities, carries ultimate triumph out of defeat, is the truly great captain. The statesman or the orator, whose maiden effort was covered with confusion and ridicule, but who resolves —in spite of this, or rather because of this—that he will force his opponents to hear him and to respect him, shows in his own line a greatness of a different order from the average great man. In each case it is the ability and the readiness to learn from failure which is the secret of success.

So too in the Church of Christ. No two men could be named who had more influence on their own and succeeding ages, none therefore of whom greatness could more truly be predicated, than S. Paul and

S. Augustine. Yet S. Paul's most magnificent career as a theological teacher was built on a theological failure—a failure so gigantic that hardly a parallel can be found. And Augustine too. We may demur at accepting his theology in all respects, but we cannot deny his exceptional saintliness of life. Yet this saintliness was built upon a tremendous moral failure, which (we might have thought) must have barred the way to the saintly life at the outset. Each was most strong just where he had been most weak. But S. Paul had an ear open to the voice on the way to Damascus, which was to others only a confused inarticulate sound; and S. Augustine discerned in the refrain *Tolle, lege*, notwithstanding the childish voices which gave it utterance, a message direct from heaven recalling him to a truer life.

It was a terrible price paid for the spiritual lesson —in S. Augustine's case most terrible; yet who can doubt that in both instances the intensity of the regenerate life can be traced to the errors of the earlier career, that the fire of zeal for God was fed with the fuel of this bitter experience in the past?

But in S. Peter's case there was no such violent dislocation between the past and the present. It was not one great leap, but a succession of steps, by which he rose from lower to higher. The walking on the water, the washing of the disciples' feet, the scene

of the apprehension in the garden, display the man in the earliest years of his discipleship. The *Domine quo vadis* story—if we may believe it true—reveals him at the close of his career, still the same. And why should we not believe it true? Is it not far beyond the reach of invention? What more true to character than the timidity of the first flight, the sudden arresting of the fugitive, the moral shock of the Saviour's rebuke, the suddenly regained courage and the resoluteness which faces certain death! And again what a depth and what a fulness of meaning there is in the Saviour's answer to the question of the startled disciple, 'I go to Rome to be crucified afresh'—'to be crucified by thee, because thou fleest and wilt not be crucified; to be crucified with thee, because thou wilt repent and be crucified; to be crucified through the cowardice of a faithless disciple now; to be crucified in the courage of a faithful disciple then!' For both reasons alike, because it is so subtly true to character and because it is so eminently profound in its significance, we are led to assign to this tradition a weight which the external testimony in its favour would hardly warrant.

The one lesson then, which I desire that we all—you and I—should carry away from our S. Peter's day gathering this year, is the main lesson of S. Peter's life. The subjects in yonder windows enforce

it again and again. They bid you hear God's voice in moral failure. They bid you feel God's touch in spiritual defeat.

No lesson is more needed by us; for none is wider in its application, and none is more directly appropriate to a ministerial career. By failure and by defeat I mean, not external inefficiency of whatever kind, not the missing of any direct aim outside ourselves, not the want of ministerial success, at least not this directly or chiefly; but something quite irrespective of the results of our actions, the sense that we have been wanting in ourselves, that there has been something wrong, something inadequate, perhaps something directly and definitely sinful in ourselves—a declension from truth or uprightness or purity or love—or, if not this, an unsatisfactory inward state, a spiritual sluggishness or a spiritual hardness, which hangs heavy on our souls.

This last is the commonest form, which our failure will take. It is perhaps also the most insidious. But for these very reasons it is the more necessary that we should keep our ear open to Christ's voice, that we should recognise the divine element in the temptation.

'Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you'—ἐξητήσατο ὑμᾶς, asked to have you and (in a certain sense) obtained you; asked and obtained,

as he asked and obtained Job, that he might be the means of sifting you, of sifting the bad from the good in your company, rejecting the traitor Judas and retaining the eleven faithful ones, of sifting the bad from the good in each individual soul—in the soul of thee, Simon Peter, rejecting the cowardice, the hastiness of temper, the ambition, the carnal conception of Christ's kingdom, but retaining the passionate love and the fervent zeal and the abandonment of self-sacrifice, purified and sanctified by the process, so that Satan's assault has proved God's opportunity.

I took the instance of spiritual sluggishness, as a common direction which Satan's assault takes, and in which nevertheless we may and ought to recognise God's presence, however distant He may appear at first sight. I characterised it as specially insidious. The Satanic element and the Divine element in it alike are smothered and disguised. I can compare it to nothing else but to the dull drowsy feeling which overtakes the traveller in the freezing atmosphere of some high mountain region, which must be certain death to him, if he yields to it. And yet, unlike the bleeding wound or the mangled limb, it causes no acute pain, and therefore its terrors are unseen.

But if the Satanic temptation is there in all its force, so also is the Divine discipline, the Divine

sifting. Only struggle, only persevere, only resist the invading influence, only refuse to resign yourself to what seems to be a soothing slumber, but is in fact a numbing death-chill. It may cost a greater, at least a more sustained effort, than the paroxysm of repentance or of revulsion following upon the acute temptation or the definite sin; but assuredly the spiritual gain will not be less.

I will take an instance. You are preparing a sermon. The spiritual and intellectual atmosphere hangs like a dull leaden cloud over you. It is a wearisome, almost loathsome struggle to advance at all. I do not say how far the cause may be physical. This does not affect the case. Our physical conditions are as much a discipline to us as our moral and spiritual conditions. What then shall you do? Will you yield to your temptation, give up the struggle, and take an old sermon, or (if not this) go on and set down any commonplaces that may come into your head, so as to fill so much paper or occupy so much time? No, you will take the nobler alternative; you will by God's help wrench the best out of yourself, whatever effort it may cost, whatever expenditure of time and labour, of self-concentration and self-loathing. And what is the result? Believe it; this is the result of experience. It is just this one sermon, which was born of so much agony, which has

caused you so much dissatisfaction—just this that has touched the hearts of men. Others which have flowed smoothly from your pen or your lips, have glanced ineffectively off the ears and the minds of your hearers. But of this, thank God, you can say that it has converted at least one soul to Christ.

And why was this? Because it cost you so much; because it was the child of sacrifice, and its parentage somehow—though you saw it not—was reflected in its features; because in your temptation you heard the higher voice, and God's grace responded to your hearing.

And so may it be with us always. The Divine voice is there, there where the temptation clamours most loudly. May the open ear be ours; 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.'

Have we plunged into an unknown sea of difficulty and danger? Are we sinking deeper and deeper in the waves of misgiving, of scepticism, of despair? Our faith fails us. But the form of the Son of Man is there walking buoyant on the waters. We recognise Him. We grasp at Him. The touch of His hand suffices. Our weakness is made strong. We walk with Him, walk on the waters as on the dry land.

Or again; are we failing in some great emergency, shrinking from some painful duty, fleeing from some

manifest danger? Christ meets us, bearing the Cross —the Cross which is at once the token of our redemption and the standard of our lives? Shall we pass by Him, avert our gaze, refuse to recognise Him? Nay; we will be bold, we will accost Him. 'Lord, whither goest Thou? Whither goest Thou, for whither thou goest, I go also.' His word recalls us. 'I go to be crucified afresh. Take thou thy cross also, and follow Me.'

Or again, the temptation is of another kind, not of faithless misgiving, but of selfish cowardice. The sin has been committed. The Lord has been denied—denied by our silence or denied by our overt act. What next? It is a question of life and death to us. Shall we be tempted to indifference, or to hardness of heart, or to remorseful despair? Any one of these is fatal. Yet some one of these may overtake us, must overtake us, but for His presence. But He is there. His reproachful look rests on us for a moment. We will go out from the scene of our temptation; we will weep bitter tears of repentance; we will turn to God, till God shall turn to us, and the clean heart is made, and the right spirit is renewed within us; and with us, as with S. Peter, the last shall be more than the first. 'O give me the comfort of Thy help again, and stablish me with Thy free spirit. Then shall I teach Thy ways unto the wicked, and sinners shall be

converted unto Thee.' The charge of the Saviour is the response to this aspiration of the Psalmist. 'When thou hast been converted, when thou hast turned again, strengthen, stablish thy brethren.' *Σύ ποτε ἐπιστρέψας στήρισον τοὺς ἀδελφούς σου.*

The touch of Christ, the voice of Christ, the look of Christ, but above all the prayer of Christ! 'I have prayed for thee.' What else shall we need, if only we realise this! Christ interceding for me, Christ concentrating His prayer on me, Christ individualising His merits for me, Christ pleading for me His atoning blood before the Eternal Throne!

## II.

*Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.....for every man shall bear his own burden.*

GALATIANS vi. 2, 5.

[*S. Peter's Day*, 1884.]

I ONCE heard a famous living writer, when lecturing on art, declare that he was never satisfied until he had contradicted himself two or three times. This paradox, which seemed an untruth, expressed the highest truth. The lecturer desired to imply that the principles of art were complex and manifold; that they crossed and recrossed each other; that human language on the other hand was finite; that it was only possible to express in a given sentence a partial aspect of the question; and that qualifications and counter-qualifications were needed to correct and supplement the idea conveyed by this sentence, before any adequate conception of the whole truth could be arrived at.

If we are constrained to admit the truth of this paradox in the principles and criticisms of art, it is surely much more applicable, when we are speaking of the theology or the ethics of the Gospel. S. Paul at all events seems to have thought so. He has not only no fear of contradicting himself; he seems to delight in such self-contradiction. The close juxtaposition of opposite statements challenges attention to this feature. Thus, writing to the Philippians he bids his converts 'work out their own salvation with fear and trembling;' but he tells them in the very next sentence that they do not and cannot do that which he bids them do—it is God and not themselves, 'God, Who worketh' in them 'both to will and to do.' The 'I' and the 'not I' of his famous antithesis expressed elsewhere is the underlying principle of all true moral and spiritual progress, each negativing the other and yet both necessary for the result. So again in the Epistle to the Romans he declares the commandment to be 'the occasion of sin' and so to have slain him; and yet almost in the same breath he pronounces that the law is 'holy and just and good.'

In like manner here, he enjoins us to bear one another's burdens, and he enforces this injunction by declaring it to be the fulfilment of the law of Christ; but three verses lower down he declares this to be impossible which he has so emphatically urged upon

us. Each man has his own proper burden, and this he must bear for himself.

It is worth observing however that though the same word 'burden' appears in both places in the English Version, this is not the case in the original; *ἀλλήλων τὰ βάρη βαστάζετε· ἕκαστος τὸ ἴδιον φορτίον βαστάσει.* The difference seems to be a matter of deliberate choice. There are burdens of various kinds —physical, moral, social, spiritual—which befall a man; trials which come and go, troubles which may be shared or removed, a miscellaneous aggregate of anxieties and vexations and oppressions. These are his *βάρη*. But over and above all these—though not perhaps independent of these—there is one particular load, which he cannot shake off, which he must make up his mind to bear, which he is destined to carry on his own shoulders (it may be) through life to the end. This is *τὸ ἴδιον φορτίον*, his pack (as it were), a well-defined particular load, which is his and not another's, which never can be another's. Let us speak first of this personal burden.

What image may we suppose to have presented itself to the Apostle when he uses these words? May we not regard it as one of those military metaphors in which S. Paul delights? Life is a campaign. It has its exercise ground, its forced marches, its sudden surprises, its pitched battles. Christ is the great

general, under whom we serve. Each soldier carries his own pack. It is a burden indeed; it adds much to the fatigue and toil of the march; but it is absolutely necessary, not only for the man's efficiency, but even for his sustenance. It comprises not only his accoutrements, but it includes also provisions for the journey. This is his *φορτίον*.

Thus explained, the expression is eminently suggestive. We each severally have such a burden. We cannot shake it off. We cannot devolve it upon others. It was laid upon our shoulders by our commanding officer. If it is burdensome, it is necessary. Our efficiency as soldiers of Christ depends on our bearing it manfully, bearing it cheerfully. To sink under it is pusillanimous. To throw it off is rebellious, and will lead to certain destruction.

How shall we put this lesson in a concrete shape? What form does this burden, this soldier's pack, take in any individual case, so that we may recognise it as Christ's own imposition; and, recognising it as such, may bear it not only patiently, but joyfully?

It may be perhaps some physical disability, which places us at a disadvantage in our communication with others, and more especially in our ministerial work. It is perhaps some defect of voice or some ungainliness of manner, something which prevents us from doing at all what others do, or at all events only

allows us to do it with great difficulty, while they do it with ease. Or it may be some physical disqualification of another kind—some ailment, like S. Paul's thorn in the flesh, which prostrates us, which from time to time deprives us of all power over our movements, and which perhaps (as in S. Paul's case) lowers us in the estimation of others.

Or again, it may be an intellectual hindrance. There is a sluggishness in our own mental constitution, which is a terrible impediment to our efficiency. Every sermon, every address, every pastoral act, which requires an intellectual effort, is a severe trial to us. Our thoughts will not flow; our words will not come; our pen will not move.

Or again, perhaps it is something in our social or domestic surroundings, which hangs about us as a load; but of which, even if it were possible, it would not be right to rid ourselves, because by so doing we should be repudiating some obvious duty.

Or last of all, it may not be any of these things; not any disability, whether physical or intellectual or social, which it has never been in our power to order otherwise. It may be some permanent or far-reaching consequence of a former act of our own; some neglect, or recklessness, or sin in the past, which has hung a weight about our necks. The sin may be repented of; the pardon may be assured. But the

temporal consequences of the sin remain, and will remain so long as we have breath. This is the most irksome and the most painful form which a man's individual burden can take.

In all such cases the Apostle's terse maxim will be our teacher, 'Every man shall bear his own burden (*τὸ ἴδιον φορτίον*).' He must make up his mind to the inevitable. It is *his* burden, and *he* must bear it. It is mere waste of strength, mere enfeeblement of purpose, mere exhaustion of his energies, to repine against it, to struggle under it, to try to shake it off. All this only makes it the more galling. If he is wise, he will adjust his shoulders to the weight, and the weight to his shoulders; and then he will trudge forward manfully. It will soon cease to vex and harass, if he will so treat it.

But more than this. He will regard it as Christ's special burden laid upon him. It is part of his equipment as Christ's soldier. It is his accoutrement on his march. So viewed, it will assume a widely different light. It will be glorified in his eyes. And just in proportion as he learns thus to think of it, will the pressure be relieved. The inspiring strains of the martial music will quicken his step and thrill his heart; he will press on eagerly to the combat; knowing that where there is no battle, there can be no victory.

Thus his burden will be no more a subject of complaining. It will even be a matter for thanksgiving. For is it not his lesson, his discipline; not only the condition, but the instrument of ultimate victory? This will be the case, even though it may assume that most terrible form of which I have spoken, the consequence of some sin in the past. This form of burden is essentially his own—his own in the making, his own in the bearing, his own from first to last. From its very nature it will be frequently such that another cannot touch it, in order to lighten it, even with the tip of his fingers. It may be something which for some reason or other it would not be right to communicate to others; or in which, even if communicated, they could afford him no relief. He must accept the isolation, the loneliness. But what then? Though alone, he is not alone—not alone, unless his eye is blinded to the invisible Presence. He will learn to separate the sin from the consequences of the sin. The sin is abhorred, is repented of, is put away, is altogether of the past. The sin was no part of God's purpose. The sin was all his own. But then God stepped in, and took the matter into His own hands. Christ imposed this burden—He and not another, He the great captain of our salvation. This consequence of your sin—painful and harassing though it may be—is God's

fatherly chastening, sent to be the purifier and the sanctifier of your life. It is a manifest token to you, if only you have eyes to see, not that God has forsaken you, not that God has cast you off, not that God abhors you; but that He loves you, loves you as His son. It will not drive you to despair; it will fill you with renewed strength and hope. It will even be a joy to you. You will learn to hug your load, because it is Christ's burden.

And more than this. Reminding you of your own weakness, it will be a never-failing source of sympathy and helpfulness towards others. He, who has felt the burden, is best able to relieve the burden. He, who has known the forgiveness and love, will most effectively plead the forgiveness and love with and for others.

And this brings me to the second part of the text. 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.'

I have been speaking hitherto, as if there were two separate sets of burdens—one which we must bear for ourselves, and another which we must help others to bear and which others can help us to bear. And I have regarded the one bearing as distinct from the other. This is a true view in a certain sense, but it is not a complete view. Already I have been obliged to transgress the line of demarcation. I have

just said that, by bearing our own burdens, we shall best learn how to bear other people's. But the converse is not less true. There is no help towards bearing our own burdens so effective as the bearing the burdens of others as well. This is the moral paradox of our being. Are we sinking under the weight of our own burden? Then let us go up to our neighbour, and courageously shoulder his also. The two will be lighter, incomparably lighter, than the one was. Is not this demonstrably true? Is a man's heart wounded and bleeding with some recent sorrow—a cruel bereavement, a disappointed hope, an outraged affection; and he broods over it till the pain becomes too terrible to bear? The only relief for his agony is found in ministering to the wants or consoling the sorrows of another. His sympathy is thus evoked; and with sympathy come new interests, new feelings, a new life. Sympathy cures selfishness. There is always an element of selfishness in excessive sorrow. Excessive sorrow arises from cramped isolated affections, which centre in self. Sympathy revives hope, and drives away despair. Or again, our trial may be of a different kind. It may be the presence of some temptation which dogs our steps everywhere, which forces its hideous presence upon us in season and out of season. Here again the remedy is the same. Divert your thoughts from self.

Try to help others. Consult their weaknesses, relieve their maladies; strive to raise them up, and by so doing you will most effectually raise yourself up also. Where is this lesson more eloquently and powerfully taught than in the life of the great Apostle, whose name is commemorated in this chapel, and whose festival is our annual rallying-point? In the great crisis and agony of his life, what is the language of the Master whom he has so cruelly, so heartlessly, betrayed? 'Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for *thee*, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted'—what then? Not 'go and shut thyself up,' not 'go devour thy soul with remorse,' but 'go strengthen thy brethren'—strengthen them, because thou thyself art weak, strengthen them, because strengthening them thou wilt strengthen thyself.

Speaking to those who are or who (by God's grace) soon will be ministers of Christ, how can I better sum up the ideal of their pastoral work than in this precept of S. Paul? 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil'—or rather 'and so shall ye fulfil'—'the law of Christ.' If this is a duty incumbent on all Christians, it is especially incumbent on you. This practical thoughtful sympathy for others, this forwardness to bear their burdens, their sorrows, their weaknesses, their doubts, their trials, their temptations—will be

the very soul of your ministerial life. It will be the strength and inspiration of your own being. It will melt and overawe and convince others.

But we, who are gathered together to-day, have another bond of union. Though in some sense a Theological College, yet we differ in one respect from other such Colleges. Our ideal is a family, a brotherhood. Let us never lose sight of this ideal. But a brotherhood implies closer union, more intimate sympathies, a readier disposition to bear one another's burdens.

Our meeting this year is not without a special significance. It has pleased God in His goodness still to maintain our ranks unbroken. Not one of our members yet has been summoned to cross the narrow stream which separates us from the eternity beyond. But in other respects there is an expansion and a scattering. The wings are stretched out for flight. Now for the first time one is called to labour far away among the heathen, and before our next anniversary will be separated from us by two continents. Now for the first time one and another are working in other and distant dioceses. Now for the first time one will be solemnly set apart to the incumbency of a parish. It is good that our corporate interests should be enlarged. It will not be good if the bonds of our corporate union are loosened.

In such a brotherhood as this, the Apostle's precept has a special force. We have the most direct duties of sympathy and helpfulness one to another and to the whole body. Of us it is signally true that 'whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.' As this our home is the centre of the diocese, our doings will be more the subject of remark than those of others. Ours is a city set upon a hill.

We should do well then to reflect upon our special responsibilities, but not in the spirit of exclusiveness. Nothing could be more fatal to the true spirit of our work than that we should come to regard ourselves as an inner circle. The spirit of caste-righteousness is only less dangerous than the spirit of self-righteousness. The distinction between those within and those without is more injurious to those within than to those without.

So then we here especially need the reciprocal sympathy and cooperation of which the text speaks. And all can render it. Each can help to lighten the burdens of the rest. Even he, who looks upon himself as least gifted, has some special talent or quality, which may do something towards raising and completing the ideal of the ministerial office, which it is our business to strive and realise. Those who have

left us can aid us hardly less efficiently than those who are still with us. I was going to say every success, but I will not say success—success, as success, is nothing in itself; success and failure are in God's hands—I would rather say every work of self-sacrifice and love, every development of ministerial activity, every manifestation of loyalty and devotion to Christ, in any member of our body in however remote a part of the diocese or of the Church, is a distinct gain to us here. It helps us; it stimulates us by the sense of companionship; it raises our ideal; it lifts our burden.

How then can I better sum up these thoughts, which I have laid before you, than in the language of exhortation addressed by an older disciple of the Apostles to a younger, by the martyr of to-morrow to the martyr of half a century forward, by Ignatius to Polycarp—a reminiscence it may be, of S. Paul's own words; *πάντας βάσταζε, ὡς καί σε ὁ Κύριος... πάντων τὰς νόσους βάσταζε, ὡς τέλειος ἀθλητής. ὅπου πλείων κόπος, πολὺ κέρδος.* 'Bear all men, as the Lord also hath borne thee. Bear the maladies of all, as a consummate athlete. The greater the pain, the larger the gain.' *Ὡς καί σε ὁ Κύριος*—'as the Lord also hath borne thee'—borne thy sorrows, borne thy trials, borne thy rebellions, borne thy sins and the sins of the whole world.

## III.

*What is that to thee? follow thou Me.*

S. JOHN xxi. 22.

[*S. Peter's Day*, 1885.]

THE place and the time alike guide our thoughts in one direction. The place, a chapel bearing the name of S. Peter; the time, the season of S. Peter's festival. The lessons of the day conspire with the paintings in the windows to suggest a subject for our meditations this morning. I have already on one such occasion at least sought instruction in the career of S. Peter. Let me again draw from the same source. Though the fountain is small, the stream is copious. The few facts which are recorded of S. Peter furnish abundant material for reflexion. The unevenness of his character and the vicissitudes of his life are eminently instructive. Nowhere in the Scriptural narrative are so many successes and so many failures

recorded within the same space. No one man receives such signal commendation and such stern rebuke.

The passage which I have chosen presents two features which may well rivet our attention. He is here seen in the most touching of human relationships, the intimacy of friendship. And he is seen likewise at a supreme crisis of his life. Friendship, true friendship, has its home in the sanctuary of God. It is the association of heart with heart, the communion of life with life, for the purposes of mutual edification and support. It is the carrying out in the fullest sense of the Apostle's precept, which enjoins that we bear one another's burdens. It is felt to be the most sacred trust, which God commits to man, for He places in the hands of the recipient the keeping, as it were, of the heart, the conscience, the aspirations, the designs, of one who is more than a brother to him. It is confessed to be the highest blessing—short of Himself—which God bestows upon a man; for it quickens his affections, it purifies his motives, it gives him an adviser and a champion and a never-failing ally. It is the sacrament and the satisfaction of his life. It binds him by a solemn obligation—appealing alike to his heart and to his conscience—to consecrate himself for the sake of his friend.

All this friendship is, when it truly deserves the name. But it assumes a still higher aspect in special

cases. If the sphere of its exercise is not only the intercourse of private and social life, but association in some great and beneficent work, some philanthropic labour, some religious enterprise, then it not only moves in the sanctuary, it passes within the veil, it abides in the holy of holies, it lives in the very presence of God.

All this, and more than this, was realised by the friendship between Simon the son of Jonas and John the son of Zebedee. It began, as friendships commonly begin, in the outward circumstances of their lives. They were natives of the same place, pliers of the same craft. They were partners, as fishermen, on the Galilean lake. But, if their friendship had its roots in the soil beneath, it was destined to shoot up into the skies overhead. Their earthly craft would be exchanged for a heavenly. Fishermen, partners, they would remain still; but henceforth it would be their life's work to gather into the meshes of the Gospel wandering souls tossing in the sea of the world. As friends they would be called to bear the chief part in the mightiest spiritual work which the world has ever seen or ever would see. As friends, as comrades still, they would stand forth to fight in the foremost ranks of God's army, to do, to suffer, to live, to die, for Christ.

In this army they were enlisted as recruits at the

same time. The same shores of this Galilean lake, which now witnessed the last charge of the risen Lord to the two friends before His ascension, had witnessed also His first encounter with them at the commencement of His ministry. On one and the same day, first John, then Peter, enrolled themselves as the disciples of Jesus of Nazareth. On the shores of this same lake the call to discipleship was shortly afterwards consummated in the call to apostleship. Then, as now, the two friends were together. Then, as now, a miraculous draught of fishes confirmed their faith and sealed their allegiance. Then, as now, their earthly calling became the symbol and the sacrament of their heavenly. Then, as now, the obligation of their lives was summed up in the one simple precept —simple in form yet infinite in application—'Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men.'

From that time forward they had shared in company the most intimate confidences of their Master. Within the inner circle of the Apostles there was an inmost circle still, and to this they belonged. As such they witnessed together the supreme acts of His power, as at the raising of Jairus' daughter; they beheld together the supreme manifestations of His glory, as at the Transfiguration on the Mount; they received together the supreme revelations of His purposes, as in those private discourses concerning

the Second Advent on Olivet; they were admitted together to the supreme moment of His self-abasement, as in the agony of Gethsemane. Nothing was too high and nothing was too low, nothing too human and nothing too divine in His life and working, to be confided to them. And so it was in the final scenes. At the last entry into Jerusalem, they two were despatched to provide a chamber for the paschal feast. At the Last Supper they two concerted together the question which detected the false one of the twelve. At the trial they two entered together the palace of the high-priest. After the resurrection they two ran together to the tomb—the first to explore the empty sepulchre. And now in this closing scene of all, when the parting injunction of the risen Lord is given, they two are linked together in this last incident which concludes the last Gospel.

Moreover, the companionship, thus cemented during the life of the Saviour, is continued during the history of the nascent Church. At the chief crisis of its development they two stand out from the main body of the Apostles as companions and fellow-workers. They two are the instruments chosen to perform the first miracle at the Beautiful Gate, the pledge of Christ's power immanent in the Church. They two are selected by their brother Apostles to confirm the work of Philip in Samaria, thus sanction-

ing the first extension of the Gospel beyond the limits of Judaism to a mongrel race. They two hold out the right hand of fellowship to the Apostle of the Gentiles, thus recognising the absolute liberty of the Gospel and the complete universality of the Church. And as if to ensure their companionship to the end of time, their Epistles occupy a place side by side in the sacred volume which is the charter of Christendom.

If it be permitted to us to compare small things with great, this is the ideal of the friendship which our association—past and present—in this house should suggest to us. Whatever other affinities may have drawn man to man during their residence here—community of neighbourhood, community of tastes and interests, harmony of disposition, mutual attraction of characters supplemental the one to the other—the true and ultimate bond of union must be the participation in a common work, and the loving devotion to a common Master. This is the consecration and the crown of your friendships, of your brotherhood.

Of your brotherhood. Yes, I delight to place this before you as the ideal of our fellowship here. A brotherhood in Christ; not an exclusive association of clique or caste; not a repulsive Pharisaism which exalts special advantages into special merits; not a centripetal, but a centrifugal influence—or rather

centrifugal because it is centripetal, a force gathering strength at a central fire, but a force diffusing heat and light and life far and wide. What is the sequence in the Apostle's list of sevenfold graces, which flow from faith? Ἐν τῇ φιλαδελφίᾳ τὴν ἀγάπην. As it is in that greater brotherhood of the Church, so it is also in this lesser brotherhood of ours. The affection of brother to brother is only a stepping-stone to that larger grace which knows no distinction of man and man, which transcends all external barriers—that divine gift of love or charity, which is the bond of perfectness, the fulfilling of the law, the most excellent way of all. If it stops short of this, it fails of its true end. It becomes a snare to ourselves, and a stone of offence to the Church of Christ. Remember therefore the Apostle's precept, ἐπιχορηγήσατε ἐν τῇ φιλαδελφίᾳ τὴν ἀγάπην. Let your φιλαδελφία expand into ἀγάπη. It will be only the stronger and truer, only the more lasting for this expansion.

But there is another feature in the incident, which (as I said) claims our attention. It is a great crisis in the Apostle's life—a moment of transition, when the irrevocable past and the unknown future rise up and confront each other. The thrice-repeated test question, 'Lovest thou Me?' has been met by the thrice-repeated prompt assurance, 'Thou knowest that I love Thee.' The pastoral charge has been given.

The moment of severance is at hand. The Master will depart. The living voice will be no more heard. The orphanhood of the disciples will begin. What future is in store for himself Peter, for his best-beloved friend John, for them all? These thoughts, we cannot doubt, were uppermost in the Apostle's mind, when they were anticipated by Him who needed not that any should testify, for He knew what was in man.

And here also different as the circumstances are, the lesson will speak specially to us to-day. These annual festivals, whatever else they may be, are landmarks on the journey of life, when we reckon with the past and when we face the future.

What then shall we say of the past? Whatever other feelings may throng in our hearts this morning as we review the year that is gone by—regrets for shortcomings, mourning over failures, penitence for sins, a deep sense of inadequacy, of feebleness, of indolence, of cowardice, a general dissatisfaction with self—yet to-day at least our predominant feeling will be thankfulness.

Thankfulness, that we are permitted to meet together again on this joyful occasion, to kneel once more at the Holy Table in pledge of our brotherly union, once more to reciprocate friendly greetings, and to exchange friendly counsels. Thankfulness, that

during the year past God has been pleased to accept our poor services in His vineyard, to give us a work to do and strength to do it; that by His grace and goodness we have been suffered to assist in the lifting up of struggling souls and in the relief of struggling lives. Thankfulness, that this brotherhood has expanded and is expanding, its sphere enlarged and its activities multiplied. Last year I pictured the wings ready extended for flight. The flight has begun. Already we are represented in a distant continent. At home too our work is growing. Two others will be set apart to-night for independent charges; and a like dedication of a third will follow soon. Thankfulness—yes, thankfulness, before all things thankfulness (on this point I have never wavered), great as was the loss to many of you, to myself, to this diocese—thankfulness that it pleased God to release our dear brother and to take him to Himself. Why should we wish him back again? To him to die was gain; and for ourselves—has not his death consecrated our brotherhood with a higher consecration? The latest letter which I received from him was a written farewell after our last year's gathering, for he had been accidentally prevented from speaking it. 'Such meetings, as that we have just enjoyed,' he wrote, 'with their wonderful charm of rest, strength, and sympathy, should nerve one to fresh energy and enthusiasm in

one's work.' And is it not a pleasant thought that the memorial of our affection is placed in the most venerable sanctuary of the north—the Church hallowed by so many rich associations of the past and visited by English-speaking pilgrims far and wide, so that the tribute of our love will be spelt out by many a curious eye from distant lands in the ages to come?

But, if these are the thoughts suggested by the past, what shall be our contemplation in the future? 'Lord, lift the veil, if it be but for a moment. Lord, leave us not, without some word of hope. Lord, what shall this man do? But, before Thou tellest me this, tell me first what shall I myself do?' Listen to the reply.

'When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and shall carry thee whither thou wouldest not.' Thou wast free, unconstrained, light-hearted, master of thine own actions in thy earliest years; thou shalt be the captive, the slave, the victim, of others' cruelty and injustice in thy latest. Behold the contrast. Here is the recompense of thy fidelity; here is the consummation of thy life.

'And, when He had spoken this, He saith unto him, Follow Me.'

If we might credit the ancient story to which I made allusion two years ago, the last act of S. Peter's life was a literal fulfilment of this precept. The persecution, we are told, was raging in Rome. The aged Apostle fled from it, and had passed the gates of the city. Outside the walls he met One bearing a cross. He looked at him: it was none other than the Saviour Himself. He accosted Him, 'Lord, whither goest Thou?' 'I go to Rome,' was the reply, 'I go to Rome to be crucified again.' The Apostle felt the reproach; he turned his steps; re-entered the city, and cheerfully met his fate. He was crucified (said one form of the tradition) with his head downward by his own wish, holding it too high an honour for him, the servant, to be as the Master, and desiring that his death—though the same—might not be the same.

'And, when He had spoken this, He saith unto him, Follow Me.'

Christ's answer to S. Peter is His answer to all His servants. In some sense or other, you gird yourselves now, but another shall gird you hereafter; you choose your own path now, but your path will be chosen for you hereafter. You have still the making of your character to a great extent; but the character will be formed, the habits will be riveted, and the possibilities of life will be narrowed accordingly.

You may create for yourselves ideals of a future—it is well that you should create such ideals, if only they are conceived in the right spirit, for they serve to educate the soul and to form the character—but you are not master of their realisation. Circumstances interpose and mar them. Your ideal perhaps becomes your idol. Then God shatters it. He makes it impossible for you; perhaps He calls you—calls you in clear articulate tones which you cannot mistake—some other way. Thou art carried—carried by an irresistible constraining power—whither thou wouldest not.

I spoke of the right spirit in framing ideals. The dominant conception of your ideal must not be self-glorification, but self-renunciation. Yet self-glorification will insinuate itself subtly disguised, unless you are on your guard. It is often the truest self-renunciation to throw aside your own self-chosen self-renunciation, that you may put yourself into God's hands, and accept God's choice in place of your own.

I am ambitious for you all. But my ambition does not take the form of wishing to see you in places of emolument or of ease or of comfort or of popularity. I desire before all things that you should be fit to do Christ's work, that you should be ready to do it, and that you should have the scope and

opportunity for doing it. I covet for you not the honour of men, but the honour of God. If the alternative lay before me of offering any of you a place of emolument and dignity on the one hand, or a place of difficulty and responsibility on the other, be assured that the emolument and the dignity should go elsewhere, and the difficulty and responsibility should be laid on your shoulders, if only I thought them strong enough to bear the burden. I should feel—you would feel (would you not?)—that only too much honour was done to you, when you were called to bear the brunt of the fight in the van of God's army, even though your shoulders might wear no epaulettes and you yourselves receive less than a subaltern's pay. This—neither more nor less than this—is the meaning of Christ's prediction to S. Peter, as applied to yourselves. 'Expect toil; expect to spend and be spent; expect in some form or other a cross; but in spite of this, or rather because of this, follow Me, follow Me.'

But, if bright anticipations for self are forbidden, may they not be entertained for another? 'Lord, and what shall this man do?'

It was just then when S. Peter had received this crushing announcement, this glorious promise, when for the first he became assured of this cruel and ignominious fate, this more than royal diadem awaiting him in the future, that he looked round and saw the

friend who had been more than a brother to him by his side. It was characteristic of his generous, impulsive, self-forgetting nature, that even at such a moment he thought nothing of himself. He, who exclaimed in horror, 'Far be it from Thee, Lord,' when he heard of his Master's impending fate, utters no exclamation and feels no horror now, when he hears of his own. It is not, 'God forbid, that Thou shouldest reward me so, for all my losses and all my toils in Thy service.' It is not, 'God forbid, that Thou Who didst promise me riches and houses and friends a thousandfold in this life, shouldest put me off with a hideous death; that Thou Who not so long ago didst seat me on one of the twelve heavenly thrones shouldest now stretch me out on a malefactor's cross.' It is not, 'God forbid, that I should meet with such a death;' not even, 'God be thanked that I shall be crowned with such a crown;' but 'Lord, and what shall this man do?' This my friend, this my brother, who has shared all Thy confidences with me, who is ready to suffer all Thy trials with me, my companion alike in earthly things and in heavenly—shall he be spared this fate? Shall he be vouchsafed this crown? We, who through life have been one—shall it be said of us, as of those other friends whose names are handed down in the Scriptures, that 'in death they were not divided?'

Divided in their deaths they were. The elder friend was crucified, as his Lord had fóretold. The younger outlived him by some thirty years, the last survivor of the Apostles, lingering on to extreme old age, dying peacefully at last, and reiterating with his latest voice—he the impetuous 'Son of Thunder'—the one lesson needful, the one imperious duty of love.

Divided, and yet not divided. For to the true disciples 'to live is Christ and to die is gain.' There is no preference of the one over the other. To the true disciples neither life nor death nor things present nor things future can bring a severance between friends, for they are united in the love of Christ.

And yet this anxiety of S. Peter—natural as it is in itself—calls forth only a prompt rebuke, 'What is that to thee? Follow thou Me.'

S. Peter's anxiety typifies the impertinence of curiosity, the impatience of ignorance, in things sacred, which has been the temptation of Christians in every age. The rebuke is the Master's protest against indulgence in this spirit. Energetic work in the present, not idle speculation about the future, is the parting charge which He gives to His chief disciple, and through him to His whole Church so long as time shall be.

It is strange to reflect how much energy is thrown

away in attempting to know the unknowable. Our life is wrapt in mysteries which with our present faculties must be final; and yet we will not acquiesce. The future is hidden by a dark impenetrable veil, and yet we struggle to pierce through it. Again and again the question rises to our lips, 'Lord, and what shall this man do?'

'What shall this man do? Those many thousands of infants, children of Christian parents, who die before they are baptized—what will be their lot, when Thy kingdom shall come? Those many thousands of grown-up men and women who have never had a chance in this life, who perhaps may have heard of Thy Name, but against whom the vicious influences of education and companionship have erected an insuperable barrier—what shall they do? Those many myriads, the scum and refuse of our great cities, who, living in Christian lands, are steeped in a lower than heathen degradation—what shall they do? Those many righteous men before Christ's coming who, pagans though they were, yet lived up to the light that was given to them and set the example of a higher morality to their generation—what shall they do? Those famous founders of the great religions of the world, who, though they taught not the truth as the truth has been revealed to us, yet introduced among vast masses of men clearer views

of God and purer forms of worship and nobler aims in life than they found—what shall these men do?' Nay; thou believest that God is righteous; thou believest that God is loving. Is not this belief sufficient for thee? But the 'how,' and the 'when,' and the 'where,' what modes of purgation there may be, what accesses of enlightenment, what opportunities of recovery, in another state or another—what knowest thou, what canst thou know, of these? Ask thyself, 'What is time? What is eternity?' Nay; thou canst only stammer out in reply some confused inarticulate faltering words, which thou callest a definition, though thou hast defined nothing. Thou hast made nothing clear, but thine own ignorance; thou hast ascertained nothing, but thine own incapacity of knowledge. These speculations on the unseen world, these curious questionings about the hereafter of this man or this class of men—What are they to thee? 'Follow thou Me.'

'Follow Me.' This was the first charge which the Lord gave to the first-called of His disciples at the opening of His ministry; it is the last which He gives to the last-addressed of them at its close. It is the first and it is the last which He gives to you, to me, to the Church in all ages.

'Follow Me'. One man is a missionary perhaps in some foreign land; he is alone, one Christian

among thousands of heathen, and he would fain know what will become of all these. Another is labouring single-handed as a parochial minister in the midst of a thronging town population whom his words never reach and never can reach; and he asks in dismay what shall be the end of all these. If he picks up one soul here and another there out of the seething mass of ignorance and vice, it is all that he can hope to do. To his faithless questioning the rebuke is addressed, 'What is that to thee? Thou hast a work to do; thou hast a message to deliver. Thou knowest that thy message is truth, and because it is truth, therefore it is salvation. This is enough for thee. Execute thy task to the best of thy power, and leave the rest to Me.'

'Follow thou Me.' It is not perhaps the destiny of others; it is your own future, which gives you anxiety. You do not see your way before you. You apprehend entanglement which may beset your path. You dread to think that a night of sorrow or trouble may set in before your journey's end is reached. You are far from home, and you shudder at the vague shapeless terrors which haunt the darkness. What is that to thee—to thee, thy true self, to thee, thine immortal being? Be not faithless, but believing. He will keep thy feet.

Do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for thee.

Plant thy foot firmly in the prints which His foot has made before thee.

'Follow thou Me. Keep My words. Live My life. The sanctification of thyself, that being purified thou mayest purify and strengthen others—is not this a life's work, and more than a life's work?

'Obey My call and follow thou Me. I am thy Shepherd, therefore canst thou lack nothing. My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.'

## IV.

*We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.*

1 JOHN iii. 14.

[*S. Peter's Day*, 1887.]

THIS is not the language of an idle theorist. The writer of these words gives the results of direct personal experience. 'We speak that which we do know.' Look at the contrast which you have before you. John the youthful fisherman on the shores of the Galilean lake, and John the aged teacher in the far-famed heathen city of Ephesus. Here is the eager, impetuous youth, whose ambition claims the first place in the kingdom of heaven, and whose resentment will only be satisfied by calling down the avenging fire from heaven on his Master's enemies. There on the other hand is the old man, calm and patient, awaiting his Lord's long-deferred summons with childlike humility, tender and sympathetic

always, repeating ever and again this one charge and this only, 'Little children, love one another.'

It is a striking change; we might say, a change from youth to age, a change of friends, of occupation, of home and scenery, a change of feeling and of character. To himself it is very much more than a change, more even than a passage from one state of being to another. It is a change from non-existence to existence. 'We have passed from death unto life.'

Wherein consisted this death? What is the meaning of this life?

The life is one only. The death may be manifold. There is death in religion, as there is death in irreligion; death in cold formalism or in glowing fanaticism, as there is death in profligacy and self-indulgence and irreverence. Whatsoever kills love, kills life; though it should even possess the name of religion, though it should wear the garb of Christianity; for life is love, and love is life.

Is not this the lesson of all experience? Where some hostile principle dominates the heart to the exclusion of love, a state ensues which can only be described as a deadness of the spiritual being.

One man surrenders himself to the gratification of some sensual passion. He devotes himself to this one aim. He can see nothing else, think of nothing else, pursue nothing else. It holds him by a sort of

fascination. It constrains all his movements. He is wholly paralysed by it.

Another is absorbed in a greed of money-getting. The deadening power may not be greater in this case than in the former, but it is more patent. The moral and social incapacity which steals over the miser's life is a matter of common observation. He becomes hard and selfish; he isolates himself; he seems to lose by degrees all consciousness of an external world, all sense of his relations and duties to other men. His existence becomes a very death in life.

A third broods over some real or fancied wrong, or indulges some personal jealousy. A passion of hatred is thus engendered. It engrosses all his thoughts; it sits like a night-mare on his imagination; it taints all his opinions and purposes; it incapacitates him for any healthy action. It deadens his whole soul.

S. John in the language of the text associates himself with his hearers in the same experience. He had been brought up under the rigour of Judaism, they amidst the license of heathendom. Yet both he and they had undergone the same transition. Having been dead, they had found life—life in Christ, because love in Christ.

Yet his death had been very different from their death. As heathens they had conformed to the sins

of their age and country; had walked as other Gentiles walked; had lost all feeling, as S. Paul says; had been numbed, paralysed, deadened by indulgence in vice; had been alienated from the life which is found in God alone. But this had not been his case. His conduct had been pure and sober and upright. Had he not been brought up from his infancy in the study of the law? The words might be true of his Gentile converts, but how could they be true of him?

If vice is the death of the irreligious many, formalism is the death of the religious few. If the one was the common danger of the heathen, the other was the special temptation of the Jew. To this special temptation, we may suppose, he like St. Paul had been exposed. He had died through the law, and now he lived through Christ. He had been assiduous in the performance of his religious duties; he had striven to keep all the minutest ordinances of the Mosaic code, all the vexatious additions of later interpreters. In common with his age he had forgotten, or almost forgotten, the essence in the form. He had failed to see that love is the fulfilling of the law. So he had toiled on drearily and hopelessly through the wearisome never-ending routine, which seemed to bring him no nearer to God, which multiplied the transgression without assuring the pardon,

which contained no principle of growth, brought no purification of heart, gave no satisfaction to his heavenward yearnings. And in the bitterness of his despair he too had exclaimed, 'O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'

From both these perils alike, from the death of irreligion and the death of religion, Gentile converts and Jewish converts alike—all true Christians to the end of time—are rescued in Christ. They have passed from death to life because they have learnt to love—to love the brethren.

We have read in a striking work of fiction, how a miserly recluse, isolated from his kind by unjust and cruel suspicions and hardened by bitter disappointment, having abandoned all faith in God or man, is quickened into new life by one touch of human sympathy. The little motherless child found asleep on his solitary hearth-stone arouses him from the lethargy of his soul. The beauty, the innocence, the freshness, the helplessness, of this unexpected visitant, stirs his sympathy. The hard crust which had iced over his better nature and frozen the springs of his affection cracks and melts in the sunshine of its presence. His interest in humanity starting from this centre spreads and grows. He lives once more, because he loves once more. Again you may re-

member in another story founded on fact how a wise schoolmaster, anxious for the welfare of an elder pupil at a critical time in his life, places under his charge a younger boy that he may shield and guide him, hoping, and not hoping in vain, that the affectionate interest, thus awakened, might have an elevating influence on his character more powerful than reiterated precepts and warnings.

And you know (do you not?), you know from experience, that such regenerations are not mere fictions of romance, but in one form or other truths of common life. You have seen in others, you have felt in yourself, how some self-denying devotion, some ennobling friendship, some purifying love, has been to you a new energy, stirring a thousand good impulses and suggesting a thousand elevating thoughts, the source of untold happiness, the well-spring of a higher life.

This and more than this is meant by S. John when he speaks of love for the brethren as a passage from death to life. More than this, for the love which he contemplates is wider, deeper, more abiding, than any such partial manifestation. It does not fasten on one isolated object; it runs no risk of becoming selfish in its exclusiveness. It manifests itself towards friend and foe alike. It seeks employment even in that which is repulsive. Wherever pain

is to be soothed or sorrow to be comforted, wherever ignorance or poverty lie prostrate and helpless, wherever in short the cry of humanity is heard, thither is it drawn, there its kindly offices are freely dispensed. It seeks no excuses, draws no distinctions. For the evasive question, 'Who is my neighbour?', it substitutes another question, 'Whose neighbour am I?' And its answer is prompt and comprehensive. 'Whosoever is in trouble, whosoever requires my sympathy, whosoever needs what I can give, he is my neighbour.'

More than this; for love towards men has found a coherence, a sanction, an ideal in the Son of Man himself. A light, a glory, has been shed upon it by the Incarnation and Life and Death of Christ. It has been kindled into a glow of enthusiasm by this manifestation of redeeming love. Our love is only the response to Christ's love. There is the true centre whence all love radiates. 'Herein,' says St. John, 'herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us. If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.' In Christ love was installed in a sovereign throne. Henceforward it appears as a new power, a new creation. Henceforward it is not only the leading principle of all morals, but the central truth of all theology. God Himself is revealed to us, as love.

There is yet one aspect of the subject which we should do well to consider. See how the sentence hangs together, 'We know that we have passed from death unto life, *because* we love the brethren.' At first sight this language seems to imply a logical inference. But a second glance dispels this first hasty impression. S. John appeals rather to an intuitive conviction, a spiritual experience. In S. John's First Epistle we are struck with the constant repetition of this expression, 'We know,' 'Ye know.' There are some things about which you cannot reason, which you can only know. If S. Paul is the Apostle of argument, S. John is essentially the Apostle of insight.

Thus, if you asked how you are assured of your personal identity, you can only answer, 'I know that I am I, and not another.' If you are bidden to prove this or that sensation, you can only reply, 'I know that I hear this sound, I know that I see this colour, I know that I feel this substance.' So it is here S. John appeals to his converts to bear witness that in possessing the love they possess the life also. His own consciousness suggests the appeal; their consciousness is the response to it. The love is more than the assurance of the life. The love *is* the life And to the consciousness of every man now the appeal still stands. He *knows* that in proportion as

he learns to feel sympathy with others, to think for others, to live for others—in the same degree a new principle of life is developed in him, quickening, cheering, sustaining, sanctifying, ennobling him.

But the writer himself, as I said at the beginning, was no idle theorist. So neither will he suffer his hearers to be idle theorists. 'My little children,' he adds, 'let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.'

If we have felt, however faintly, this quickening power of love, if we have known, however partially, this passage from death to life, let us devote ourselves henceforward to the cultivation of this diviner faculty. It is no abstruse lesson of the schools. It demands no superior abilities, supposes no educational advantages. Our teachers are our brothers and sisters, our relations, our parishioners; our lessons are the trials, the experiences and the occupations of our pastoral and social life. Other graces have their special seasons and demand their special opportunities. But love commands the whole horizon of human life. Not in brilliant flashes of self-denial is its beauty most clearly traced. Not by startling acts of heroism is its power most justly measured. It is in its very nature simple and untheatrical. Would you seek its companionship? Would you know its power? Then curb the rising passion stirred by

some petty annoyance, the disdainful scorn kindled by some real or imagined wrong. Then deny yourself the complacent triumph of the withering jest which blights a brother's fame, the biting retort which wounds a brother's name. Then learn to forego the innocent amusement which casts a stumblingblock in the way of the least of Christ's little ones. Then school yourself to give up unrepiningly the well-earned hour of leisure, to postpone the long looked-for enjoyment, that you may console the sorrows, or minister to the wants, or even contribute to the pleasures of others. Very poor and homely deeds these, soon forgotten, if noticed at all, by men, but thrice blessed in the sight of God—more lovely than the profuse liberality which bestows all its goods to feed the poor, more noble than the transcendent heroism which gives its body to be burned. These acts repeated will beget the habit; this habit confirmed will mould the character. And then you will feel with the assurance of a deep inward experience, with a strength of conviction which no logic can wrest from you, the truth of the Apostle's words—'We know, we *know*, that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.'

"Οτι ἀγαπῶμεν τοὺς ἀδελφούς. A fit thought this to occupy our minds to-day. If this Auckland College is not a brotherhood, it is nothing at all.

If you do not meet to-day as brothers, feel toward each other as brothers, this gathering will have lost its savour and its force. For what was the meaning of your residence in this place? What did you carry away with you which you did not bring when you came? A few practical lessons, a little experience in dealing with men, which might serve as a preparation for pastoral work? A certain amount of theological training which might fit you to stand forward, —young as you are—as the teachers of others? All this, I trust, but more than this. Behind these more obvious purposes has there not been a secret silent power drawing you consciously or unconsciously together, a binding force which has made you feel that you are not isolated units in God's vast economy, not separate workers for His great purposes, but members of a body with common interests and sympathies, common aims and purposes? What else is the significance of this joyful gathering to-day? It is a festive meeting; it is a religious service. Yes, but that which gives it its distinctive character, that which dominates either aspect of this reunion, is the sense of brotherhood.

I earnestly trust that you each individually will studiously cultivate this feeling. As you read over the list which was forwarded to you all the other day, there will be some whom you have never met face to

face, some who are strangers, or almost strangers, to you—known to you, if known at all, only by name. Yet I trust that every man in that list will have an interest for each of you individually; you will feel that he has claims on you, because he has preceded or followed you in this place, because he has witnessed the same scenes, gone through the same training, because he has been sped forth like yourself in this very chapel for the same holy work.

I know that in one sense this is becoming year by year more difficult. Time and space interpose formidable obstacles. The student of this term belongs almost to another generation from the student of eight years ago. Then again how wide apart is the sphere of labour, to which God has called the members of our brotherhood! Already we have taken possession of two distant continents besides our own. In life or in death, Asia and Africa are ours. One of our number is probably at this very moment on the wide ocean. His pastoral charge is afloat on the restless seas.

In life or in death. In death, as in life. Yes, again and again and once again we have crossed that narrow stream. How very narrow it is, we have been permitted to realise. A very few hours, and the passage has been made by our brothers. A very few hours, and at any moment it may be made by

you or by me. I cannot trust myself to speak, as I would wish to speak, of those who so lately have shown us the way. There are some thoughts far too deep for words. Only this I would say, that assuredly death is not the insurmountable barrier to the communion between brother and brother. Shall it not rather assist us to realise this communion, this brotherhood? You feel it (do you not?) you who have known them. They are as truly present with us to-day—nay, much more truly—than when we met them face to face two years or three years ago. How then shall their presence affect us? Not for one moment shall it cast any cloud over our rejoicing. Not for one moment shall it subdue the voice of our thanksgiving. Let it rather enhance our joy and thankfulness, but let it *consecrate* them.

But, though time and space interpose obstacles, yet the sense of an ever-enlarged influence which this brotherhood is exerting, as its numbers increase, should be more than a compensation. Each individual member gains by the strength and health of the body. At all events it will be our care individually to foster and cherish this feeling. For this reason our meetings grow in value year by year, and I look with increasing satisfaction on a large attendance.

But, as I have said to many of you on a former

occasion, so I say to all now, this sense of brotherhood must not be a selfish, self-absorbed, sentiment. Our *φιλαδελφία*, if it is to be healthy in itself, if it is to fulfil its divine purpose, must expand into *ἀγάπη*—that larger principle of sympathy, which seeks expression in ever-widening circles of interest, till it becomes coextensive with the enthusiasm of humanity. The realisation of this ideal lies with you. Each one may do something to advance it.

Have we not recently had a signal example of this principle for which I am contending—that for one occupying a public position the affections cultivated in the inner circle of the family should be the training-ground for those wider sympathies which the public position demands, both by intensifying the central fire of love, and by setting the tone to these more distant interests? What else has been the secret of the beneficent reign of half a century which we have just been commemorating, but that the sovereign did not consider her domestic affections apart from her queenly duties, but took the one as the starting point for the other, that by being a mother to her family she strove to become a mother to her people also? Was not this the inner meaning of that closing scene to the ceremonial in the Abbey the other day—most touching, most eloquent, most sacred of all—which those who witnessed it will never

forget? Did not this thought inspire that patriotic letter, which we all read in the newspapers only two days ago, this linking together of the family affections with the imperial cares and sympathies?

Here then is our ideal. Let us do our best to realise it. But the time is short. The hour will come, come full soon, when another shall speak from this place. The hour will come when this goodliest brotherhood shall be broken up. 'The old order changeth.' A new ideal, perhaps a higher ideal—let us earnestly pray that it may be so—will supplant ours. So the Church of God advances ever on stepping-stones of the dead past. Who shall regret this? Meanwhile in this faith we will strive to work honestly, while it is yet day. The night cometh—how soon we know not—and the task must be laid aside. Meanwhile this lesson shall be ours to absorb it in our hearts and to live it in our lives. 'Let brotherly love continue.' Ἡ φιλαδελφία μενέτω.

## V.

### *'Our citizenship is in heaven.'*

PHILIPPIANS iii. 20.

[*S. Peter's Day*, 1888.]

WE Englishmen are all proud of our country. We delight to think of ourselves as belonging to a land on which whosoever sets foot is free. We reflect with satisfaction that we are the citizens of a great empire, on which the sun never sets. We feel that we have derived a very real advantage from our position. The glory of the past history of our country is somehow reflected upon us. We think with pride how freedom has 'broadened slowly down from precedent to precedent' in her past history. We cherish the recollection of all its most glorious scenes, as if somehow they were part and parcel of ourselves. We feel ourselves of one family with its long roll of illustrious statesmen, illustrious generals, illustrious men of science and of literature. Their renown is our renown. Our sympathies are enlarged, our minds

are strengthened, our aspirations are quickened and intensified. It is a great thing to extend our range of view beyond ourselves, beyond our household, beyond our parish and neighbourhood; and yet to feel that there is a bond of union still, that we are members of a great family, citizens of a great kingdom, units in a great empire. The inspiration of this thought makes us higher, nobler, larger than ourselves. It drives out all pettiness of character and all narrowness of view. Patriotism, true patriotism, is a very noble and ennobling sentiment. To be ready to do and to suffer, if need be, to die, for our country—what elevation of soul is there not in this temper!

S. Paul felt all this. He was proud, as we are proud, of the city, of the nation, of the empire to which he belonged.

He was proud of the city, in which he first saw the light. We cannot mistake his tones here. 'I am a citizen,' he says, 'of no mean city.' This Tarsus, in which he was born, stood second to none as a seat of learning at this time, as the great University of the world.

He was proud too of his nationality. Here again we cannot mistake the feeling which underlies his language. 'I also am an Israelite, of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of Benjamin.' 'Are they

Hebrews? So am I. Are they Israelites? So am I. Are they the seed of Abraham? So am I.' Yes, he too was the son of the patriarchs; he too was the heir of the promises; he too had his portion among the twelve tribes that serve God day and night. Was he not descended from the favoured tribe which had given its first king to Israel, which had remained faithful to the house of David when all others revolted, which ever marched in the van of the Lord's host when the armies went out to do battle? 'After thee, O Benjamin.' No taint of foreign admixture had sullied the purity of his blood. He was a Hebrew of the Hebrews. No concession to foreign customs, and no relaxation of national rites, had ever compromised his position. He was a Pharisee of the Pharisees. Of all these things he might well be proud, prouder than the proudest; albeit he 'pours contempt on all his pride,' he 'counts all as loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord.'

And lastly; he was proud of his position as a member of that great empire, which stretched out a hand into every clime, and gathered citizens in all quarters of the globe. Here again his own language tells its tale. 'They have beaten us publicly uncondemned, men that are Romans....and now do they thrust us out privily? Nay verily, but let them come themselves, and bring us out.' 'Is it lawful for you

to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?' Yes, it was a magnificent privilege this—wheresoever he might be, to claim the immunity, the protection, the deference, which was everywhere accorded to a citizen of Rome; to feel that he, a solitary homeless wanderer, had nevertheless at his back all the power and all the prestige and all the majesty of the mightiest empire which the world had ever seen.

But however natural and however (in some sense) justifiable may be this pride in ourselves or in S. Paul, we are reminded in the text that he and we alike are citizens of a far larger, wider, more magnificent, more powerful, more enduring empire; for which we have every reason to feel not indeed pride, not self-satisfaction, not vainglory, but thanksgiving—perpetual thanksgiving and benediction, to the author and giver of all good things. 'Our citizenship is in heaven.'

'Our citizenship.' I have adopted the reading of the Revised Version here, as restoring its proper force to the word. It points us out as members of a commonwealth, citizens of a polity, subjects of a kingdom, in which we have special interests, special responsibilities and functions. So again the Apostle tells the Ephesians—now converted from heathenism to the knowledge of Christ—'Ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints.'

'Fellow-citizens with the saints.' You and they bound together as members of one great nationality, with common duties, common sympathies, common aims—citizens of a kingdom, of which the noblest and most powerful earthly empires are only faint types and shadows—a kingdom which shall have no end. Yes

> Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
> Forbids us to descry
> The mystic heaven and earth within,
> Plain as the sea and sky.

And shall we not strive to-day to pierce through the veil, that so we may realise our heavenly citizenship? On this our annual festival it will be well for us to enter into the Holy City, to dwell on the glories of the unseen world, to commune with the beatified servants of God of all ages and all countries, and to gather inspiration and strength and refreshment for our daily task.

To pierce through the veil, the dark impenetrable veil which shrouds the unseen world. Yet, ever and again this veil is lifted for a moment. Ever and again we are made to feel by some startling occurrence, how narrow is the stream which separates the seen from the unseen, the material from the spiritual, the world of time from the world of eternity. Ever and again the stern monitor death rises up an unwelcome spectre, an unbidden guest, in the midst of our worldliness

and self-complacency, scaring us with the suddenness of the apparition. Ever and again, as we have met together on S. Peter's Day, we have had to chronicle the loss of one or another of our members, whom we could least afford to lose. Mystery of mysteries, that lives so valuable have been suddenly snapped asunder, while so much everywhere that is worthless is spared! Mystery quite insoluble, if this life were all, if the region beyond the grave were a mere vacuum, if man were dust and nothing more, if there were no immortality, no heaven, nothing to live for, nothing to suffer for, nothing to die for.

And this day, they who have gone before are with us again. This is our glorious privilege as members of the communion of saints. Death is no barrier to that communion. Whether their bodies lie in the quiet village churchyard at their English home, or in a steaming African waste among strange faces and strange tongues, they are with us in spirit this morning, joint members of the same communion, joint heirs of the same hope. Let us take them as our teachers to-day; they will help us to realise, as we otherwise should not realise, the communion of saints, the vast assemblage to God's consecrated people, whom not even the icy hand of death can part the one from the other.

They have gone before. Let them bear their part

in our joyful commemoration. They are not lost, even to us. Still less are they lost to themselves, not annihilated, not effaced. Rather do we believe that they are purified and glorified by the change; that baptized in the deep waters of death they have emerged to a higher, brighter, keener life; that each several capacity, each several acquisition, each several grace, which drew us to them and them to us, will find their place and their function in the varied economy of Christ's heavenly kingdom. No more cramped and straitened by the environments of time, they will have free play and will fulfil their ideal. 'The Lord was my stay; He brought me forth into a large place; He delivered me, because He delighted in me.'

They have gone before, and we shall follow after. Yet a little while—how little we know not—and we too shall cross the stream. This year by God's merciful goodness we have no fresh death to record. Let us thank Him for it. But with our large and increasing numbers we cannot long expect such immunity. Whose turn shall it be next? Yours or mine? The thought shall not overcloud our rejoicing to-day. Rather shall it give strength and solemnity to that rejoicing. But we can ill afford—least of all on a great day like this—to turn a deaf ear to the warning that this life is not our true life, that here we are strangers and pilgrims, that heaven is our only

abiding home, that we are fellow-citizens with the saints.

'Fellow-citizens with the saints.' Think for a moment how much is implied in this. What a vast assemblage, what a glorious companionship, in which we—you and I—with all our frailties, all our shortcomings, our self-seeking, our worldliness, our distrust, our faithlessness, are bidden boldly to claim a place! All those great and heroic spirits—venerable patriarchs, righteous kings, rapt seers, holy priests, inspired psalmists—who lived and wrought and suffered in the ancient days in the hope of a better promise—men who through faith subdued kingdoms, of whom the world was not worthy! All those Apostles and Evangelists and teachers, who kindling their torches at the central fire, the glory of the Eternal Son Himself, carried the light of the Gospel into all lands, giving up everything for Christ, eager to lose their lives that by losing they might find them! All those martyrs and doctors of later ages, who handed down the sacred treasure through successive generations amidst the fire of persecution and the confusion of barbarism and the darkness of idolatry—Ignatius rejoicing to be mangled by hungry lions, and Polycarp calm and prayerful as the flesh shrivelled in the flames, and the fervid eloquence of Chrysostom, and the devout insight of Augustine; and lastly, all those whose memory is inseparably connected with this

Northern Church—Oswald and Aidan and Bede, whose light shone with unwonted lustre amidst the surrounding darkness of the ages!

And others there are too in this glorious company, whose names live in history; true saints of God, though they appear not in the calendar of any Church—men and women, from the record of whose lives succeeding generations have drawn inspiration and strength, whose holiness and purity, or whose courage and self-sacrifice, or whose gentleness and meekness, or whose truthfulness, or whose loving charities, have been a never-failing fountain of refreshment to the weary pilgrim in the thirsty wilderness of the world.

And others too there are, whose memorial has perished with them, who have left no name in history, but whose brows nevertheless God Himself has crowned with a halo of everlasting glory—poor, despised, unknown, artisans and peasants, weak women and feeble children, martyrs in the martyrdom of a daily life, saints with the saintliness of homely duty, throngs innumerable of every nation and kindred and people and tongue, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands, standing before the throne of God and serving Him night and day in His temple.

And others again there are, unknown to the world, but well known to you or to me, of our home, of our

school, of our college, of our parish; the voices which though silenced years ago still linger in our ears, the hands long crumbled into dust whose pressure still is felt, the eyes long since glazed in death but even now keen and bright for us—the mother at whose knees we lisped our infant prayer, the master to whose wise teaching we owe what is best in our moral and spiritual growth, the friend more than a brother to us whose nobleness and purity and unselfishness was the good genius of our lives—these all are there, with these we hold communion, with these we walk and talk once more, as of old.

This is the citizenship of which the text speaks, more rich, more manifold, more glorious beyond comparison than any earthly society which eye hath seen or of which ear hath heard.

Of this glorious assemblage, the meeting of our brotherhood to-day is a type however faint, a parable however dark. If it is not this, it is nothing at all. If it is not this, it fails utterly in its purpose. This smaller society is a training ground for the exercise of those graces and capacities which have their fuller development in the larger—the sense of mutual responsibility, the sense of mutual obligation, the realisation of what we have owed to one another (even the oldest to the youngest, the strongest to the weakest), the realisation therefore of what we are bound to repay to one another, the sympathy of

membership in the body each with each, in all its subtle ramifications and interdependencies. For this reason I have dwelt on the Communion of Saints, because it alone can truly interpret to us the duties of our position in this lower sphere.

And indeed we have only too much need to be reminded of our heavenly citizenship. Even in our work which is called spiritual, there is so much of mere mundane care and interest, and there must inevitably be so very much that is of the earth earthly. It is with you, as with Moses of old, when he descended from the Mountain of God. The radiance will vanish away from your countenance only too soon, as you mingle with the busy crowd below, you will need to repair ever and again to the heights, that standing there face to face with the Eternal Presence, you may gather once more in your visage the rays of the Ineffable Glory.

And the mountain of God for you is no more Sinai as of old, not the mountain which burned with fire, not the blackness and darkness and tempest, not the terrible sight which should make you exceedingly fear and quake. Nay, rather you are come to the Mount Sion, to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven.

## VI.

*The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.*

ROMANS xiv. 17.

[*S. Peter's Day*, 1889.]

THIS is, I believe, the seventh year of our Annual Commemoration. The term of my episcopate has now run through its decade. Ten years ago I came into this diocese, migrating, as it seemed to me then, into a strange land, not knowing whither I went, leaving my intellectual and spiritual kindred, abandoning old pursuits, old haunts, old associations, bidding farewell to familiar faces, but believing (as God gave me the light to read His purposes) that He had truly called me, that He had another work for me to do, that henceforward I must live and labour among strangers, and that it would be mean and cowardly in me to decline the call from any personal

shrinking or reluctance, from indolence, from misgiving, from the sense of incapacity, from the fear of an unknown future.

I may be pardoned this reference to my own personal history, speaking on this anniversary, speaking as to sons, desiring (even though I should never be permitted to speak to them again) to leave behind, as the best heritage which I can bequeath them, this assurance of God's goodness, this experience of God's faithfulness, Who rewards a thousandfold any venture of faith—however small—which is indeed a venture of faith, whatever appearance it may wear to others. Abraham's history is a parable, as well as a history—a parable written in large characters by the finger of God, a parable for you and for me, if we follow at however great a distance in the traces of Abraham's footprints. The land of exile will be found a land of promise. Though we may have left home and kindred, we shall find countless sons and daughters in the years to come. Though we have quitted the parcel of ground—highly prized as it was—which we called our own, He will give us an inheritance rich and fertile and boundless, eternal in the heavens.

And may I pursue this personal history one step further? After much consultation with friends, after much self-dissection of motives and of incapacities, after much communing with my own soul and with

God (in my poor way), I determined to accept the call, for such I believed and still believe it to have been. From that time forward I have never had a moment's hesitation or misgiving, have never felt so much as a desire to look back.

But in that long wakeful night when the decision was finally made which transferred me from Cambridge to Durham, the idea of this College first took shape in my brain. It was thus identified with the work of my episcopate in its origin. It has proved, by God's grace, a very real blessing to myself (may I say to ourselves?), and, what is far more important, to this Diocese. It rests with you now that henceforward the promise of the future shall outstrip the achievements of the past.

The idea was not long delayed in the execution. From the commencement of the October Term after my arrival in the diocese the College dates its birth. Like much greater institutions, its growth has been only the healthier, because it arose from small beginnings. It is a great happiness to note that in to-day's meeting we miss none of those who were present at its first inauguration. The two chaplains, who taught the first students, are still working in the diocese and are with us to-day. The three students, who formed the nucleus of the future College, are likewise with us; they too occupy busy spheres of labour in the

diocese. For two or three years our numbers were so few, that a periodical gathering did not enter into our thoughts. At length on S. Peter's Day 1883 our first Commemoration took place. From that day forward we have held these joyful gatherings annually. The number on our lists mounts up to eighty-two. Of these God has taken three to Himself; no less than sixty still have charges in the diocese or are students preparing for ordination. Of the remaining twenty, one is on the high seas, and another in India; the rest are working in divers spheres in other parts of England.

But it seemed only too probable a few months past, that we had met together for the last time; that never again we should be permitted to hold our joyful Annual Commemoration; that this holy brotherhood would be speedily broken up, as others holier still—more noble, more beneficent, more divine—had been dissolved before it; that having served its time and having done its work, it would pass away. God has not so willed. But, even if it had been otherwise, what then? Would it not have made a vacancy, which some higher ideal might fill? Would it not, like all our 'little systems,' have ceased to be, lest stamping and stereotyping its own narrowness, it should corrupt our little world, which it was designed to elevate, and thus have thwarted God's great law

of progress, from which no human action can exempt itself without rapid decay and speedy death.

Was it in unconscious anticipation of the crisis which was fast approaching, that two years ago, speaking of the passage from life to death and from death to life, I reminded you how narrow was the stream and how easily crossed which separates the one from the other, that I told you not to look upon death as the insurmountable barrier to communion with brother and brother, that I warned you in words which recent events have invested with a fuller meaning; 'The time is short; the hour will come, come full soon, when another shall speak from this place; the hour will come when this goodliest brotherhood shall be broken up?' Was it the irony of God's providence which often suggests to the lips of the speaker words far deeper in significance than he himself dreams, when again at our last year's Commemoration I struck the same note, taking as my theme 'the citizenship in heaven,' and desiring all to remember that 'we can ill afford—least of all on a great day like this—to turn a deaf ear to the warning that this life is not our true life, that here we are strangers and pilgrims, that heaven is our only abiding home, that we are fellow-citizens with the saints.' Yes, indeed it is most true. God has taught us this lesson since, by a sharp but merciful experience. Not in our schools

or our Universities, not at Eton or at Harrow, not at Oxford or at Cambridge, not in our parishes, not in this county or diocese of Durham, not on this seemingly solid earth which we tread, nor yet in those vague dreamy regions beyond the skies, which we vainly call heaven—is our great Metropolis. Where God is—and God may be everywhere for us—where God is, there is heaven. Verily we are citizens of no mean city.

And now again, when by God's grace we have met together once more, may we not fitly seek to make fuller acquaintance with this our permanent home under the guidance of the same Apostle? 'The kingdom of God,' says S. Paul, the kingdom of which we are citizens, 'is not meat or drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'

Here then are two crucial tests by which you and I, as citizens of the kingdom, must try our hearts and conduct. Do they satisfy these tests? Is righteousness the pole-star of our lives? Is peace the music of our hearts? If so, then the third gift of the kingdom also will be ours. Then to us, as to the simple shepherds of old, the angel's message is addressed; 'Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy'; then upon us, as true and faithful citizens, loyal to the laws and customs of the kingdom, our Sovereign will confer His crowning privilege of all—'joy in the Holy Ghost.'

But with joy comes thanksgiving. Thanksgiving is the outpouring of gladness. Thanksgiving is the consecration of the joyful heart. Thanksgiving is the gratitude of the subject towards His king.

Thanksgiving therefore we render to God with a full heart for His mercies, thanksgiving that He has brought us through so many vicissitudes, thanksgiving that He has called us from death into life, thanksgiving that we are permitted to gather together once more for this Holy Commemoration, to hold communion the elder with the younger, the far off with the near at hand, the living with the dead (yes, they are with us), to cheer our hearts and to invigorate our lives by this sense of Christian fellowship enforced and intensified by this sympathy of brotherhood.

'Joy in the Holy Ghost'; joy unfailing, joy ceaseless and unbroken. The true Christian spirit realises the Apostle's injunction to rejoice always. Yes, he makes no exception; to rejoice under all circumstances and at all times, to rejoice in tribulation, not less than in prosperity, to rejoice in mourning and in gladness, to rejoice in sickness and in health, to rejoice in life and in death, yes, to rejoice in death as well as in life.

S. Paul had not yet seen Rome when these words were written. He had planned a visit, and he hoped to carry out his design shortly. His intention was

for the time frustrated by his seizure at Jerusalem; and nearly three years elapsed before the desire of his heart was gratified.

It was not therefore with any personal knowledge of the condition of the Roman Church that he penned these words. But his information nevertheless was accurate. He had a large number of intimate friends living there, Christian friends, and in some instances at least Christian converts, who had migrated from Palestine or Syria or Asia Minor for purposes of commerce or otherwise. There were Aquila and Priscilla, the itinerant tentmakers, followers of his own craft, whom he had known at Corinth and again at Ephesus; there was the mother of Rufus, who had been a second mother to himself; there was Mary—originally a Jewess, as her name would seem to suggest—who had bestowed much labour on him and his fellow-workers. There were his kinsmen, that is, Hebrews of the Hebrews like himself, Andronicus and Junias, who had shared one of his many imprisonments and were already converts to the faith of Christ, while he himself was still a blasphemer and a persecutor of the saints. There were these, and many others, whom he mentions by name, and from whom he would receive full information of the condition of the Roman Church.

Communications between Rome and the East

were rapid and unintermittent; with Palestine more especially the intercourse was incessant. The three great festivals brought crowds of Jews resident in Rome to the Holy City. The exigencies of commerce carried others in large numbers to and fro across the Mediterranean. Thus there was a constant ebb and flow of humanity between the two places. The Apostle would not be at any loss, if he desired to communicate with the Christians in Rome.

The Church of Rome had grown up in an irregular way. Some of those Romans, Jews and proselytes, who witnessed the manifestation on that first Day of Pentecost, probably carried the earliest tidings of the Gospel there. Several years before S. Paul writes this letter, we hear of disturbances among the Jews at Rome, occasioned by the excitement of Messianic hopes—disturbances which led to their wholesale, though temporary, expulsion by Claudius, as incidentally mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. It is evident from this notice, that there was a great religious ferment among the Jews in Rome. The rival claims of the true Christ, and of false Christs, were eagerly discussed. But meanwhile no Apostle had visited the city. This is quite clear alike from what S. Paul says, and from what he leaves unsaid. The later tradition of S. Peter's early visit to Rome is thus shown to be untrue. If he ever

went there, as probably he did, it was at a later date, after S. Paul's own visit.

Thus the Church had grown up without the steadying influence of Apostolic guidance and counsel. There was much earnestness of purpose, no doubt, but there was also much narrowness of view. There was much self-devotion, but there was much contentiousness also. By one dispute more especially the peace of the Church was endangered. The burning question among the Christians in Rome at this time was the question of meats. Some converts—Jews by birth—brought into the fold of Christ the strict observance of the Mosaic prohibitions, in which they had been brought up. They were careful not to violate the distinction of animals clean and unclean, as laid down by the law. Others—educated we know not under what influences—went beyond this. They would not touch animal food at all. They were strict vegetarians. Perhaps they had conscientious objections to taking life; perhaps their abstention was a development of asceticism. Others again, Gentiles by birth and education, took the opposite extreme. They ostentatiously vaunted their indifference in these matters. They would eat anything that came in their way. It might be clean or unclean from a Jewish point of view; it might even have been offered for sacrifice on a heathen altar in an idol's

temple. They suffered no scruple to stand in their path.

But they were not content each to follow his own practice, and to leave his neighbours alone. The abstainers denounced the non-abstainers, as men of loose principles who brought dishonour on the Church. The non-abstainers despised the abstainers, as men of narrow views who were ignorant of the true Gospel of liberty. Thus there was strife and dissension, there was mutual recrimination, there was hatred and division, where there should have been union and peace and brotherly love.

It was a pitiable dispute in the Apostle's eyes. Here they were—this Christian brotherhood—a mere handful of men confronted by so many myriads of unconverted pagans. They needed all the strength which union alone can give; and yet they diminished, they dissipated, they neutralised what force they had by internal quarrels. And quarrels about what? About meats and drinks—things which perish in the using, things mean and transitory, utterly valueless in themselves.

It was a pitiable dispute. So the Apostle told them plainly. It was not, that he himself had no opinion on the point at issue. He had a very decided opinion. He saw that the old Mosaic law about things clean and unclean was only temporary; that

it had been abrogated in Christ, and that now therefore all meats were alike. He saw that in the nature of things there was no line of distinction between one kind of food and another. He pronounced that every creature of God was good. He declared that all things were pure, that nothing was unclean. He was altogether on the side of liberty.

But, while he entirely approved the principles of the one party as against the other, he had no sympathy at all with their practice. While their doctrinal position was the same as his own, their moral tone was altogether hateful to him. It is very plain throughout this passage that, though he holds neither party free from blame, yet his sternest rebukes are aimed at those who thought as he himself thought. These are they, who put a stumbling-block in their brother's way. These are they, who walk not charitably. These are they, who with their meat destroy him for whom Christ died. These are they, who are bidden finally not to please themselves, even as Christ pleased not Himself. How then is S. Paul's language to be explained?

There is something more sacred in the eyes of God than right opinions. This is conscience, the human conscience. No orthodoxy, no utility, no principle in heaven or on earth, justifies a wrong done to this. Conscience is supreme; conscience is

God's vice-gerent; conscience must be obeyed at all hazards. The principle of liberty is very sacred in S. Paul's eyes. The indifference of days, of meats, of all ceremonial observances in themselves, except as means to an end, is a leading principle of his teaching. What language can be more strong than his condemnation of his converts, when he saw a danger of their falling away from the truth? 'Senseless Galatians, who hath bewitched you?' 'How turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements, whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage?' 'Christ is become of no effect in you. Ye are fallen from grace.' It was a sorcery, it was a desertion, it was a slavery, it was a stultification of Christ's sacrifice—this abandonment of the principles which he had taught them.

But here was a far higher principle at stake. Conscience, I say, was attacked, and an attack on the conscience was an act of high treason. Conscience is king of the moral nature, and loyalty to conscience is the first and last duty of all our faculties. These men who abstained on principle from unclean meats, who abstained on principle from animal food of any kind, might be weak, might be narrow-minded, might be wrong in a matter of real importance. But what then? Would you put pressure on them? Would you laugh them out of their earnest convic-

tions? Would you flaunt your own liberty, your own license, in their faces, thus shocking their prejudices, as you heartlessly say? Nay! you little know what a great, what an irreparable wrong you are doing to them. They are weak, and you—you are strong? Then be chivalrous; then respect their scruples; then deal tenderly with them. Better, a thousand times better, that they should do the wrong thing, believing it to be right, than that they should do the right thing, believing it to be wrong. Do the right thing; nay, for them it is not right. 'He that doubteth is condemned, if he eat; because he eateth not of faith'—not of conviction—'for whatsoever is not of faith is sin.' Therefore before all things bear the infirmities of the weak. Beware of wounding them in the vital part of their moral nature. 'If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.' And thou thyself—thou boastest that thou art strong. Look well to *thyself*. Is this really principle, or is it self-will? Is it display? Is it mere worldliness? 'Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that which he alloweth.' 'Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?' Think of the time when thou too with him wilt stand before the tribunal of the Great Master—thou, stripped of all this pretence of principle, of all this arrogance of self-assertion—

thy heart laid open and naked before the piercing eye of the Great Searcher.

For how mean, how contemptible, after all, is the matter of dispute; how unworthy of your calling, of your faith, of your destiny, as Christians! What a nice appreciation does this strife betray! 'The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'

It is not a little startling in such a connexion to find any mention of the kingdom of God. We should have expected some very different expression—'the right principle of conduct', or 'the true rule of life', or 'the proper bond of brotherhood', or 'the teaching of the Gospel', or 'the Church of Christ.' Any of these phrases would have appeared more natural. But 'the kingdom of God' seems not a little out of place. It only seems so, because we do not realise, as the Apostle realised, that the dispensation of the Gospel, the Church of Christ, is itself the very kingdom of God. Notwithstanding the warning which stands recorded, we persist in thinking that the kingdom of God cometh by observation, that it must be a kingdom of pomp and circumstance, that therefore it is something very remote and distant from anything we see about us. But S. Paul viewed it quite otherwise. This little society of men and women; this motley group of Jews, Greeks, Syrians, immigrants

from all parts of the world; mostly gathered together from the middle and lower classes of society, artisans and small shopkeepers, where they were not slaves; poor, ill-educated, struggling for a livelihood; despised, where they were not ignored, by mighty Rome in the heart of which they lived; this little society, with its trials and its sufferings and its dissensions, *is* the kingdom of God, *is* the kingdom of heaven. The Gospel message cannot mean less than this. It tells us that God has come down from heaven, that He has pitched His tabernacle in the flesh, has made His abode among men. And so henceforth His kingdom is in the midst of you, is within you. Here He holds His court; here He keeps state. Hence His glory radiates, invisible to the mere eye of flesh, but transcendently bright to the spiritual organs of faith. And just in proportion as we realise this fact, just in proportion as we recognise the kingdom as a present kingdom, just in proportion as we see our Sovereign in the midst of us, will the glory stream in upon us, in our parish, in our schools, in our studies, in our homes, cheering our hearts and enlightening our path. The sunlight of the Eternal Presence will pierce and scatter the fogs and smoke of this beclouded world, and above the ceaseless din of traffic will be heard the angel voices of the Seraphim singing 'thrice holy' to the Lord of Hosts.

But it is clear that the kingdom of heaven cannot have anything in common with meats and drinks. There is such manifest incongruity between the two, that the Apostle does not even think it necessary to discuss the question. He states the fact, and he leaves it. These paltry squabbles about eating and drinking—what have they in common with the glory of the Eternal Presence, with the light of the heavenly kingdom? And yet by these dissension is sown among the brotherhood. And yet by these the sacred Name is blasphemed among the heathen. And yet by these the seamless coat of Christ is rent in pieces.

It might have been thought, that the Apostle's condemnation would have closed for ever such dissensions in the Church of Christ. It is so plain in its bearing. It is so lofty in its tone. It is altogether so commanding in its appeal to the Christian conscience. And yet—strange to say—the history of the Church is one continuous record of disputes on trivial matters, whereby the unity of the body has been imperilled, even where an actual severance has not taken place. The greatest and most fatal schism which the world has ever seen—the separation between the East and the West—is a notable instance. It almost surpasses belief that among the questions of difference fiercely discussed were the tonsure of the beard and the permission of milk and

cheese as a Lenten diet. It was a miserable spectacle. I do not say that these were the only or the chief matters of dispute, but they helped to widen the rift and to prevent the wound from healing. Of later manifestations of the same spirit I forbear to speak. The history recorded in the windows of this Chapel is perhaps the noblest page in the records of the Christian Church since the Apostolic times. Mingled with our thanksgiving to-day must be the thought that God has bestowed upon us—on you and on me—this priceless inheritance. Where else could we learn such lessons of simplicity, of self-devotion and self-forgetfulness, of missionary zeal, of love for Christ? Yet, as if to throw out all this Christian heroism into stronger relief, there is a very dark background of human folly. Where else could we find a sadder warning than in this same history against the trivialities of the human heart? No, the kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink—neither is it the regulation of a calendar, nor the form of a tonsure. It was a miserable squabble which marred the beauty of the picture, a spectacle over which angels well might weep.

Indeed the kingdom of God is not of trifling details, but of eternal principles. The kingdom of God is not of external observances, but of moral and spiritual conditions. The kingdom of God is before all things *righteousness*. This is implied also in our

Lord's own words, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness.' Righteousness is a term of comprehensive scope. It comprises honesty, truthfulness, sincerity—all the elements which combine to form uprightness and frankness and nobility of character. Righteousness is straightforward in intellectual matters, as well as in practical. Righteousness respects the feelings, the affections, the characters of others, as well as their property. Righteousness therefore is temperate, is pure, is chivalrous. Righteousness pays deference to enemies as well as to friends. It is scrupulously careful not to misrepresent, not to depreciate, not to wrong in any way an antagonist—whether a personal or a religious antagonist. Righteousness abhors the maxim that the end justifies the means.

This then is one characteristic of the kingdom of heaven; and another is *peace*. The King Himself is announced as the Prince of Peace. Peace also is the special message of the Epiphany Season. Peace is the true complement of righteousness. Its work begins, where the work of righteousness ends. The Apostle elsewhere assigns a special function to peace, in the regulation of our conduct. In our English Bibles his words are rendered somewhat loosely, 'Let the peace of God rule in your hearts.' But his own language is much more expressive, 'Let

the peace of God be umpire in your hearts.' Wherever there is any hesitation about lines of action, peace must step in and decide. Not self-assertion, not consistency, not stickling for rights, not punctiliousness about details, but *peace* must carry the day. Thus peace covers all the ground, which righteousness leaves unoccupied. The two go hand in hand. Righteousness—not minute external observance; and peace—not contention about trifling details; these are the kingdom of heaven.

Here then are two crucial tests, by which you and I, as citizens of the kingdom, must try our own conduct. Does it satisfy these tests? Then the third characteristic of the kingdom will be ours. Is righteousness the pole-star of our lives? Is peace the music of our hearts? If so, then to you, as to the shepherds of old, the message of the Epiphany is addressed, 'Behold I bring you good tidings of great *joy*.' If so, then to you, as true and faithful citizens, loyal to the laws and customs of the kingdom, your sovereign will confer His crowning privilege, 'joy in the Holy Ghost.' Not joy as men count joy, no earthly passion and no transitory excitement; but the abiding inward satisfaction of a conscious harmony with the will of God, the gladness of the ransomed of the Lord returning to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.

## B. CUDDESDON ADDRESSES.

### I.

*For we are fellow-workers with God.*

Θεοῦ γάρ ἐσμεν συνεργοί.

1 Cor. iii. 9.

In most countries, more especially in an earlier stage of society, the typical form of labour is agriculture. The tillage of the soil occupies the vast majority of those who work for their own bread. It is at this stage that the language is substantially fixed. Words contract a significance which clings to them long after the condition of things to which they owe it has passed away. So it is with the word before us. From the days of Hesiod onward 'works' got to signify works of tillage, of husbandry. The workman (ἐργάτης) was the man who tilled the ground, the agricultural labourer as we should say. Doubtless

something of this sense clings to *συνεργοί* here. The metaphor is a continuation of the planting and the watering in the preceding verses. It is still further carried out in the *γεώργιον*, the cultivated field, of the verse which follows. We—the duly ordained and duly accredited teachers—are fellow-husbandmen, fellow-tillers, in God's field, in God's garden.

But the text says more than this. Interpreted naturally, it speaks of us as fellow-tillers, fellow-labourers, with God.

Startled by the boldness of the expression, as if it verged on profanity, interpreters have been found to give it a different meaning, 'fellow-labourers under God, fellow-labourers in God's field.' This does not seem to be justified by the language; nor can we afford to sacrifice the lesson which is thus lost to us. In another passage—in the First Epistle to the Thessalonians—the Apostle according to a probable reading designates Timothy 'a fellow-worker with God.' In this second passage however the variations forbid us to speak with any certainty; though scribes would naturally be anxious to tone down a reading which seemed to place man on a level with God. In a third passage—in the Third Epistle of S. John—the disciples are invited to be not fellow-workers for, but fellow-workers with the Truth, in a somewhat similar way.

I desire to say to you this evening a very few words by way of preface to the addresses, which I am privileged to give you on the two following days; and I have chosen the text as the fittest vehicle for my purpose. It will serve at once to introduce myself to you, and to introduce you to the subject.

It is not without much fear and trembling that I undertake this task, from which I have a natural shrinking. When I ask myself what qualifications I have for such a work, I can only find one poor answer to this questioning of self. I have at least had experience, long experience, of the life which you live, and of the work in which you are engaged. I spent considerably more than half, the best half, of my life at a great University. I passed through all the stages of an Academic career. As an undergraduate and student, as a private tutor, as a fellow and lecturer and tutor in a large College, lastly as a Professor, I have had personal acquaintance with the privileges, the dangers, the opportunities, the impediments, the spiritual advantages and the spiritual hindrances of a University life. This is my claim to address you. I shall speak to you as one of yourselves. 'We are fellow-workers'—you and I. Not 'we were', but 'we are', for may I not assert a present companionship with you? After so many years' residence at a University the mind, the temper,

the thoughts, the sympathies, the failings, of an Academic life will cling to a man more or less to the end.

So then, when I speak to you, I speak to myself. If I seem to warn or to rebuke you, it is not so much you, as myself, to whom the warning or the rebuke is addressed. If I am thought to dwell with too great emphasis on obvious facts or common-place lessons, it is just because I know that these plain truths are what I need for my own guidance. In all things I shall talk freely, as talking to and against myself.

But I am laying myself open to one criticism. What claim, it will be said and said fairly, what claim have you to this position which you are assuming? You are holding out to us a lofty ideal of Academic life. Did you realise it—nay, did you approach at all near to the realisation of it—in your own person? I would gladly forestall that criticism.

And how can I better make my apology before you than by adopting the words of a true saint of God—one who had less, far less need of this line of defence, than I am conscious of having?

Thus writes Leighton to the Clergy of his Synod at Dunblane:—

'Is it not, brethren, an unspeakable advantage,

beyond all the gainful and honourable employments of the world, that the whole work of our particular calling is a kind of living in heaven, and, besides its tendency to the saving of the souls of others, is all along so proper and adapted to the purifying and saving of our own?

'But you will possibly say, What does he himself that speaks these things to us? Alas, I am ashamed to tell you. All I dare say is this; I think I see the beauty of holiness, and am enamoured of it, though I attain it not; and howsoever little I attain, would rather live and die in the pursuit of it, than in the pursuit, yea, in the possession and enjoyment, though unpurified, of all the advantages that this world affords. And I trust, dear brethren, you are of the same opinion, and have the same desire and design, and follow it both more diligently and with better success.'

'Alas', brothers, 'I am ashamed to tell you.' And it is just the hope that this shame and humiliation, as I look back on the splendid opportunities of an Academic teacher, and reflect on the poor use which I myself made of them, may give some force and edge to words which would otherwise be powerless—it is just this hope which gives me courage to address you. Do not press the question home. 'Alas, I am ashamed to tell you.'

But while my shame is necessarily far deeper than Leighton's, my desire is not less strong than his desire that you may be more successful than we have been, that you and your generation may increase, while I and mine decrease; that you may cultivate larger and finer sympathies, intellectual, moral and spiritual; may be more energetic, more devoted, more helpful, more Christlike than we were, and that God may be more glorified in you than He was in us.

But the text will serve not only to introduce us one to another, but likewise to introduce to us the subject which will largely occupy our thoughts during the next two days—the magnitude and the dignity and the responsibility of the task which lies before us. Θεοῦ ἐσμεν συνεργοί, 'we are fellow-workers with God'; not fellow-workers under God, or fellow-workers for God, but fellow-workers with God. He and we are engaged in the same task, the same tillage. He and we are working (do we not tremble to say it?), are working side by side.

Is there something startling in this language? Does it cost us a shudder to repeat it? Is there not a touch of blasphemy in the familiarity which underlies it? Nay, not so. The Incarnation interprets and justifies such a mode of speech. The Incarnation removes God very far from us, while at the same

time it brings Him very near to us. It realises for us at once the infinite distance, and the infinitesimal proximity, between God and the servant of God. It tells us on the one hand that He dwelleth 'in the light unapproachable, Whom no man hath seen nor can see'; and it assures us on the other, 'I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and I will be their God.' It was said of Socrates that he brought philosophy down from the skies. But is it not most true of the Incarnate Word that He brought down God from the heaven of heavens, and domiciled Him in our earthly homes, and enshrined Him in our wayward human hearts? Other gods are not as our God. They are altogether distant, invisible, unthinkable, unknowable, like the god of the Theist and the god of the Agnostic; or they are altogether like ourselves —magnified men indeed, but men still with our passions, our frailties, our limitations—like the gods of the polytheist, like the gods of the savage. Our God is unapproachable; and yet He is near us, He is with us, He is in us.

This paradox of the Incarnation pervades all our relations with God. It explains, while it justifies, the expression in the text. It warns us that the awe and the reverence is not abated, but rather enhanced, by the familiarity; that He is our absolute and supreme Lord, while yet He consents to be our friend and our

companion; that we work under Him, while yet we work with Him.

'Fellow-workers with God.' Is it not so? For it is your special task to promote the spread and to enlarge the bounds of knowledge. And what is progress in knowledge but the larger acquaintance with the laws of God, the purposes of God, the mind of God? What is all science and all history—the phenomena of nature, the structure of language, the laws of human society and of the individual mind—what are all these but the impress of the Divine Logos stamped upon His creation?

'Fellow-workers with God.' For what work can we conceive as more directly God's work than the instructing, guiding, moulding of youth—youth with all its magnificent potentialities and its brilliant hopes—the piloting of the human soul and the human intellect through the most perilous, most stormy, most fateful passages of earthly life?

'Fellow-workers with God' before all things. For the University is the very seed-plot of the future preachers of the Word, the stewards of Christ's mysteries. Hence will be drawn the flower and the chivalry of the Clergy. I had almost said that the making of the Church of England in the generation to come is in your hands, but I dare not so disparage the power and the goodness of God. His grace may

counteract our neglect. His perfection may supply our inadequacy. His wisdom is powerful to redeem our folly. Yet humanly speaking, the destiny of the Church will be decided by the character of the clergy; and the character of the clergy will be determined by the character of its leaders.

What then are the chief thoughts which the expression will suggest—'fellow-workers with God'?

First of all. There is the awe and dignity of your position. Must you not work with fear and trembling, when you remember that God is working with you? Must you not reverence your very selves, whom God has thus associated with Himself in this highest of all callings? It is no longer possible for you to magnify your office too highly. Human language cannot exaggerate the honour or the compass or the importance or the responsibility of the task assigned to you.

This thought is crushing. This thought overwhelms and paralyses. This thought leaves you awe-stricken and helpless. But—God be thanked—the lesson does not end here. It is, secondly, an assurance of help. If God is doing this work, and not I only, then there is God's strength, God's skill, God's knowledge, employed upon it. I am no longer discouraged and enfeebled by the sense of my own incapacity, my own ignorance and inexperience, my own faint heart

and feeble hand. There is beside me an inexhaustible fountain of ability, from which I can draw. God's strength is made perfect in weakness. Yes, I will forget myself in God. I am no longer dismayed by the difficulty of the task. I can look now with unblenching eye on the glory which comforts me. This very glory is strength, is assurance, is vigour, is renewed and ever-renewing energy and life to me.

But thirdly and lastly. It is something more than the assurance of strength to me; it is the pledge of victory. Who will not labour diligently and unrepiningly, if he knows that success must attend his efforts? Who will not fight bravely, if he is assured that the battle well fought will be crowned with triumph?

You are God's fellow-workers. This is God's work. Therefore it must be triumphant. There is no place for misgiving or despondency. No sense of personal frailty, no calculation of opposing odds, no menaces of approaching evil, no symptoms of immediate failure, none of these can appal us. God's work is eternal. Nothing—no, not the gates of hell—can prevail against it. There may be temporary defeats, partial fallings back. Men may come and men may go. But what then? 'All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth,

and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever.'

So then lie down to-night in peace and rise up to-morrow morning with joy, in the strength of this one thought—Θεοῦ ἐσμεν συνεργοί, Θεοῦ συνεργοί.

## II.

*Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord.*

Ἔξελθε ἀπ' ἐμοῦ, ὅτι ἀνὴρ ἁμαρτωλός εἰμι, Κύριε.

S. Luke v. 8.

*Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.*

Κύριε, πρὸς τίνα ἀπελευσόμεθα; ῥήματα ζωῆς αἰωνίου ἔχεις.

S. John vi. 68.

The reason why I have placed these two sayings side by side will have been already apparent. The speaker is the same; the person addressed is the same; even the scene seems to be laid in the same place, or at least in the same neighbourhood. And yet the one utterance is the direct negation of the other. In the one the speaker implores a separation; in the other he deprecates a severance. In the one

the presence of his Master is painful, is intolerable to him; in the other it is joy and hope and life.

Whence comes this paradox? Must we seek a solution in the change which in the meanwhile had passed over the character of the speaker? This will explain the contrast in part, but it is clearly not the whole account of the matter. Doubtless the Apostle had risen during this interval to a higher conception of his relations to Jesus. Doubtless fear had in some measure given place to hope. But the paradox of S. Peter's language is a paradox inherent in the religious life. This contrast of repulsion and attraction is the true attitude of the devout spirit towards God. Side by side they have their place in the heart—deadly foes in appearance, but in reality stedfast friends and sworn allies. There is the awe which repels, and there is the love which attracts. There is the sense of sin, which deprecates God's nearness, and there is the craving for support, which yearns for His presence. We thrust Him away, and yet we run after Him, we cleave to Him. The same hand, which has inflicted the wound, also heals the wound. The moral convulsion bridges over the yawning gulf, which itself has created.

In the first of these two incidents we have an account of S. Peter's call. A stupendous miracle strikes amazement into the simple fisherman's heart;

the confession of unworthiness, of sin, is wrung from the lips of the awe-stricken man; the reassurance and the charge follow immediately on the confession, 'Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men.'

But in S. John's Gospel we are confronted with a wholly different story of the Apostle's call. His brother Andrew is a scholar of the Baptist. The Baptist points out Jesus to Andrew and another disciple. They follow Jesus; they are accosted by Him; they lodge that day with Him; they leave Him convinced that He is the Christ. Andrew then takes his brother Simon to Jesus. Jesus receives him. The divergent accounts are not contradictory, but supplementary the one to the other. As we read S. Luke's narrative, it becomes apparent that this cannot have been the first meeting of Simon Peter with our Lord. I put out of sight the healing of his wife's mother, because, though this is related in an earlier chapter by S. Luke, it might be urged that the events are not recorded in chronological order. But, looking at this incident in itself, what does it reveal as regards the relations of the Apostle to our Lord? These fishermen have been toiling throughout the night. Their labour has been wholly unrewarded, though the night was the proper season for plying their craft. And now—in the bright glare of the morning sun—now, when, after the ill-success of the

night, it would be perfect madness to expect a haul, now they are suddenly, imperiously bidden to put out again into the deep and throw in their nets. And the command is obeyed. There is the lurking misgiving; there is the tacit remonstrance; but there is the prompt compliance notwithstanding. 'Master, we have toiled all the night....nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net.' 'At Thy word.' Who is this, that His most unreasonable demand is met with such ready acquiescence? This can have been no mere passing stranger, no mere casual acquaintance. How would His advice have been entertained for a moment, when he told an experienced fisherman to do what fishermen knew to be utterly foolish and futile? S. Peter would never have acted as we find him acting, if he had not known, or at least suspected, that there was a more than human power and intelligence in Jesus. Thus the narrative of S. Luke presupposes the narrative of S. John. Jesus speaks to Peter now, as one who had a right to command. The incident in S. John gives the personal call of S. Peter; the incident in S. Luke gives his official call. On the one occasion he is accepted as a disciple and a follower; on the other he is declared an Apostle and a teacher, 'From henceforth thou shalt catch men.'

It was not however for the discussion of its

historical aspects, but for the consideration of its religious lessons, that I asked your attention to this incident. All history teaches by examples; and the scriptural narrative is the intensification of history.

And have we not here a parable of the most intense pathos and the widest application? 'Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing.' What is this, but a true, painfully true, image of the efforts, the struggles, the futilities, the despairs, of humanity? Do we seek illustrations among the great ones who have trodden this earth? History teems with examples enforcing this theme. We have only to look to times very near our own for such examples. What was the last end of the two great men, who at the commencement of this century between them swayed the destinies of Europe, the destinies of the civilised world? The prime minister of England held a position such as no ruler among us before or after has held, since England had a constitutional government. He had scarcely emerged from boyhood, when he took the helm of state in his hands. He had a tenure of office almost unparalleled in our constitutional history. He had enjoyed the confidence of the country to a degree never equalled by any other minister. He had steered the ship of state through revolutionary storms more violent than had been witnessed for centuries. He was the life

and soul of the coalition against the foreign tyrant. His hand was felt in every court and in every city of Europe. He formed leagues, enrolled armies, lavished treasure, with this one object of thwarting the common foe. I do not say that this great minister rested his hope in this life only. But, if it had been so, then must he have been reckoned of all men the most miserable. For what was the end of his earthly career? The defeat of Austerlitz came. His schemes were scattered to the winds; and he was prostrated by the blow. The sad Austerlitz look settled on his face, and never left it, till his eye was glazed in death. Truly to him it must have seemed that he had toiled all the night and taken nothing. And the victor of Austerlitz? Was he more fortunate in his end? Nay, there is no irony of human destiny more keen than the fate of the conqueror of Europe, the man who had made and unmade kings at pleasure, who had bowed the nations to his yoke, at whose very name little children in their nurseries would shudder, fretting and chafing in his island cage, draining the dregs of a helpless, hopeless existence in the mid-ocean, far away from the scenes of his triumphs. And yet the deserted hopes of a Pitt, and the disappointed ambition of a Napoleon, are only yours and mine writ large.

Thus not only in isolated cases here and there is

this parable enforced; thousands and tens of thousands of men and women are born into this world and live and labour and suffer and die, without securing any substantial and enduring good, simply because they have lived apart from God—from God, Who alone survives the decay of time, and alone can give satisfaction to the yearnings of an immortal spirit. It is the rule, not the exception, in human life. 'We have toiled all the night.' Yes, we see it now—now when the morning light of eternity has burst upon our aching eyes. 'We have toiled all the night.' There was darkness above and around us; there was toil of hand and toil of heart; there was the struggle for subsistence; there was the race after wealth and fame and honour; there was the eager pursuit of phantom good; we had our pleasures and our pains, we had our failures and successes—yes, our splendid successes, as men counted them, as we half persuaded ourselves into counting them then—but we have *taken* nothing. Our successes are as our failures; our pains are as our pleasures now—engulfed alike in the all-absorbing abyss of time. We have taken nothing, absolutely nothing—nothing which can escape the jaws of the grave, nothing which will pass the portals of death. We stand alone, stripped of everything—alone with God, alone with eternity.

This man has pursued wealth, it may be, and pursued it not in vain. He determined that his career should be a success, and a success he made it. He has surrounded himself with every material comfort; he has added to these substantial appliances all the embellishments and all the refinements of life. What then? Have they given him the satisfaction he hoped for? Could he feel that there was any finality in such aims and acquisitions as these? No, the hope was better than the fulfilment; the prospect was brighter than the attainment. There was a hunger of soul, though he would not confess it—a hunger of soul, which rejected these husks. And now, where are they, and what are they?

This other again has pursued honour and fame. And men have lavishly bestowed upon him that which he eagerly sought, till he seemed to have all, and more than all, that he had set his heart upon. But still there was no contentment, because there was no finality. Each fresh draught of applause created a fresh thirst. Every imagined slight, every unintentional neglect, every trivial rebuff, was a keen agony to him. He had only increased his sensitiveness; he had not secured his satisfaction.

And again another has set his heart on human love—God's greatest boon, if we use it without misusing it, if we subordinate it to His divine love. His

human affections, his human friendships, were everything to this man. In the buoyant hopefulness of youth, in the stolid security of middle age, it seemed as if these must last for ever. But soon enough the painful truth dawns upon him. The march of life begins to tell on his comrades in the journey, on his friends or his kindred. One drops at his side, and then another. The ranks are visibly thinning, and there is no one to step in and take their vacant places. First the mother at whose knees he had lisped his earliest faltering prayer; then the friend who shared all his counsels, who had been more than a brother to him; then the wife whom he had cherished as another self; then the daughter whose sweet childish talk had been the solace of many a weary hour. So one by one they fall away, and he is left gradually more and more alone. They leave him then, when he needs them most. And at length, in the vacancy of his solitude, he makes the bitter discovery, that though he has toiled all night, he has taken nothing.

And the change, the conversion comes, sometimes, it may be, almost despite ourselves, but comes most often in answer to an act of stern obedience on our part. We may complain, we may demur, we may distrust, 'we have toiled all night, and have taken nothing;' but we recognise the authority of the Divine voice, and we force ourselves into compliance.

The command is general; it is given to all alike, 'Let down your nets;' but, like Peter, we specialise it, we adopt it, we appropriate it to ourselves; 'I will let down the net.' And so we do what seems hard and unreasonable; we do what we have never done before.

And the response to this obedience is a light flashed in upon the soul, a double revelation—a revelation of mixed pleasure and pain; for it is a revelation at once of sin within, and God without. The marvellous bounty of God's grace dazzles and astounds our vision: and in our perplexity of heart, the despairing, craving, forbidding, yearning cry is wrung from our lips, 'Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man.'

'Depart from me, O Lord.' I know it all now. I see my sin, because I see Thy goodness. Yes, I have beheld Thy holiness, Thy purity, Thy truth, Thy grace, Thy power, Thy love; and I have been stunned with the contrast to self. The brightness of the light has deepened the blackness of the shade.

'Depart from me, O Lord.' What can I have in common with Thee! I so selfish, so vile, so sin-laden, with Thee so merciful, so righteous, so holy, so pure! In very deed Thy ways are not as my ways, and Thy thoughts are not as my thoughts!

'Depart from me, O Lord.' This fear of the

Lord is indeed the beginning of wisdom. This consciousness of sin is the straight pathway to heaven. The saintliest of men have ever spoken and felt most strongly of their own sinfulness. The intensity of their language has provoked the sneers of the worldling. Has he not evidence here, on their own confession, that, despite all their pretensions to holiness, they are no better than he? But they know, and he does not know, what sin means, for they know what God means. And therefore the despairing cry is wrung from their agony, 'Depart from me, O Lord.'

'Depart from me;' and yet not so, O Lord. Even while Peter is speaking, his gestures belie his words. His lips implore Jesus despairingly to depart, but his eyes and his hands entreat Him to stay. Not so, Lord: for how can I endure to part from Thee? In Thy presence only is comfort, is strength, is hope, is light, is life.

'Depart from me?' Nay; it is for the godless to say, 'Depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of God.' It is for the unclean spirits to rave against Thee, 'Let us alone, Thou Jesus of Nazareth, what have we to do with Thee?' But I, I have everything to do with Thee. I am created in the image of God. I have a ray of the Divine Light, a seed of the Divine Word, within me. And like seeks like. Therefore I

yearn after Thee; therefore I am drawn towards Thee; therefore I stretch out my hands to Thee over this wide chasm of sin which yawns between us. 'Lord, to whom else shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'

And so we pass from the one utterance to the other. The one scene melts into the other. The Master is the same; the scholar is the same. But the circumstances are changed. The clouds are gathering about the Master's life. The storm of persecution is gaining strength. Enemies are multiplying; disciples are falling off. The test question is put to the twelve, 'Will ye also go away?' Now as then, Peter comes forward eagerly, the spokesman of the rest. Is there not something strangely perverse, strangely incongruous, in the relation of the Apostle's words to the circumstances of the moment? Then there was a signal manifestation of power, a lavish display of beneficence; then the future was bright with the brilliancy of unclouded hope. Yet he could not brook the presence of Jesus; he would drive Him away; 'Depart from me.' Now there are angry looks and muttered threats; there is desertion of friends, and there is plotting of foes; the sun which arose in glory is fast setting in gloom. And now he cannot bear the thought of a severance; now he clings to Him, as the mainstay of his hopes. 'Lord,

why ask this question of us? Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'

'To whom shall we go?' Shall we cast in our lot with the worldling? Shall we smother our fears, our misgivings, our aspirations, our hopes, in the amusements, the interests, the pleasures of this lower world, and thus by a determined effort quench the divine light which is in us? Nay, we cannot do this. We cannot forget the home from which we came. Ever and again, the memory of the Father Whom we left intrudes itself upon us. We began our career of self-will in riotous living; and we have ended it in famine and destitution. These husks may be good enough for the swine that perish; but to us, the children of our Father, to us the heirs of heaven, they are vile, they are loathsome, they are sickening.

'To whom shall we go?' Shall we seek counsel of the secularist? Shall we be content to bound our hopes and fears by the limitations of time and space? Will it suffice us to extend our scientific knowledge, to perfect our machinery, to improve our police regulations, to study our sanitary conditions, shutting our eyes meanwhile to the immensity which lies above and around us? Nay, our eternal spirit would lash itself into agony against the bars of this narrow cage. 'Our immortality broods' over us 'like the day,' 'a presence which is not to be put by.'

'To whom shall we go?' Shall we close with the teaching of the philosophical deist? What will he give us in return for our confidence? A cold abstraction, a far-off something, a personified tendency, a hard law, a rigid and lifeless thing like the marble statues which men worshipped of old, more imposing indeed but less beautiful, a being unknown and unknowable, whom we cannot approach, cannot realise, cannot pray to, cannot love. What consolation is there here in our sorrow? What strength is there here in our temptation? What purification is there here in our sin? Nay, Lord, Thou hast brought us into the presence of a holy loving Father. By Thine Incarnation and Thy Passion Thou hast taught us the lesson of the Father's boundless love. By Thy faultless, peerless life—most human, most divine—Thou hast set before us an ideal of perfect loveliness, which we cannot but admire, cannot but strive (in our feeble way) to imitate. To whom else should we go? Thou, Thou only, hast the words of eternal life.

'To whom shall *we* go,' we whom Thou hast called to the Pastoral Charge, we on whose shoulders Thou hast laid this heavy burden? To whom shall we go for counsel, for guidance, for help, for strength, as we stagger under the weight of this responsibility?

Can we for a moment doubt about the answer to this question—we who have gone about in Christ's

company, we who have heard Christ's words, we who have witnessed Christ's miracles? Though our ears have been dull and our eyes dim, though we have been utterly unworthy of such companionship, yet for us only one answer is possible. Thou, Thou hast the words of eternal life—the words which alone will purify, will strengthen, will sustain us and carry us through our work.

Yet the old antithesis starts up once more. If Christ is so very near to our hearts, yet He is so very far from our lives. There is a negative, as well as a positive, pole to the magnet. How can we confront His infinite righteousness, His absolute holiness with our frail hearts, our halting resolves, our work which has been so faultily, shamefully done, our lives which have been such a miserable failure?

'Depart from me?' Nay, rather grant, Lord, that no coldness of mine, no selfishness, no neglect of prayer, no disregard of Thy warnings, no indifference to Thy appointed means of grace, no deference to worldly opinion, no absorption of worldly cares, no carelessness in my daily task, no faithless despondency, may draw the veil, and hide Thy presence, and sever me from Thee.

'Depart from me?' Nay, not so; but abide with me. Absolve me, teach me, purify me, strengthen me: take me to Thyself, that I may be Thine and

Thine only. Abide with me; for the day of this life is far spent, and the night cometh when no man can work. Stay with me, now and evermore, and so fulfil Thy gracious promise, 'If a man love Me, he will keep My words; and My Father will love him: and We will come unto him and make Our abode with him.'

## III.

*For their sakes I sanctify Myself.*

Ὑπὲρ αὐτῶν ἐγὼ ἁγιάζω ἐμαυτόν.

JOHN xvii. 19.

THE Gospel of S. John is the Gospel of strong and emphatic contrasts. If on the one hand it sets forth the loftiest truths of a transcendental theology, on the other it presents historical features the most exact and vivid—covert allusions to contemporary thought and contemporary history, exact notices of time and of place, inobtrusive details of incident, minute traits of individual character. It is at once the most ideal, and the most realistic, of all the Gospels. It soars aloft into the heaven of heavens, and yet its foot is planted on this solid earth in which we live and move.

And that which is true of the Gospel as a whole, is especially true of its central feature, the delineation of the Person of Christ. Here also the contrast is greater than in any of the other Gospels. The key-

note is struck at the very commencement. The Word was God: the Word was made flesh. And this twofold representation, of which we are warned in the prologue, is sustained without interruption throughout. Most Divine, most human; most human, most Divine—this is the alternative, or rather the combination (for the two aspects can hardly be said to alternate), which the narrative of Christ's words and works forces upon us at every point in its progress. It is customary to speak of the three earlier Evangelists as presenting the human aspect of our Lord's person, of S. John's in contradistinction as occupied with the Divine. Nothing can be more misleading than this statement unless qualified. The appeal which this same Apostle makes in the opening of his Epistle to the evidence of the senses, as the foundation of his doctrine, has its exact parallel in the narrative of his Gospel. The Word of life is not a mere abstraction, an idea which the religious faculty creates to satisfy the vacancy of a hungry breast: it is something which was heard, which was seen and gazed upon, which was touched, handled, fingered, if you will. He is an audible, visible, tangible, perfectly human Christ, whom S. John presents for our acceptance. Some modern theological writers seem to think that no injury will be inflicted, but rather a benefit conferred, upon Christianity if men can be

brought to reject the Christian history, while they retain the Christian ideal. Apparently they imagine that they are following out the lines traced by the fourth Evangelist, who (they seem to think) set aside the human historical Christ and substituted a Divine ideal Christ in his stead. I will not stop to enquire whether a being like man, whose ideal conceptions (however independent may be the faculty which makes them possible) do yet grow out of and take their shape from his historical experiences—whether a being so constituted can rest satisfied with a religion which lacks a historical basis, and thus entirely ignores the one element in his twofold nature. I believe that all reason and all experience would answer such a question in the negative. But for my immediate purpose it is enough to say that the fourth Evangelist affords no precedent for this treatment of Christianity. If the Divine Christ is everywhere apparent in S. John's Gospel, the human historical Christ is never for a moment forgotten or obscured.

Nay, if we wish to collect traits of His perfect manhood, it is to this Gospel, rather than to the biographies of the earlier Evangelists, that we shall have recourse. In the other Gospels Christ speaks as a man, acts as a man, suffers as a man: but in S. John the very depths of His humanity are sounded. It is here that the physical conditions of His human

body are especially emphasized; we find Him resting in the still noontide on the brink of the well, fatigued with the length of His journey; here that we read the record of a human grief finding relief in human tears; here that an eyewitness gives personal testimony to the real blood and water flowing from His human side; here lastly that, after the great and transcendent change which might have seemed to have altered all the conditions of His human body and to have transformed it into a higher, ethereal, intangible substance, the sceptical disciple is invited to thrust his finger into the prints of the nails in His palms, and to thrust his hand into the wound of the spear in His side, that he then, and we after him, might not be faithless, but believing—believing that Christ was Very Man, with our human body, our human emotions, our human capacities for enjoyment and for suffering.

And this characteristic feature of S. John's Gospel was the result of S. John's position. He lived in an age when the doctrine of Christ's Person was attacked from two opposite sides. If there were those who could not rise to the conception of His deity, there were those who would not condescend to the acceptance of His humanity. It was inconsistent with their ideas that a being so great, so holy, so divine, should demean himself by the assumption of a human

body, should defile himself by contact with matter in any form. It was necessary to enforce upon such with all the cogency which the evidence of an eyewitness could command, that Christ took not on Himself the nature of angels, but was partaker of flesh and blood, that through flesh and blood He might rescue the children whom God had given Him.

But, if S. John's Gospel is truly the Gospel of humanity, it is more especially the Gospel of Christ's friendship. While the intercourse of social life generally is hallowed by the manhood of Christ, the more intimate and social relation, which we call friendship —the preference of individual for individual, the partiality of social intercourse—finds here its most perfect expression and its highest sanction. The first miracle is wrought to promote the geniality of a friendly festive gathering; the last miracle is wrought to assuage the grief of friends mourning on the death of a friend. 'Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus.' 'Lord, behold he whom Thou lovest is sick.' 'Our friend Lazarus sleepeth.' It is amid these sorrowing friends, for this lost friend, that the tears of Jesus recorded in this Gospel are shed. To the bystanders they tell this tale plainly, 'Behold, how He loved him.' It is in this Gospel that the twelve are called by the endearing name of friends. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay

down his life for his friends. Ye are My friends.' Yet within this narrow circle a narrower still is drawn. From this small company of chosen associates one is singled out for the deeper affections and the more intimate confidences of a special friendship. Among the very disciples there is a favoured one who leans on His bosom, who puts to Him the question that others shrink from putting, who is specially designated the disciple whom Jesus loved. What wonder that he should develope into the Evangelist of love? What wonder that his narrative should take its colour from the special circumstances of his own position, and that the friendship of Jesus should occupy in it a prominent place?

'Ye are My friends.' The University is the seed-plot of friendships, and we have known all of us, in a greater or less degree, the exalting and sanctifying influence of some cherished human friendship. The association with one nobler, purer, more upright, more chivalrous, more devoted, one of larger mental capacities, of higher spiritual graces, than ourselves, and the interchange of confidences and sympathies with such a one—is not this a good gift of God, far greater, far more precious, than all earthly possessions besides? What an unfailing spring of inspiration is here! What a boundless theme of joy! What a glory of hope and thankfulness and benediction!

And yet what is all this compared with the friendship of Him, who is not only absolute purity, absolute righteousness, absolute truth, but also absolute sympathy and absolute love? The thought transcends all thinking. The glory of the promise is blinding to our mortal eyes.

But the promise is not immediate, is not unconditional. There is a preliminary stage in our relation to Christ, before we can claim this promise of His friendship. 'Ye are My friends.' 'Henceforth I call you not servants.' Yes, we must be servants first, that we may be friends afterwards. There must be the submission of obedience first, that there may be the interchange of sympathy afterwards. We must submit our wills to Christ's will, must subordinate our desires to Christ's command. Christ must be our Master, before He can become our friend. This is a spiritual law, absolute in its application. Friendship presupposes sympathy; but there can be no sympathy, where there is no congruity of character, no community of thought, of wish, of temper. So then the mind which is in Christ Jesus must be in us also. But conformity to Christ is obedience to Christ. Christ therefore must be our Master, our Ruler, our King.

But my object in putting forward these passages, which dwell on the friendship of Christ, was not so

much to emphasize the privileges which His friendship confers on us, as to enforce the example which it holds out to us.

Do we desire to know the relations which should exist between the older and the younger men, between the teachers and the taught, in our University bodies, between the clergyman and the people in his parish? Here is the answer to our question. Christ's disciples were His friends. Do we further enquire how such friendship can be truly realised? Here again is the response to our enquiry. 'I sanctify, I consecrate myself for their sakes (*ὑπὲρ αὐτῶν ἐγὼ ἁγιάζω ἐμαυτόν*).' A friendship, beginning and ending in self-consecration—this is the root of the whole matter. Of such self-consecration I desire to speak to you.

*Ἁγιάζω ἐμαυτόν.* I hallow, consecrate, dedicate myself, offer myself heart and soul, as a pure sacrificial offering on this altar of friendship.

In its highest aspect, this devotion of self for others cannot be shared by us, but is reserved for Christ alone. He, Who was the foreordained offering, the atoning sacrifice, for the sins of the whole world, did in a very peculiar sense consecrate Himself as the one absolute oblation, the one pure and spotless victim. But this, though the crowning application of the words, does not exhaust their significance.

Christ had His human relationships, His friends and companions, as we have ours. He felt towards them our human emotions. He reposed in them our human confidences. He experienced (for was He not a man of like affections with ourselves?) the consolations, the supports, the bright influences, the priceless blessings, of these companionships. And, feeling these, He felt and confessed the tremendous responsibilities which they carried with them. Thus a necessity was laid upon Him to devote, to sanctify, to consecrate Himself for those whom God had given Him.

The idea of this ἁγιασμός, this consecration, is twofold. There is first the self-surrender, self-devotion, self-extinction, corresponding to the death of the victim. But there is also another not less prominent idea. A sacrifice on God's altar must be without blemish. The Divine μωμοσκόπος (I am employing the image of two Apostolic fathers) scrutinises the victim with His piercing eye, lays bare the most secret thoughts and intents of the heart, detects the hidden faults which unfit him for a sacrificial victim. Thus not only self-surrender is needed, but self-purification likewise. This twofold idea must be realised before our consecration can be acceptable to God.

There are many gradations in the estimate which men will form of the duties imposed by friendship.

At the very lowest, it will be felt, that like deserves like; that, where kindly offices have been rendered, kindly offices are due in turn; for it is not only ingratitude, it is injustice, to take all that one can, and to give back nothing in requital. The very meanest standard requires that a man should perform friendly services, that he should put himself to some inconvenience for this purpose, that he should be prepared to stand by his friend, as his friend has stood by him. This is not a very high ideal of friendship. Friendship, so estimated, hardly rises above the level of a commercial transaction, a nice calculation of loss and gain. It is so much payment—payment in kind—for so much work done. This may be called the *reciprocity* of friendship.

But generous spirits will not rest satisfied with this mean conception of their obligations. Friendship to them is not merely a useful arrangement, a beneficial compact, into which two persons enter for their mutual advantage, just as they might form a partnership in trade. Friendship is an enthusiasm, which lifts them out of themselves, which raises them above themselves, which nerves them to do and to dare. So feeling it, they cannot stoop to mete out their friendly offices with a just but careful hand. It does not occur to them to ask whether they have received just so much in advance, or may expect to

receive just so much in return. They give to their power and beyond their power, give as freely as the occasion demands. To these men friendship is in some sense a divine inspiration; and, as such, it copies the lavish profusion which distinguishes the bounty of God, 'good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over.' To them it is not an arduous duty, it is a lofty enthusiasm, to deny themselves for a friend, to suffer wrong for a friend, to incur obloquy and misunderstanding for a friend. They rise far above the level of reciprocity. Theirs is the *chivalry* of friendship.

This lofty conception of friendship is not in any sense a discovery of the Gospel or even of revelation. Heathen fable, and heathen history, offer many examples of it. The love of David and Jonathan is very far from standing alone in pre-Christian times. And as it cannot claim a Christian origin, so neither does it satisfy the Christian ideal. However noble and however ennobling this chivalrous enthusiasm of friendship is in itself, it may plainly coexist with much that is very faulty and ill-regulated, and even with much that is very corrupt. It is necessary then that we should rise not only above the level of reciprocity, but also above the level of chivalry, in our friendships. We must feel what is meant by the *sanctification* of friendship.

For this chivalry of friendship, alone and unsustained by any higher principle, is liable to all the vicissitudes and corruptions of other human emotions. Like all passionate enthusiasms, it has untold capacities for good; like them, it may become in its degradation the mere instrument, and partner of evil. What are all our affections and passions, but faculties absolutely necessary to the full development of our moral being? And yet these supply their vilest incidents to the base ephemeral literature of the day; these scatter the seeds of irreparable misery and ruin in families; these stain the annals of our police courts with their darkest crimes.

And plainly it is possible to be a chivalrous friend, without being a wise and therefore a true friend. As the fondest mother is not always the best mother, so neither is the most devoted friend always the best friend. You may deny yourself for another; you may subordinate your private inclinations and feelings to his; you may hold it a privilege to do all this; you may be ready to suffer or even to die for him; and yet in all that concerns his highest interests, in all those influences that tend to elevate and purify and to inspire with a nobler and more adequate ideal of life, your friendship may be absolutely worthless: it may even leave him worse than it found him. The mere chivalry of friendship is helpless here, if

the sanctification of friendship be wanting. For such as you are in your own self, in your secret motives and principles, in your inner life, such will be the influences which you communicate to your friend, and such therefore will be the effects, which your friendship will produce on his character for good and for evil. Herein lies the very conception of friendship, that it involves a close intercommunion of hearts, not of actions only, an interchange, more or less conscious, of the confidences of the genuine self. A man's inner life, as distinguished from his outward actions, may produce very little effect on the political sphere in which he moves. A statesman may be corrupt and base at heart; and if he is only careful and prudent, his influence upon his generation may be on the whole beneficial, because it is exerted almost solely through measures taking a definite external form. But in the more intimate relations of life such a result is impossible. If you would be a true friend to your friend, if it is your ambition that you should leave him wiser, purer, more manly, more upright, more self-denying, more gentle, more reverent, and not only more successful, more brilliant, more popular, than you found him (and what other ambition can compare with this?), then you can only gain your end by cultivating wisdom, purity, manliness, uprightness, gentleness, reverence, in your own heart. In

short you must do that for him, which perhaps you would not do for yourself; you must sanctify yourself for his sake.

Do you ask, who are these friends for whom you are required thus to consecrate yourselves? I answer that the range of your friendship will be coextensive, or almost coextensive, with the range of your educational or your pastoral relationships. Christ's friendship is the type and example of your friendship. As those were His friends who gathered about Him, who hung on His lips, who went forth with His commission, so those are especially your friends who look to you for instruction and guidance in their work. To these you owe this self-consecration; for these are they whom God has given you.

And what motive more potent, more imperious, more effective, to influence and mould our whole lives than this! The human interests and affections consecrated by the Divine obligation, the Divine impulse interpreted and intensified through the human sympathies and associations, the two combined making one rich harmony of the whole man—body and spirit, intellect and affections—rising and swelling in one full glorious song of praise and thanksgiving to the Almighty Giver of all!

But these thoughts are truisms—truisms, if not to men generally, at least to those who have serious

thoughts of God and duty, presumably to all those who have met here to-day. Yes, truisms they are; but is not a man's religious life made up of truisms? Truisms they are; but is it not pardonable to dwell thus long upon them, if by so doing we can impress them more deeply on our minds? A new Academic year has just dawned upon you. A new starting point in the great race of eternity is vouchsafed to you. It is the great privilege of Academic life that it has these great breaks, these annual severances, which prompt a review of the past and suggest a forecast of the future. Whatever other plans and purposes you may have formed for your work in the coming year, at least carry with you this lesson, this resolve, this endeavour—to think over, to pray over, to realise in your heart, to work out in your life—'For their sakes I consecrate myself, for their sakes whom Thou, O God, hast of Thine unspeakable goodness given me.' Bind it as a sign upon thine hand, and as a frontlet between thine eyes.

And be sure to particularise it. Translate the abstract into the concrete. There is no sounder rule for the building up of the moral and spiritual life.

Particularise it first as regards your own temptations and failings. Does the unholy thought rise up in your heart, an unwelcome and unbidden guest? Confront it with this check, 'I consecrate myself.'

Does the reckless word tremble for utterance on your lips? Silence it with this rebuke, 'I consecrate myself.' Are you tempted to ignoble ease and self-indulgence, when a plain duty claims your presence? Rouse yourself by the trumpet-call, 'I consecrate myself.'

And particularise it also with reference to those with whom you have to deal. Not only for their sakes, but for his sake—his and his—I consecrate myself. For this bright winning young fellow whose very attractions are his temptations, fresh from school and revelling in the social freedom of the place, for him I consecrate myself. For this clever inquisitive student plunged suddenly into the vortex of intellectual speculation, and striking out wildly for his very life, for him I consecrate myself. For this vigorous athlete of rude health and strong passions whose foot is already hovering on the fatal incline, for him I consecrate myself. For all and every of these—each one a potential hero of God, if only he can be moulded and guided aright—and not for these only, but for others, not so attractive or so striking, but each one nevertheless a soul stamped with God's image, a soul for which Christ died, for their sakes I consecrate myself.

And if for their sakes whom He has given, how much more for His sake Who is the Giver! How

can I refuse to consecrate myself for Him, Who first consecrated Himself for me? Remembering this, shall we not present ourselves this day, a reasonable and living sacrifice on the altar of God's love revealed in Christ; that seeing His glory we may be made perfect in Him; that the love wherewith the Father loved Him may be in us and we in Him?

## IV.

*Do nothing of party spirit nor yet of vain glory.*

Μηδὲν κατὰ ἐριθείαν μηδὲ κατὰ κενοδοξίαν.

PHILIPPIANS ii. 3.

LET me say a few words first on the criticism and exegesis of the passage.

Two distinct habits of mind are here condemned and rejected. In the common text ἢ κενοδοξίαν the distinction is more or less obliterated. By the restoration of the correct reading μηδὲ κατὰ κενοδοξίαν it is brought out and emphasized.

What are these two tempers which the Apostle condemns as influencing action in a perverted way? Briefly we may say that they are the spirit which unduly exalts party, and the spirit which unduly exalts self. The two indeed are not unallied, but their objects are different; and the Apostle therefore, while treating them together, treats them as distinct. They are two species of the same genus.

The one is ἐριθεία. I need not remind you that

this word is confused with ἔρις and translated 'strife' in the Authorised Version. But its true significance is thus obliterated, and the force of the passage before us disappears. It denotes the temper, habit, principle of action, of the ἔριθος, the hireling, the hired servant, the hired canvasser, the hired partisan. Thus it designates party-spirit generally; for, though no actual money may have passed into his hands, the partisan consciously or unconsciously is influenced by the motive of gain. It may be influence or success or reputation or the getting one's own way or the humiliation of one's enemies or some other low aim. But in some form or other, gain to self through the triumph of party is the underlying motive. Though the direct object is not self, yet ultimately this spirit may be traced to self.

But in the other word, κενοδοξία, self is the immediate as well as the ultimate aim. The whole motive concentrates itself on self. It is the inflated estimate of one's own ability, one's own reputation, one's own position and importance.

The former is the more insidious and therefore the more dangerous vice of the two, especially in its influence on the preaching of the Gospel and the welfare of the Church of Christ. Vain glory, self-satisfaction, self-complacency, carries its own condemnation on its face. But the spirit of partisanship

in religion has a specious, and (as it may be thought) a chivalrous side. It is therefore the more necessary to rescue the Apostle's language here from the obscuration which it has suffered, that his condemnation may stand out in distinct outline and colour.

S. Paul had only too painful experience of the evils of party spirit in his surroundings at Rome, when he penned this letter to the Philippians. The Roman Church was split up into parties. There was a party for Paul, and there was a party against Paul; there were those who preached Christ from genuine motives of faith and love, and there were those who preached Him ἐξ ἐριθείας, from party spirit, οὐχ ἁγνῶς, impurely, from base and corrupt motives. Envy and dislike of others, of Paul and Paul's cause more especially, stimulated their zeal. The triumph of their party stood first, and the triumph of the Gospel only held a very subordinate place in their hearts.

We are keenly alive to the faults of our neighbours. One party has a quick eye to detect the factious spirit, the ἐριθεία, in the opposite party, while it is altogether blind to the same vice in its own ranks. This is proverbially the case in politics. Alas! that it should be the case in religion likewise! Yet is it not true, painfully true? The Philippians would be grieved, deeply grieved, at the state of things in the Roman Church. They would have no words strong

enough to condemn this spirit of faction. But what, if at this very moment the germs—perhaps more than the germs—of a like noxious growth existed among themselves, among his own faithful, affectionate, beloved children in Christ at Philippi? Here was Euodia; and there was Syntyche. Had they not already, or would they not soon have, each a following? What, if ἐριθεία were a danger threatening them? What, if κενοδοξία were a danger threatening not only them, but himself also?

Himself? Yes, let us not be afraid to say it. He himself would have been the first to confess it. He was the object of incessant attack from unscrupulous enemies. He was constrained to emphasize his authority, his privileges, his achievements. It was necessary for him to assert himself. What fuel was there here for κενοδοξία, if only the spark of self were once permitted to touch it! And again, he was the centre of a party despite himself. Men gathered about him, men hung on his lips, men adopted his name as their watchword. Notwithstanding all his protestations, they would say, 'I am of Paul.' Must we not imagine then that S. Paul wrote these words as in the presence of a very real and immediate danger, of a subtle and insidious enemy, in whose proximity it would be fatal for him even for a moment to relax his vigilance?

Μηδὲν κατὰ ἐριθείαν. This ἐριθεία is especially dangerous, because it masks itself and disguises its true character. Though a messenger of Satan, it presents itself as an angel of light. Its object may be something eminently good and true in itself. It may display its activity in the dissemination of the truth or in the defence of the Church of God. Where for instance do we find more painful and extravagant exhibitions of it than in the great Councils of the Church? Thus it arrogates to itself the respect and honour which belongs to the object of its pursuit.

And again, though base and corrupt itself, it is closely allied to the noblest qualities in man, chivalry and devotion and zeal. Thus it wins an admiration which belongs to another condition of mind. The man who works hard for his party, who is true to his party, who suffers with his party, has some qualities which command respect. Party-spirit is the unhealthy parasite, the rank fungus which fastens upon these, which chokes their growth and mars their fruitfulness.

And am I not justified in saying that this is a danger very near to us—to you and to me—that at this crisis there are circumstances eminently favourable to its spread, that in our time and amidst our environment more especially the climate and the soil will conspire to promote its growth, unless by a

determined and persistent effort we resolve to weed it out by the roots? If so, we should do well to lay to heart this injunction of the Apostle, *μηδὲν κατὰ ἐριθείαν*.

For the age in which our lot is cast is essentially an age of conflict. The truths by which we live and the institutions which we love as our own souls are attacked, sometimes unscrupulously, sometimes conscientiously, but in either case bitterly and relentlessly attacked. Where there is attack, there must be defence. But defence implies organisation. Men must be gathered together, they must have a rallying point, they must be marshalled and taught to act in concert. This is an absolute necessity of our position. Yet this banding together in the face of an opponent tends to become the very seed-plot of party-spirit.

There is first of all the conflict between the Gospel and infidelity, between the Church and Secularism. The foe is not one but many. Yet for our purpose we may consider them as one; for in their opposition to revealed truth they fight in the same ranks. Perhaps this intellectual conflict is nowhere more keenly felt than in the Universities; because nowhere else are the combatants brought into such close quarters. Here are the outposts, as it were, of the two contending armies. I do not doubt that to many of you this is a source of great anxiety, mental

and spiritual; that it tries your constancy, ruffles your equanimity, tempts your soul to violations both of justice and of charity. It is necessary that you should take a side, a very definite side; and that you should not flinch from the consequences. But the danger of ἐριθεία is great, great in proportion to the magnitude of the conflict and the importance of the questions at issue.

And again, secondly, there is the conflict between the Church and Nonconformity. I do not know that this is waged more fiercely in the Universities than elsewhere, or even so fiercely; but it is especially a conflict of our own day. The clamour for Disestablishment raises new issues, and (it is to be feared) will add fresh bitterness to the struggle. The religious difference is aggravated by the political. What a temptation there is here to indulgence in the recklessness of partisanship!

Lastly, there is the existence of different schools or modes of thought within the Church itself. I am thankful that there has been in the last few years a very perceptible diminution in the intensity of this conflict; that the pressure upon us from enemies without has drawn us closer one to another; and that we are beginning to understand each other and to learn from each other far more than not long ago would have seemed possible. Nothing is more remarkable

than the change of tone in the religious newspapers, the strongholds of rancorous partisanship—a change equally perceptible on both sides—within a very few years. We have good cause to fall on our knees and thank God for all this; for, if party rancour has been so greatly moderated in so short a time, it is assuredly His doing, not our own. But, though something has been done already, far more still remains to be done. And it is just here that ἐριθεία, the spirit of the partisan, is apt to be most rife. I do not doubt that at Corinth the party of Paul was more bitter against the party of Cephas, and the party of Cephas against the party of Apollos, than either was against the heathen philosopher or the heathen religionist without, just because they had so much in common, just because they lived in such close proximity, just because the differences separating them were comparatively small.

Ah! yes, it is so. This ἐριθεία, this party-spirit, is the last infirmity of the religious man, the devoted, and zealous follower of Christ, follower at least (at however great a distance) in His zeal and self-devotion; but not follower in His wide sympathy, not follower in His large charity, not follower in His concessive, indulgent, moderation, His ἐπιείκεια which is the direct negation of partisan zeal.

This partisan spirit is ever the infirmity of the

undisciplined follower zealous for his master's honour. The larger sympathies and the more comprehensive range of view of the master interposes to correct this mistaken zeal. Was not the prophesying of Eldad and Medad a scandal in the camp of Israel, so that even Joshua demanded its prohibition? But what says the master? 'Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets.' Did not the disciples of the Great Apostle of the Gentiles think to do him honour, when they cried, 'I am of Paul?' What was the rebuke of the master here again? 'Was Paul crucified for you, or were ye baptized into the name of Paul?' And—to take the greatest example of all—when the chosen disciples of the Great Master Himself, the future heralds of the Kingdom, were scandalized at one casting out devils in Christ's Name, because he belonged not to Christ's company, and would have had him desist, they are met with a stern rebuke, 'Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is for us.'

What are the two pillars of Christian ethics? Shall we not say that they are truth and love? To think, and say, and do the truth in love, ἀληθεύειν ἐν ἀγάπῃ, this is the beginning and the end of the morality of the Gospel. But truth and love are fearfully imperilled by partisan zeal. How shall we save ourselves from being swallowed up in this abyss?

Is our controversy with one who takes his stand upon the lessons of modern science? Shall we depreciate, question, deny these lessons? Nay, ought they not to be to us quite as precious as they are to him? Are we not professed disciples of the Divine Logos? Do we then forget the Apostolic doctrine that the Logos is not less the Mediator of the Father in the physical world than in the spiritual; and that the laws of nature are as much His laws as the laws of grace?

Is the question before us the claims of the Church as against Dissent? Ought we not to be scrupulously careful to give credit where credit is due; to recognise the good done by Nonconformist bodies; to avoid any appearance of minimising their spiritual achievements? Where the tokens of God's working are manifest in consecrated hearts and regenerate lives, are we not approaching perilously near to the sin of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, if we attempt to deny the presence of the Spirit, that we may make our own case stronger? Nay is it not safer, even where the tokens appear to us questionable, to err on the side of that charity which hopeth all things, believeth all things?

Do we find ourselves in conflict with a member of our own Church, whose ways of looking at Christian truth are not our ways? Do we feel tempted, as a

justification to ourselves, to depreciate his character or his motives, if not to others at least secretly in our own hearts. Let us fling away the temptation, lest we sully a holy cause by unholy instruments. Everything, it is said, is allowable in warfare. Nay, not in the Christian's warfare. The Christian body-armour is righteousness and truth. Every breach of these is a scandal and a wound inflicted on the Church of Christ. Have the direct attacks of her enemies been half so fatal to her well-being as the uncharitableness, the bitterness and rancour of her friends—yes, even of fathers and of Councils? The pages of Church History are blotted with such painful records, a stumbling-stone and an occasion of blasphemy to those without. And the wrong inflicted is only the greater, if the offender is some otherwise holy champion of the truth. Truth is dragged in the mire, and holiness held up to scorn.

But what is the antidote? The sentence which follows the words of the text will supply this; 'Let each esteem other better than themselves.' Try and find out what is good in the sect or the individual or the tenet, with whom or with which your controversy lies. Strive to recognise any quality in your opponent in which he is your superior. You will have no difficulty in doing this, if only you search honestly. This man, who holds what seems to you a dangerous

error, is more courageous, or more persistently energetic, or more truthful and straightforward, or more self-sacrificing, or more patient, or more widely sympathetic; he is an example to you in his domestic life, or in his official work. This will be a doubly valuable discipline to you. It will mitigate and correct the promptings to party-spirit; and it will shame and stimulate you to supply the defects in your own character and conduct. And generally, even where party controversy is not involved, what a golden rule of life is this precept of the Apostle, not found here alone, 'In lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves,' 'In honour preferring one another!' Nothing is more degrading to the soul of man, nothing more warping to the judgment, nothing more blinding to the eyes and withering to the heart, nothing more fatal to that joy and peace which is the promise of the Gospel, than the pessimist temper, which fastens on all the faults and ignores all the virtues and graces of others, which suspects where it does not know, which assumes that every man is worse than he appears. Nay rather, learn to seek out, learn to admire and respect, learn to reverence, in others the image of God imprinted on their souls; for there it is, if only we will set ourselves to find it. This admiration, this respect, this reverence of others, will be a very joy and

comfort and refreshment to yourself. In one word, absorb into your own mind the mind of Christ Jesus. *Τοῦτο φρονεῖτε ἐν ὑμῖν ὃ καὶ ἐν Χριστῷ Ἰησοῦ. Τὸ ἐπιεικὲς ὑμῶν γνωσθήτω πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις.* 'Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.' 'Let your moderation be known unto all men.'

## V.

*Whosoever would save his soul shall lose it. For what doth it profit a man, to gain the whole world and forfeit his soul?*

*Ὃς ἐὰν θέλῃ τὴν ἑαυτοῦ ψυχὴν σῶσαι ἀπολέσει αὐτήν. τί γὰρ ὠφελεῖ ἄνθρωπον κερδῆσαι τὸν κόσμον ὅλον καὶ ζημιωθῆναι τὴν ψυχὴν αὐτοῦ;*

S. Mark viii. 35, 36.

About three centuries and a half ago there resided at the University of Paris, first as a student, then as a teacher, a young man of high aristocratic birth, of great abilities, of agreeable manners, of healthy and active constitution, cheerful, lively, attractive, sought out by all around as a delightful companion, the very idol of the society in which he moved. Nature appeared to have lavished on him all her choicest gifts. He was born to a career of exceptional brilliancy. No conquest was beyond his reach. He might have had all the world at his feet.

But all those bright dreams were scattered in a moment. The whole current of his life was suddenly changed. There were no more festive companionships, no more gay revelries for him. No more admiring crowds would gather about him to hang on his lips. A new power had interposed. A new motive had sprung up in his heart. This power, this motive, was the question in the text—the most tremendous of all questions—'What shall it profit a man?' What shall it profit a man to gain money, to gain fame, to gain knowledge, to gain popularity, to gain comfort and ease? What shall it profit a man to eat, drink, and to be merry, to revel with his companions, to take his fill of this world's pleasures? What shall all this profit him, when one by one the lights are quenched, and the last hour comes, and the darkness of the grave closes over him, and he is driven forth, cold, naked, homeless, shelterless, to present himself in shame before the piercing glance of the all-seeing eye, before the judgment-seat of the Eternal Righteousness? What shall it profit him, when he finds that he has bartered for hollow, unreal pleasures, pleasures which were cloying and unsatisfactory in the very enjoyment, which left a bitter aftertaste behind, and which long since have taken to themselves wings and flown away, that he has bartered away for these worse than worthless things

that most priceless of all treasures—a human soul, his own soul?

You know how this change came about. There was in that same University at this time an older man, a friend of this gay young student. He followed him about. He plied him with this question. He forced it upon him at every turn. It was the relentless, pitiless, ceaseless dropping of the water which at length wore its way through the stubborn rock. In season and out of season the words were repeated in his ear, 'What shall it profit a man?' Was he engrossed in his amusements, the centre of a gay circle of companions, frivolous, lighthearted, caring for nothing but the passing hour? Suddenly the older man's voice would be heard, whispering in his ear, 'What shall it profit a man?' Was he in the lecture room, surrounded by a crowd of admiring pupils, entrancing them with his eloquence, drinking with eager ear the intoxication of their applause? Again the solemn warning voice broke in upon his day-dreams, 'What shall it profit a man?'

And so the question was driven home to his conscience. He could not choose but entertain it. It arrested, entranced, overawed, subjugated him wholly. He could not escape from the conclusion. He must forsake all and take up his cross and follow Christ. Thenceforward he was content and more

than content to spend and be spent for Christ, to live a life such as few have lived before or after, to die alone and unbefriended, a homeless missionary on a far distant shore.

I offer no apology for dwelling thus long on a familiar story, which is not a story. The account of Francis Xavier's conversion will bear repeating. Is it not itself a signal example of the power of repetition? But I had a special reason for singling it out, in addressing an audience like this. The story of Francis Xavier has connected the text indissolubly with the capacities and responsibilities of an Academic position. The familiar words of the text speak with a fresh force and significance to such as you, when read in the light of this incident.

Ignatius Loyola never showed more of the wisdom of the serpent than when he singled out this place and this man for a deliberate, persistent, stubborn assault. Where else but in a famous University should the keenest and best instruments for a great religious movement be found? Here is the enthusiasm and the chivalry and the malleability of youth. Here is the quick intellect, and the keen interest, and the bodily vigour, and the attractive grace, and the hopeful temperament: here in fact are all the gifts and endowments which, duly directed and consecrated, go to make up the heroic reformers of abuses, the

fearless preachers of righteousness. Here, if anywhere, is the raw material out of which the finest spiritual fabric may be wrought. Must it not be the first care of any Church to retain and to strengthen her hold on such a province—the recruiting ground of her bravest and most efficient soldiery?

I need not travel far for illustrations of my theme. It is no business of mine to enquire what amount of alloy is mixed with the nobler metal in these religious movements to which I refer—as indeed there must be some in all. I mention them now only as illustrating the immense spiritual potentialities of a University. But where can you point in recent ages to any more striking religious developments than the Wesleyan movement at Oxford in the last century, or the Evangelical movement in the early years of the present century, of which Cambridge was the head-quarters, or later than this the so-called Tractarian movement again at Oxford—all of them incalculably important factors in the spiritual history of the English-speaking race, all of them cradled in our great Universities as their nursery.

Think for a moment what the single conversion of a Francis Xavier has been to the religious history of the world. Consider him in relation to the religious order to which he belonged—the most powerful of all religious orders whether for good or

for evil—an order of which he was the heart, as Ignatius Loyola was the head. Reflect on him again as an evangelist, the father of modern missionaries, whose example has been even more valuable to the missionary cause than his work. Here again it is no concern of mine to weigh the good and the evil, the errors and the triumphs, in opposite scales. I am concerned only with the one fact of the spiritual power and influence of the man. And may there not be in the midst of you at this very time the makings of such as Francis Xavier, if only you can kindle the spark, and light up the flame?

But you look round, and you are filled with dismay, almost with despair. There is so much self-complacent scepticism, so much suspense and vagueness in religious matters. There is a sort of atmosphere which chills and numbs. Would you not do better to seize the first opportunity, to transfer yourself elsewhere, to do God's work in some more congenial sphere, and thus at all events to work out your own salvation, and to save your own soul?

I say no, a thousand times no. What is this language of despair but faithlessness, pure faithlessness, a distrust of God's power, a repining at God's dispositions, a lurking disbelief (however it may disguise itself) in the triumph of the Church, a

stealthy suspicion that (the promise notwithstanding) the gates of hell may prevail against it.

For after all God has placed you here. I do not say that He may not call you elsewhere. But take care that you do not mistake your own yearning for God's call. Take care that the call is clear and articulate, the unmistakeable voice of God. Take care that, in your craving for a position of greater spiritual comfort and ease, you do not in a hasty moment desert the post of honour which God has entrusted to you. Grant for a moment—which I do not grant—that this despairing estimate of the spiritual condition of our Universities were justified by the facts. What then? Σπάρταν ἔλαχες. It has been assigned to you, specially to you, to protect and to cherish.

But is this gloomy foreboding justified by the actual condition of things? I confess that I cannot read the facts so. The recruits which the two ancient Universities furnish year by year to the ministry of the Church are not fewer than in past times. They are certainly not less zealous nor less efficient. The flower of the clergy are still reared there; these give the tone and set the standard to the rest; and the increased and daily increasing zeal, self-devotion and efficiency of the clergy as a body is a matter beyond dispute. Are there not also

features in the religious life of our Public Schools and Universities which should inspire us with hope? The more definite interest in foreign missionary work, and the direct organisations to civilise and to evangelize the masses in the metropolis—these at least are a characteristic of our own time, and cannot be omitted from our reckoning.

It is undeniable that large items must be placed on the other side of the balance-sheet. The Universities reflect only too faithfully the religious suspense of the age. They do not even escape the direct antagonisms to revealed religion which manifest themselves elsewhere. But what are these seasons of agony to the eye and ear of faith but the ὠδῖνες, the birth-throes, of a larger, nobler, purer, future? Out of this religious chaos, be assured, the Almighty Word is even now calling into being a more glorious order, a new heaven and a new earth.

Does it seem to you sometimes, as if only the old story were repeated? Do the words of Elijah once more in Horeb ring strangely in your ears—'I, even I, only am left?' Nay, these were not the words of faith, but of faithlessness. They were the exaggerations of despair, and they were rebuked as such. Were there not even then seven thousand in Israel, who had not bowed the knee to the popular divinity of the age? Does not God work through a remnant

—sometimes a very scanty remnant? 'I only,' 'I alone.' What if it were so? What if there were not those seven thousand true men at your back? 'I alone'—nay not alone, for God is there.

But the mischief of this despairing tone does not end here. It goes far beyond the spiritual paralysis of the person who cherishes it. These gloomy forebodings have a tendency to fulfil themselves. Despair breeds despair, the prolific mother of a fatal brood. Hopelessness is faithlessness.

Nay, God has entrusted to you the citadel—the very citadel—of His Church in England. Bow your heads in awe—in awe, but in thanksgiving also—when you think of this. Was ever greater honour bestowed on any of His soldiers than is bestowed upon you? Shall you not defend it with the last drop of your life-blood, if need be? There shall be no complaining, no distrust and sinking of heart, no craven desire to escape, no unsoldierly yearning for an easier lot. As the storm rises, your courage will rise also.

But the temptation to cowardice will clothe itself in the most insidious garb. Must I not for my own soul's sake seek a change? There is something unhealthy in this Academic atmosphere, in which my spiritual being seems to pine and sicken. The contact with unbelief here, and half-belief there, is

telling upon me. The negative critical temper of the place has a chilling effect. Active parochial ministrations would restore the tone of my soul. Contact with the ignorant poor, who (whatever else may be their faults) are not weighted with this cold intellectualism, would revivify and reinvigorate by the touch. Would you endanger my spiritual well-being? Come what may, I must save my soul. Save your soul—yes, but not by deserting your post. You will be shot down as a coward. Save your soul, by such counteracting influences, such curative means of grace, as God has placed in your way in such abundance, if you will only avail yourself of them.

Save your soul, yes. But how? Save it by losing it. Venture it for Christ's sake, for then you will venture it in God's keeping. Venture it for Christ's sake, and you will receive it back healthier, stronger, purer, more Christlike a hundredfold than before.

Speaking to you, I need not dwell on the incalculable loss which the passage has suffered by the interchange of the renderings 'soul' and 'life' in the English version in this passage. I need not remind you that by this ψυχή is denoted the living principle of the man, that strange mysterious something by which he thinks and acts, the centre of all his capacities, of all his passions, of all his energies,

the very seat of the man's personality. I need not caution you that if you think only of the physical danger to be undergone by the early disciples—the persecutions and the martyrdoms—you have not only not exhausted the force of the passage, but you have only touched the fringe of its range, of its application. It is a taunt against us Christians that our religion is a religion of selfishness, that all this anxiety about the welfare of the soul paralyses the energies and cramps the power; that it makes us more self-conscious and self-contained, less helpful, less ready to dare and do; that in short it cripples us as citizens and as men. Christ's paradox in the text is the refutation of this reproach. The saving of our souls—of course the Gospel must recognise this. Self-preservation is an instinct lying at the very root of our humanity. It were sheer madness to neglect this. But the condition of saving them is the losing them. Here is the negation of selfishness. It is not 'a cloistered virtue,' which Christ asks; not a padded and cushioned faith; not a valetudinarian treatment of the soul. The soul is ruined by inconsiderate care. It is lost by being saved. It must adventure itself amidst the intellectual perplexities, the moral and social troubles, of the age. It must buffet with the elements, that it may drink in the free air and the genial sunshine.

For, if you turn cowards, who shall fight for Christ? Who so directly called as you? Who so fit as you? With all the educational and social advantages which you have received, with all the spiritual opportunities which you enjoy—the daily prayer, the frequent communions, the unlimited command of privacy for your meditations. Is not this the very outfit for the soldier of Christ, the best training for the man of God, the preacher of righteousness?

So then at the commencement of another year you gird yourselves bravely for the work. You commit yourselves trustfully, cheerfully, unrepiningly, into God's hands. You pour forth your thanksgivings from an overflowing heart that He has been pleased to call you—yes, you with all your incapacities, all your cowardice, all your sins—to this glorious task. Your spiritual welfare is safe in His keeping. You are content, and more than content, to lose your soul —yes, to lose it for Christ's sake—that you may save it.

## VI.

*Not one of them said that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common.*

*Οὐδε εἷς τι τῶν ὑπαρχόντων αὐτῷ ἔλεγεν ἴδιον εἶναι, ἀλλ' ἦν αὐτοῖς πάντα κοινά.*

Acts iv. 32.

I have no intention of discussing with you the rights of property. It is beside my purpose to investigate the moral basis on which those rights are built. The communistic or other theories which aim at the wide, and more equal distribution of this world's goods, may clamour for consideration; but I shall be content here to pass them by on the other side. Whatever bearing the incident in the text may have or seem to have on the Christian's duty in reference to such topics, it does not fall within the range of my present design to dwell upon these points. I wish merely to call your attention to an ideal; and, having

done this, to ask you to refer to this ideal a certain province of your Academic responsibilities.

The ideal obviously has a strong fascination for the sacred historian. This is not the first time that he holds it up to view. The voluntary relinquishment of property has already been emphasized, as the immediate consequence of the outpouring of the Spirit and of the Pentecostal preaching. The watch-word there, as here, is the same, *εἶχον πάντα κοινά.*

The ideal soon vanishes from our sight. 'Ostendent terris hunc tantum.' The conditions of our earthly existence would not suffer its continuance. When and how it passed away, we know not. As the Apostle says of another kindred revelation, a veil was drawn over its face, so that we may not look on the glory as it fades away.

But, though the manifestation was temporary, the lesson is permanent. The duty of *κοινωνία* is never lost sight of. Those that are rich 'in this world' (*ἐν τῷ νῦν αἰῶνι*) are charged to be 'glad to distribute, ready to impart or communicate' (*εὐμετάδοτοι, κοινωνικοί*). The inequalities of natural distribution are to be compensated, as far as may be, by voluntary sympathy. Thus the valleys will be exalted and the hills levelled, to make a high-way for our God. The distribution of worldly goods will follow the law of the distribution of the heavenly food; 'He that had

gathered much had nothing over; and he that had gathered little had no lack.'

But it was not in the first and most obvious sense that I desire to dwell on the duty of communicating our worldly advantages to others. It is not to such an audience as this that I need emphasize the responsibilities of riches in the ordinary sense of riches. The possessions, which I have in my mind, are of a different kind. I refer to that wealth, which is the truest wealth, because no vicissitudes and no reverse of fortune can deprive you of it; that wealth which is in the strictest sense your personalty, for it has become part of yourself and you carry it about with you. Such for instance are the intellectual acquisitions, such again are the social experiences, such above all are the moral and spiritual lessons, which you have accumulated. No man, whose opinion you would value, could hesitate for a moment to reckon these possessions far above mere material wealth. Yet God has bestowed all these advantages on all of you to a very great extent—some of them and on some of you to a degree which very far transcends the average. Here is a responsibility, a tremendous responsibility, for you. You denounce, justly denounce, the selfishness of rich men, their stupid selfishness, as it appears to you, blinding them to the immense power of the instrument which God has placed in

their hands, and which remains idle, or worse than idle, there. What if I bid you look to yourselves? What if, while you are so anxious to extract the mote from your brother's eye, you are wholly unconcerned about the beam that is in your own eye?

And there is this further consideration which increases the responsibility of your position and makes the ignoring of it inexcusable. You have not to go about and search for the recipients of your bounty. The heinousness of Dives' sin in the parable consisted in this, that Lazarus lay at his very gates, that as he went in and out he could not choose but see him, and that thus the want, and the duty of relieving the want, were pressed upon his notice. Is it not so with you? The neediest are the nearest to you. You go in and out among them.

I purpose therefore speaking to you about the duty, which for want of a better term I shall call the duty of self-communication—the duty of imparting freely to others that wealth which consists of your intellectual, moral, and spiritual acquisitions.

I am not wrong (am I?) in supposing that the danger, against which I wish to warn you, is a very real danger to those who live an Academic life, a very real and an increasing danger to every man, as the years roll on. We have an index (have we not?) of the magnitude of this danger in the fact that,

where so very much knowledge is acquired, so very little comparatively is reproduced for the benefit of others. The comparative literary barrenness of our Universities has been a frequent taunt against them, —not altogether without justice, though we may see palliating circumstances which others do not see. Nay, have not members of our own body been found even to commend this temper, what I may call this miserly temper, in the scholar? Yet is the selfish accumulation of knowledge one whit more honourable —at least so far as regards its selfishness—than the selfish accumulation of money? But I am not concerned specially with literary work, though I do believe that a grave responsibility rests on Academic men in this matter, and that it is very far from out of place to refer to this duty even in the midst of solemn services such as these. But I only instanced literary work, as an index of the temper against which we need to be on our guard. We live (may I speak of myself once more as one of you?) we live so very much by ourselves, that there is great danger lest we should come to live mainly for ourselves. The circumstances of our life secure us from the intrusions and interruptions to which other men are subjected. We miss to a great extent the hourly education and sympathy and forbearance, the give and take, of the family and social circle. Isolation,

the wrapping up in self, grows into a habit with us, unless we resolutely set our faces against it. Self-communication in such circumstances is not only a duty towards others; it is an act of self-preservation.

'No man liveth to himself.' This may be taken either as a statement of fact, or as a precept of obligation.

It is a statement of a fact—full of serious and painful reflexion. We cannot, however careful we may be, isolate our lives from the lives of others. We—each one of us, you and I—are appreciable factors in the history of humanity. We have added, we are adding daily, to the weal or woe, the good or the evil, of the race. The current of our individual lives enters into the general current of human morality—infects, modifies, tends to purify or corrupt it, as the case may be. Do I use too strong language if I call it a terrible thought? In our sober moments we must be overwhelmed when we regard the possible consequences of our actions. Is it a reckless word, a careless gesture? Physically we know what pulsations are thus set in motion which must vibrate to the extreme boundaries of the Universe; for where the laws of nature extend, there the effect of the movement of our lips or of our hands must extend also.

But the physical effects are only types of the

moral and spiritual effects. It is very seldom indeed that we can trace them far, if we trace them at all. We see at most the immediate influence of the vile word or the vile act on the one person, in whose presence the word is spoken or the act done—most frequently not even this. But vileness propagates vileness. It passes from soul to soul in a never ending succession. The sin may be repented of, may be forgiven, may even be forgotten. But it cannot be undone. Whether one member suffers, all the members—all without exception—suffer with it. Every moral atom in this our corporate humanity is affected for evil by our sin. The little pebble dropped in the pool sets the water in motion in ever widening circles till the whole surface is troubled with the ripples. Here is a parable which invites our most serious reflexion.

We are half-disposed in our heart of hearts to resent the stern edict which declares that for every idle word we shall give an account. For every idle word! God have mercy upon us indeed! Yet what is an idle word, a single idle word? A seed sown; a seed which grows into a noxious weed propagating itself far and wide, as the thistle-down is wafted by the winds. What tremendous consequences from one idle word—perhaps of scepticism, perhaps of unrighteousness, perhaps of some other immoral

tendency—lodged in a too susceptible soil! What a harvest of ruined souls is in store here!

A sharp pang must shoot through the heart and conscience, when one recalls some idle word—uttered, it may be, long years ago, in boyhood or in early youth—but so vividly remembered still, not even at the time representing the truer self, and now in the retrospect seeming unspeakably horrible. Is such an agony of reflexion to be condemned, as a distrust of God's fatherly forgiveness, a disparagement of Christ's atoning power? I think not. Rather is it God's own message to us, to keep us humble and modest in ourselves, to quicken our sympathies with others, and to warn us that, though we be standing, we must take heed lest we fall.

'No man liveth to himself.' However careful we may be, we cannot isolate ourselves. Each item is small; but the aggregate result, which we call character, is incalculably great. This character generates a certain moral atmosphere which we carry about with us, and our character is built up of frequent inobtrusive thoughts, of successive trivial acts.

'No man liveth to himself.' A man of generous impulses would often give anything, if he could shield others from the consequences of his sin or his crime. It is often the keenest aggravation of punishment that he cannot bear the penalty alone. Yet he can

only at the most see the external consequences—the ruin, the misery, the social degradation, of those dearest to him. What, if his vision could pierce through the veil and trace the moral results of his action! Would not his chivalry be wounded to the quick, wounded almost beyond the hope of healing?

'No man liveth to himself.' I have asked you to consider these words as a statement of fact. Let us now regard them as a precept of obligation. The one aspect of the words will have prepared the way for the other. If you cannot help communicating the evil that is in you, will you make no effort to communicate the good? Will you not, as far as you can, make amends—not amends to God, for no amends are possible here, there can be no debit and credit account between the finite and the infinite—but make amends to poor humanity whom you have so wronged? Open the flood-gates of your sympathy; give freely, as you have received freely; pour out the treasures of your intellect, or of your heart, without stint.

It is astonishing how very soon we forget the lessons of our earlier experience. Only a very few years ago, how you looked up to those who were no older—perhaps even younger—than you are now! What value you set on their opinion! How you were stimulated by a look of encouragement from

them! How deeply a word of warning or rebuke sank into your heart! Do not distrust your capacity of influencing others. Believe me, it is almost boundless, if you will only give it free course. Make a young man feel that he has your sympathy, and there are few things that you cannot do with him.

For this purpose it is not only necessary that we should feel sympathy; we must show that we feel it. But this will cost an effort. The reluctance, the sluggishness, the natural reserve of the Englishman, the superadded reserve of the Academic temper, must be overcome. There must be frankness. You must impart yourself, must communicate yourself. May we not learn much, altered as the circumstances are, from the self-communication of Socrates—a true Academic teacher in his own age and according to his own lights?

But do not mistake me. The duty of self-communication has its limits. The crude half-formed opinion, if it has any important practical bearing, should not be shown in the making. Infinite harm has been done by recklessness of communication in this way—harm that has cost the offender terrible pain and remorse in the years to come, but harm that cannot be undone. Who knows that further reflexion may not wholly reverse the opinion at which you seem to be arriving? And meanwhile what a mighty

conflagration those sparks hastily thrown off from the anvil have lighted up!

And if this communication of self may by God's grace be largely blessed to the recipient, be assured it will be blessed a hundredfold more to the giver. This is the paradox of the intellectual, and still more of the moral and spiritual world. Our stores increase by being dispensed. We become richer by parting with our riches. We seem to be giving away our talent, but we are only placing it out at interest. Each fresh act of sympathy creates a fresh capacity of sympathy. So our wealth accumulates—we hardly know how—by compound interest. *Γίνεσθε τραπεζῖται δοκιμοί.* Learn before all things how to invest your talent wisely. If it be true of the wealth which can be handled and counted, it is infinitely more true of the invisible wealth of heart and mind and spirit, that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'

## VII.

*He will guide you into all Truth. He shall take of Mine, and shall shew it unto you.*

Ὁδηγήσει ὑμᾶς εἰς τὴν ἀλήθειαν πᾶσαν. Ἐκ τοῦ ἐμοῦ λήμψεται καὶ ἀναγγελεῖ ὑμῖν.

S. John xvi. 13, 14.

This is the last evening, which we shall spend together. Once again we meet—to-morrow morning—for our farewell service, when I hope to address to you a very few parting words. But so far as regards these meditations, this is the close.

How then can I more faithfully fulfil my part than by striving to lead you into the presence of the Eternal Guide Himself and there leave you! There are παιδαγωγοί many and various. It is a high privilege for any of us to be called to fulfil this function, however mean our capacities, and however poor the fulfilment. But there is one only Teacher (εἷς διδάσκαλος), the Eternal Spirit of Truth, Who takes of the things of Christ and shows them to us.

The death of Christ threatened to be the orphan-

hood of the disciples. I need not tell you that where our English Bibles make Him speak of leaving them comfortless, His own expression is 'leave you desolate, leave you orphans'. They would be fatherless, motherless, homeless, friendless—at least so it seemed to them—when He was gone. Their natural guardian, teacher, friend, would be withdrawn. They would be left as waifs and strays on the ocean of this life—swept to and fro by the tide of human affairs, to be stranded no one could say where?

Who shall say that this was an exaggeration of their hopeless state at this crisis? They had left all and followed Him. They had forsaken parents and friends, and He had become father and mother and sister and brother to them. They had surrendered houses and lands, and He was henceforth their home. Their dependence on Him was absolute. Whatever of joy they had in the present, and whatever of hope they cherished for the future, were alike centred in Him.

And now this close communion of soul with soul, and of life with life, must be ruthlessly severed. Christ slain, Christ buried, Christ lost—lost for ever as it would seem to them—what joy, what strength, what comfort could they have henceforward? Surely never was orphanhood more helpless, more hopeless, than the orphanhood of these poor Galileans!

It was to prepare them for this terrible trial, that the promise in the text was given. *He* must go, but another should come. They should not be without a teacher, without a guide. One Paraclete, one Counsellor, one Advocate, should be withdrawn; but another should take His place. There would still be a friend, an adviser, ever near to take them by the hand, to whisper into their ear, to prompt, to instruct, to protect, to fortify, to guide them into all truth.

Another Paraclete, and yet not another. There would not be less of Christ, but more of Christ, when Christ was gone. This is the spiritual paradox which is assured to the disciples by the promise in the text, 'He shall take of Mine, and shall shew it unto you. All things that the Father hath are Mine: therefore said I, that He shall take of *Mine*, and shall shew it unto you.'

Another, and yet not another. It was not Christ supplanted, not Christ superseded, not Christ eclipsed and quenched; but a larger, higher, truer, more abundant Christ, with Whom henceforward they should live, a Christ Whose tongue was ever articulate, though no waves of air might vibrate with the impulse. It was not a Christ of now or then, not a Christ of here or there, but a Christ of every moment and in every place, a Christ as permeating as the

Spirit is permeating; for He is wafted on the wings of the Spirit, whithersoever the Spirit finds an entrance. 'He shall take of Mine, and shall shew it unto you.' 'Lo, I am with you always'—I and not another—'even unto the end of the world.'

The compensation was more than a compensation. It was even expedient that Christ should go away. The effect on the temper of the disciples is immediate. On the eve of the severance they are weak, hesitating, fearful, sense-bound and narrow in their ideas. On the morrow they are strong, stedfast, courageous, far-sighted, endowed with a new spiritual faculty, which pierces into the heaven of heavens. If hitherto they have known Christ after the flesh, henceforth they will know Him so no more.

To have known Christ after the flesh. What would we not give to have known Christ after the flesh! What a source of strength it would have been to us, just to have listened to one of those parables spoken by His own lips, just to have witnessed one of those miracles of healing wrought by His own hands, just to have looked, if it were only for a moment, on Him as He stood silent in the judgment-hall or hung bleeding on the Cross! So we persuade ourselves foolishly.

To have known Christ after the flesh. What would such knowledge have profited us? Did not

all the disciples, who forsook Him and fled, know Him after the flesh? Did not Thomas who doubted, and Peter who denied, know Him after the flesh? Did not Judas who betrayed, and Caiaphas who plotted, and Herod who scorned, and Pilate who condemned, know Him after the flesh? Did not the Jewish mob which hooted and reviled, and the Roman soldiers who mocked and scourged, know Him after the flesh? What security was this knowledge after the flesh against scepticism, against cowardice, against blasphemy, against apostasy and rebellion? Seeing, it is said, is believing; yes, and hearing too. But it is the seeing of the spiritual eye, and the hearing of the spiritual ear; the seeing of a Stephen, when he beheld the heavens open and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God; the hearing of a Paul, when he was caught up into Paradise and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter.

This then is the function of the Spirit as described by our Lord Himself in the text. To us, as to the disciples of old, the Spirit offers not less but more of Christ. In place of a Christ Who walked on the shores of a Galilean lake, Who sat down weary on the brink of a Samaritan well, Who shed tears over a doomed city on the brow of Olivet—instead of such a Christ, or rather through such a Christ, He presents

to us a Christ of all times and in all places, a Christ Whose throne is the heaven, and the earth is His footstool, a Christ Who traverses the Universe.

Look at the explanation which is attached to the promise. 'He shall take of *Mine*, and shall show it unto you.' How so? Why of Christ's, and Christ's only? Has the Spirit nothing else to teach? Hear what follows; 'All things that the Father hath are Mine; therefore said I, that He shall take of Mine, and shall shew it unto you.' So again at a later point; 'All Mine are Thine, and Thine are Mine,' *τὰ ἐμὰ πάντα σά ἐστιν καὶ τὰ σὰ ἐμά.* All things—there is no limitation—all history, all science, all creation, all truth in whatever domain it may be. 'Think you,' He seems to say to us, 'think you that My working is confined to a few paltry miracles wrought in Galilee? The Universe itself is My miracle. Think you that My words are restricted to a few short precepts uttered to the Jews? Heaven and earth are vocal with My teaching.'

We make our foolish distinctions, we impose our artificial limitations, we confine the Christ of our imagining within narrow barriers of our erecting; but Christ, the Christ of Christ's own teaching, the Christ of the Spirit's showing, over-leaps all barriers. We are careful to distinguish between natural and revealed religion. We exclude our Christ from the

former, and we relegate Him to the latter; but the Christ of Christ's own teaching is the Eternal Word, through Whom the Father speaks, whensoever and wheresoever He speaks. We draw a rigid line between science and theology, between religion and nature; but the Christ of the Bible is the Hand of the Father not less in science and nature, than in religion and theology. We have our trenchant distinctions between the secular and the spiritual, as if the two were directly antagonistic or at least reciprocally exclusive. We misinterpret a saying of Christ, as if it taught that our duty to Cæsar was something quite apart from our duty to God; as if forsooth it were possible to have any moral obligation to any man or any body of men, which was not also an obligation to God in Christ. But the Christ of the Gospels claims sovereignty over all alike—over that which we call secular not less than over that which we call spiritual. 'All things that the Father hath are Mine: therefore said I, that He shall take of Mine.'

And so we pass by a natural transition from the Teacher to the lesson—the all-pervading, all-comprehensive lesson, which centres in the Incarnation of the Divine Word.

We cannot afford in this nineteenth century to restrict either the operations of the Teacher or the

bearings of the lesson. Human knowledge, human thought, human interest, has expanded on all sides to an extent almost without a parallel in the history of our race. We are constrained to ask what relation all this has to our theological conceptions, to our religious aspirations? Least of all can you, who as teachers at a great University are brought across all currents of thought and knowledge, afford to be indifferent to this wider teaching of the Spirit. You will strive, so far as you may, to take all these lessons up into Christ. You will do your little—it may not be much—to solve the enigmas which they present. You will not be impatient. You are finite, and the lessons are infinite. But at all events you will recognise the problem in its breadth and magnitude. You will at least reject the distinctions of popular religion, and take your stand once more on the teaching of the Apostles. I remember once hearing a sermon from a very famous man, on the doctrine of the Trinity. He told his hearers that the First Person of the Blessed Trinity was God in Nature, and the Second was God in Revelation. This is just the heresy against which I am contending put into its most epigrammatic form. This is the very negation —though the preacher saw it not—of the teaching of the Apostles. For what does S. Paul mean, when he tells us that by Him and for Him, through Him and

unto Him (δι' αὐτοῦ καὶ εἰς αὐτόν) all things were created, things visible, as well as things invisible, things in heaven as well as things on earth? What does S. John mean when he tells us that by Him all things were made and without Him has not anything been made; that He was in the world from the beginning, though the world knew Him not? What does the writer to the Hebrews mean, when he describes Him, as upholding all things, the whole Universe, by the Word of His power? Nay, what does Christ Himself mean, when He affirms, 'All things that the Father hath are Mine?'

So then to you who are θεοδίδακτοι, to you who are disciples of the Logos, the great central fact of Christianity will have this wider meaning. You, like S. Paul, will determine to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified—the Incarnation of the Word culminating in the Passion—but you will know it in all its manifold bearings. You will not be content to regard it, as it is too commonly regarded, in one narrow relation, from one cramped and confined point of view. It will be to you the centre of all your moral and all your theological aspirations. For what does it proclaim? Nothing less than the absolute righteousness and the infinite love of God—the absolute righteousness not only in the manifestation of a faultless exemplar of a perfect human life,

but still more in the stupendous sacrifice of the Incarnation and the Cross. And where again is God's fatherly goodness and love so manifested as in the Incarnation and Passion of Christ? He, Who from all eternity was in the form of God, holds it not beneath Him to take upon Himself the form of a man, the form of a slave. Try to realise this fact. It is a thought which transcends all thinking. Summon to your aid all the analogies which history can supply or imagination can invent. They all fade into nothingness before the condescension of the love of Christ. Before the Eternal Throne, the mightiest prince and the meanest beggar are as one. The infinite distance annihilates our petty distinctions between one human littleness and another, the littleness of an Alexander or a Napoleon, and the littleness of the veriest pauper wasted with famine and disease. To the ruler of the Universe it were as such an act of condescension to become an emperor as to become a peasant, to wield the sceptre of an Augustus as to ply the tools in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth. Yet for our sakes He preferred the meaner alternative. And what did He gain by this condescension? Was it popularity or honour or gratitude? He was reviled; He was misunderstood; He was despised and rejected; He had not where to lay His head. He was condemned as the lowest criminal; He was

gibbeted—He, the Lord of Heaven and Earth, was gibbeted amid the acclamations of a ruthless mob and a ribald soldiery. Yes, herein was love, herein, if anywhere, not that we loved Him (did we not hate Him, did we not persecute Him, did we not kill Him?); herein was love, that while we were yet sinners, while we were yet rebels, Christ died for us.

But, as you are disciples not only of the Incarnate Christ but of the Eternal Logos, this great fact of the Incarnation will have wider application for you. The old perplexing question *πόθεν τὸ κακόν*; 'What is the origin of evil?' will still remain. It is far older than the Christian revelation. The mystery of sin and death is yet unsolved, until we know even as we are known. But the Christian revelation at least offers us a corrective. Once realise the Incarnation and the Cross of Christ, as the manifestation of the Father's love; and you can afford to wait patiently. All must become clear in His good time.

'He shall take of Mine.' Are we attracted by the magnificent discoveries in science which are the special glory of our age? Do these discoveries appeal at once to our imagination as fairy tales, and to our reason as logical demonstrations? Has Christ then—our Christ—no handiwork in these? Nay, if the Apostles be true, it was He—the same Christ

Who lay in the manger at Bethlehem and hung on the Cross at Calvary—He Himself, Who hurled the planets into space, He Himself, Who charged the air with electricity, He Himself, Who stored up coals for fuel and stones for building countless ages before man trod this earth. We speak commonly of the 'revelations' of science. Revelations indeed they are —not merely of inanimate processes, not merely of impersonal laws, but revelations of the Eternal Word, through Whom the Father works. Therefore as Christians we are bound to look upon these as Christ's. Therefore, if we are true to our heavenly schooling, the Spirit will take also of these, and will shew them to us.

'He shall take of Mine.' Are we diligent students of the lessons of history? Do we delight to trace the progress of the human race from the first dawn of civilisation to its noonday blaze; to decipher the obscure past of the great nations of the earth in their language and their institutions; to mark the development of the arts of government; to follow the ever-widening range of intellectual thought; to discern everywhere the stream of human life broadening slowly down with the course of the ages? Then let us see the finger of Christ not less in the progress of history than in the laws of science. 'He was in the world, and the world knew Him not.'

'He was the true light, which lighteth every man'; the light burning ever brighter and clearer through the ages, till it attained its full glory in the Incarnation. The school of human history also is a school of the Holy Spirit, for it is a setting forth of Christ.

'He shall take of Mine.' If you have traced Christ's footprints in the processes of nature, if you have heard Christ's voice in the teachings of history, then surely you will not fail to see and to hear Him in your domestic and social relations. That pure affection which has been to you a perennial fountain of benediction, that ennobling friendship which has been a crown of glory to your life—can you, dare you think of it apart from Christ? If you find not Christ here, assuredly you will seek Him in vain elsewhere. What was that nobility, that truthfulness, that purity, that unselfishness, that devotion, which attracted you, but a broken light of the Great Light, a reflected ray from the Central Sun Himself? Yes; the Spirit took of Christ's, and shewed to you, when through that affection, through that friendship, He held up to you a nobler, because a more Christ-like, ideal of life, shaming you out of your baser self.

'He shall take of Mine.' 'He shall bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said

unto you.' Last and chiefest—for this is the crown of all the other teaching, this gives their force, their meaning, to all the other lessons—He shall set before you the full significance of those unique words and works of Christ, the words not less operative than the works, the works not less articulate than the words. He shall lead you to understand, to apply, to extend them to all the varying needs of your daily life. He shall teach you the lesson of the Incarnation. 'He was made Man.' He shall teach you the lesson of the Passion. He shall remind you day and night of the paramount obligation which it lays upon you—'thou, yes *thou*, art bought with a price: thou art not thine own'—till the love of Christ shall constrain you wholly, shall bind you hand and foot, shall lead you captive to the will of God. He shall teach you the lesson of the Resurrection, shall lead you to know, as S. Paul desired to know, the power of that Resurrection, emancipating, purifying, strengthening, exalting, till He makes you conformable thereunto. Thus you too will rise from the sepulchre in which you have lain many days, will cast off the graveclothes of inveterate evil habit, will breathe the pure air of God's presence once more, will sit at meat with your risen Lord. Though in the world, you will no longer be of the world. Despite all the environments of the senses, and all

the disabilities of weakness, you will live even now as full citizens of that kingdom of heaven, which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

## VIII.

*Farewell in the Lord always; again I will say, Farewell.*

Χαίρετε ἐν Κυρίῳ πάντοτε· πάλιν ἐρῶ, χαίρετε.

PHILIPPIANS iv. 4.

THE intimate and affectionate relations which existed between S. Paul and his Philippian converts are a commonplace with Biblical students. These relations give their character to the Epistle which he addresses to them. Nowhere else in his Epistle is the sunshine so bright and the sky so cloudless. Trustfulness, joy, hope—it would not be enough to say that these predominate: they occupy nearly the whole ground.

A parting between a spiritual father and his spiritual children under such circumstances must always be mingled with pain. The Apostle finds it difficult to say farewell—even in a letter—to his Philippian converts. He has tried to say it once already, but he has failed. He resumes it here again,

and he emphasizes it by reiteration. But still he lingers on, that he may delay the parting.

The solemnity of a farewell is not measured by the intimacy, still less by the length, of the acquaintanceship. The solemnity depends on the nature of the occasion which has brought men together, and of the bond which has united them with each other.

So regarded, our farewell to-day must have a very sacred meaning. We have during the two days past incurred responsibilities one to another which we may not forget. We met together less than three days ago—some of us at least strangers to each other. We part to-morrow perhaps to be once more strangers on earth. Our work is appointed for us in strangely diverse spheres; yours is a chief centre of culture and refinement, mine is the rough coal-field of the North; yours lies amidst the staid and time-honoured memorials and traditions of the past, mine amidst the undisciplined hopes and yearnings for the future. When shall be our next meeting? Then probably, and not till then, when we shall stand before the great tribunal, face to face with the Eternal Righteousness; and the work of these two days will rise up before us with more than the vividness of this present moment; and my lips and your ears will be arraigned and will plead at the bar of the Omnipresent and Omniscient Judge.

Farewell. A farewell is the occasion for recalling and gathering up recollections of what is past. As these are the last words which I shall address to you, forgive me if for a few moments I attempt to recapitulate the lessons, which I have striven to impress upon you, and upon myself, during the two days past.

I asked you first, then, to reflect on the greatness of the work which God has assigned to you, its magnificence and its honourableness. I began with this thought, and I have recurred to it again and again. Indeed it is my desire, if it please God, to burn it into your hearts and consciences, that it may be present to you day and night. But if the awe of the responsibility crushes you, the promise of strength will revive you, and the assurance will sustain you to the end. It is God's work; God is working with you: this is enough.

But how shall you set about it? Who shall be your teacher? So I sent you at once into the presence of Jesus Christ. I left you in that presence awhile, torn asunder by two opposite forces. There was the fear and trembling before His holiness, and there was the intense craving for His sympathy and His countenance. You felt at once a double agony —the repulsion and the attraction of Christ.

Such is the Teacher, and such must be your attitude towards Him. But what next? What shall

be the lesson? I summed this up in one idea, Self-consecration for the sake of those committed to your charge; Self-consecration in its double aspect, both as sacrifice and as purification.

Then we stepped aside for a moment to consider a particular temptation which, if not resisted, might prove a fatal hindrance to your work, which at all events, if indulged in, must be a fresh scandal to the Church of God—a temptation specially affecting our own age and our Academic environments—the temptation of partisanship, partisanship in the cause of God and His Church, partisanship which makes shipwreck at once of truthfulness and of charity, partisanship which in its unconscious blindness justifies the means by the end.

Then we returned once more to the main current of our thoughts. You had apprehended the character of the work entrusted to you. You had gone to the right teacher for instruction. You had learnt the primary lesson for a true workman. But then the strain begins. Then you are sorely tried by despondency and misgiving. Then you are grievously tempted to desert and to abandon your post. The lure, which the tempter offers, is his most specious bait. He plays upon your spiritual fears. His inducement is the saving of your soul. In this wilderness of your despair his deadly promptings are

met, as they were met in the wilderness of old, by the Master's voice: 'It is written, Whosoever would save his soul, shall lose it.'

And lastly, this lure being put aside and the work resumed, there is one duty of every day and every hour, which it is necessary to emphasize, if only because we are much tempted to neglect it. If the initial obligation of the instruction of others is self-consecration, the continuous obligation is self-communication, the sympathetic imparting of your accumulated stores, intellectual, moral and spiritual.

But a farewell is something more than a crisis gathering up past recollections and recalling solemn responsibilities. A farewell, a true farewell, is an interchange of bright promise, an invitation to rejoice, a moment when we recall ourselves, and ask others to recall, the glorious privileges and the splendid hopes of which we, as the children of God, are the joint heirs. This conception of a farewell is especially prominent in the text. In the earlier part of the Epistle, where it was not yet a question of parting, the call to mutual joy and congratulation is conveyed in the same terms, *χαίρω καὶ συγχαίρω πᾶσιν ὑμῖν· τὸ δὲ αὐτὸ καὶ ὑμεῖς χαίρετε καὶ συγχαίρετέ μοι.* 'I joy and rejoice with you all: and in the same manner do ye also joy, and rejoice with me.' Now, when the idea of a farewell is prominent, still the old conception

remains (for indeed it is inherent in the word), joy underlying the pain of severance, joy defiant of all opposition, joy persistent, uninterrupted, triumphant always.

So this is the one idea which I should wish to connect with our parting to-day—the after-taste, as it were, of our meeting, the lingering echo of the prayers uttered and the words spoken, this duty and privilege of rejoicing.

Bishop Hacket chose as his motto, 'Serve God, and be cheerful.' Golden words these: I do not know how it may be with you; but the remembrance of these words has often lifted me up from the pit, and dissipated the cloud of gloom. Yes, learn to connect with the direct service of God this obligation of cheerfulness—cheerfulness having its springs in Christian joy, cheerfulness flushing and refreshing the heart, cheerfulness overflowing in deeds and thoughts of kindliness towards others, and of thankfulness towards God.

Have we not cause for joy—we children of God? What is God's message to us but a Gospel, tidings of great gladness? If it is this by its name, it is certainly this in its contents. What have we here, as we were reminded last night, but the manifestation of God's Fatherly goodness in the Incarnation and the Cross of Christ—the assurance of absolute forgiveness, of

infinite love, of an undying inheritance? Said not the Apostle rightly that the Kingdom of God is not only peace—the cessation of troubles, the putting away of anxieties, the calming, tranquillising of the heart and soul—but joy likewise, active exultation, in the Holy Ghost?

But these are often-repeated truths, expressed in often-repeated words—this story of Christ's Cross, this lesson of God's Fatherly love. Why dwell with such emphasis on this simple familiar topic?

Simple and familiar, yes. But reiteration is never stale, where love is fresh. Does not the loving child throw its arm round its mother's neck and call to its 'darling mother,' though it may have used the very same words a hundred times before the same morning? It would be well for us, if in approaching our Heavenly Father we had more of the simplicity—the reckless simplicity—of the child. 'My Father, My Father'—is not everything, every most cherished thought, every most sacred feeling, summed up in that one word 'Father'?

Happy he, who rejoices with this joy. Happy he, who can say from his heart of hearts, 'If God *is* for us, who *is* against us?' (εἰ ὁ Θεὸς ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν, τίς καθ' ἡμῶν;) not, as we are accustomed to hear the words, 'If God *be* for us, who *can be* against us?' The promise is absolute, and the conclusion is absolute.

God is for us. How do we know this? Did He not give us His own Son? And does not this gift contain in itself the potentiality of every other gift? Yes, the love of God is inseparably, is indissolubly, ours, from that day forward. Nothing—not persecution or famine or sword, not height or depth, nor life or death—nothing can sever us from it, or it from us. Henceforth we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, for we believe where we see not. Henceforward our joy no man taketh from us.

Such joy is the fruit of our realisation of God's love in Christ; and it finds its fittest expression in thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving. We do not reflect—or if we do reflect, we do not realise in practice—the prominence which thanksgiving claims in the teaching of the Gospel. It was an instructive appreciation of this truth which led the Early Church to call the highest act of Christian worship, the Eucharist, the Thanksgiving. Thus the privilege and the duty of thanksgiving is vividly brought before us. Here, as elsewhere, this Sacrament exhibits in its highest form the lesson, which should pervade the whole domain of life. Our life must be one perpetual Eucharist.

What an inestimable benefit it will be to ourselves, if we strive to make it so! Never were truer words spoken than the saying of the Psalmist, 'It is a joyful

and a pleasant thing to be thankful.' Why should we not exult in this joy? What forbids us to revel in this pleasure? Gratitude, thankfulness, thanksgiving is indeed twice blessed. It blesses him who receives it, but it blesses him who offers it still more. Thankfulness is the negation of self, thankfulness is love, thankfulness is life. It is suicide to dwell on the sorrow, the troubles, the pains, the cares and anxieties, of our condition, when there is such abundant food for thanksgiving in the countless blessings spiritual and temporal, which God has vouchsafed to us. Count it duty to be thankful. Fall asleep each night with a thanksgiving on your lips, and rise up each morning with a thanksgiving in your heart.

And so doing, you will fulfil the true end of your being. For why were you created; why were you redeemed by Christ's blood; why were you gathered into the Church of God? To save your souls? No, no, not this alone, nor this chiefly; but before and above all things that God may be glorified in you. The saving of your individual soul only then holds its proper place when it is regarded as a factor in God's glory. And how is God more truly glorified than by thanksgiving of His children? By thanksgiving you will crush the earthly and sensual that is in you. By thanksgiving you will rise to your higher self. By thanksgiving you will enrol yourself in that

countless white-robed choir which stands face to face with the Eternal Presence, giving blessing and glory and honour to Him that sitteth on the Throne and to the Lamb for ever and ever.

As once more the familiar words sound in our ears, 'We offer and present unto thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls, and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee,' may our hearts respond with a fervency of devotion and a stedfastness of purpose such as they have never known before! So shall we make our lives one perpetual Eucharist, one ceaseless benediction.

Χαίρετε ἐν Κυρίῳ πάντοτε· πάλιν ἐρῶ, χαίρετε.

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